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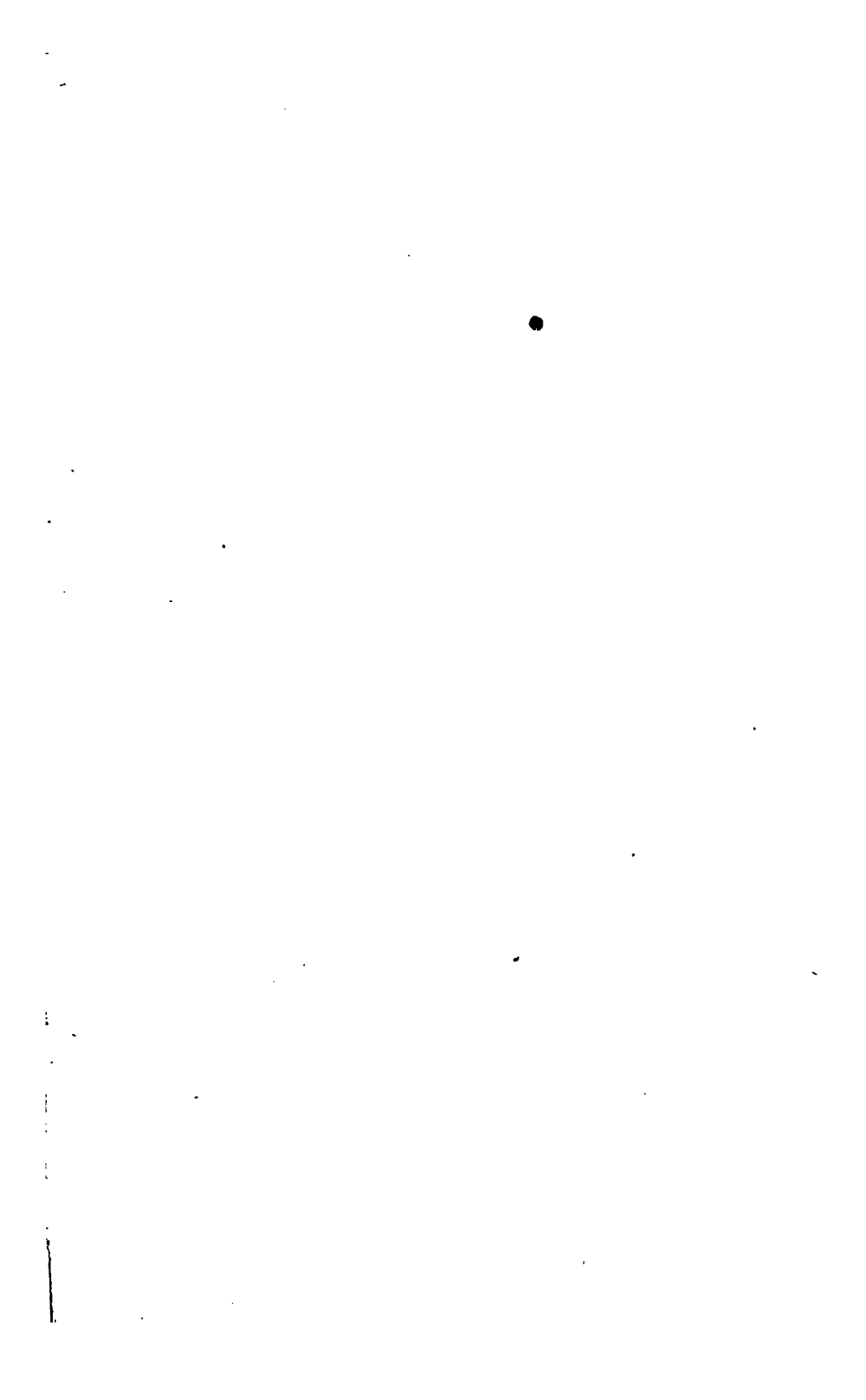
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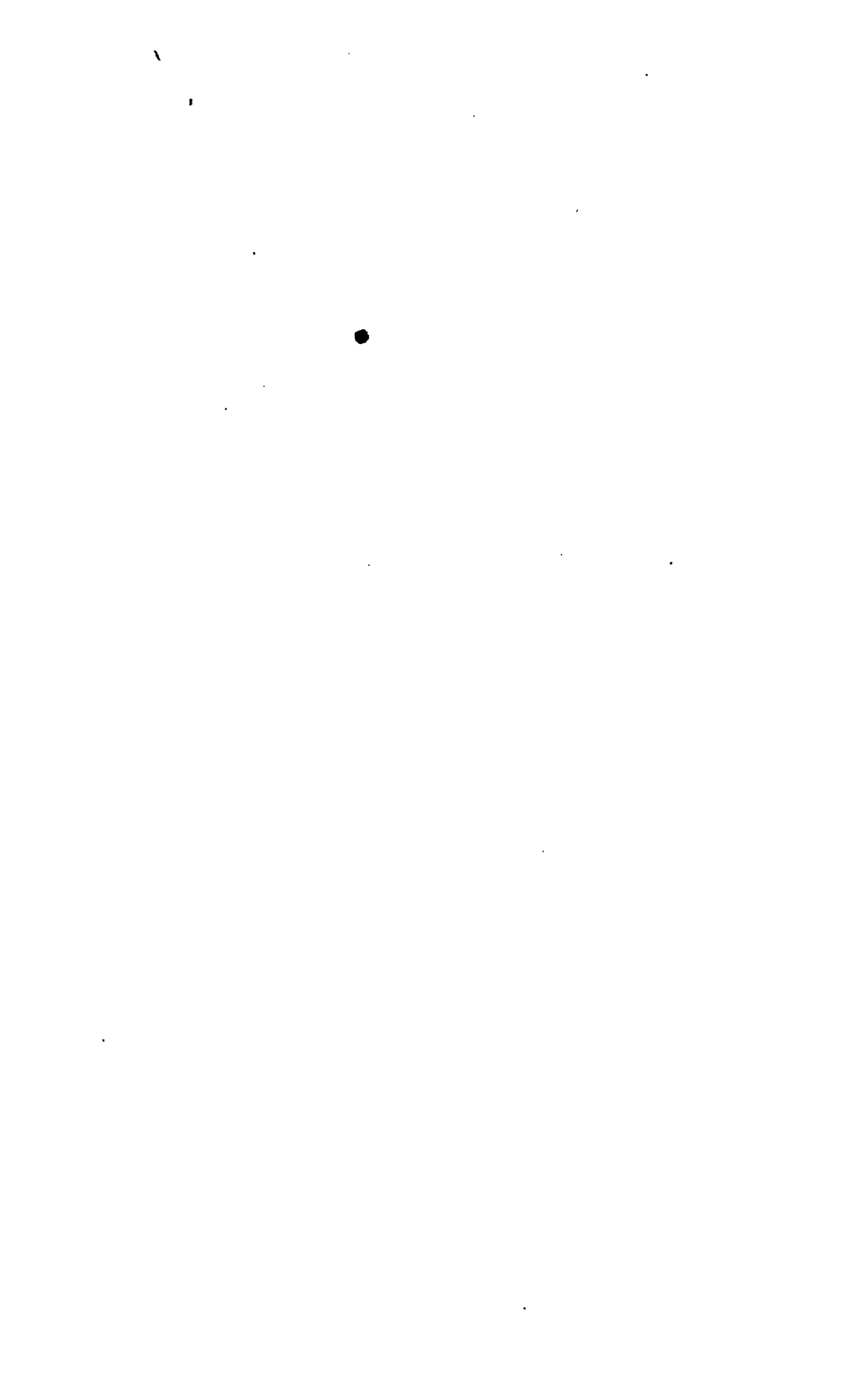
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EXTRACTS
FROM THE
JOURNAL AND LETTERS
OF
HANNAH CHAPMAN BACKHOUSE.

*Edited by Jane G. L., and
John H. Fisher — 1855*

EXTRACTS
FROM THE
JOURNAL AND LETTERS
OF
HANNAH CHAPMAN BACKHOUSE.

*Edited by Jane G. Lox, and
John Hodgkin — 1850*

LONDON :
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EXTRACTS

FROM THE

JOURNAL AND LETTERS

OF

HANNAH CHAPMAN BACKHOUSE.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and
they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

DAN. XII. 3.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

Birth and Childhood—Extracts from Journal—Early Tastes— Studies—Devotion to Mathematics and Drawing—Religious Impressions—Visit to London and taste of gay Life—Her first attendance of the Yearly Meeting in London—Admiration of Good People—Literary pursuits...	1
--	---

CHAPTER II.

Death of her cousin Elizabeth Gurney—Deepening religious convictions—Adoption of the Language and Dress of a Friend—Attends another Yearly Meeting in London—Her attachment to the principles of Friends confirmed—Her happiness of mind, and interest in the duties of life—Letter to her Father—Effect of the change on her intercourse with others, and on her pursuits.....	18
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Marriage—Domestic Life—Call to the Ministry—Death of her eldest child, and of her sister Birkbeck—Illness at Peterborough—Her early mental exercises and experience—Jonathan Backhouse also a Minister.....	34
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

Domestic Cares—Religious Duties—Illness of her Husband— Death of her second Son—Birth of her youngest—Renewed health—Business affairs.....	52
--	----

CHAPTER V.

Travels as a Minister—In company with Isaac Stephenson visits families in her own Monthly Meeting, &c.—With her husband visits Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk—Journey into Devon and Cornwall—Visit to families in Newcastle Monthly Meeting, and to Friends in Lincolnshire, Cam- bridgeshire and Huntingdonshire—Ireland	58
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

Prospect of a Religious Visit to North America—Public Meetings in Durham and Northumberland—Voyage to America—New York—Hicksism—Philadelphia—Balti- more—Visits families in New York—Thoughts on the Resurrection—Visits meetings in Philadelphia	71
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

Death of her Father—Philadelphia Yearly Meeting—Eliza P. Kirkbride—Westown School—New York Yearly Meeting —Friends' Bible Meeting—Boston—New Bedford—Nan- tucket—Return to Philadelphia—Convention of the Yearly Meetings.....	93
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

Journey to Ohio—Alleghany Mountains—Ohio Yearly Meeting —Indiana Yearly Meeting—Laborious journey and re- ligious services within its limits—Backwoods Life—Intense cold—Banks of the Wabash—Reflections on close of 1831	107
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

More meetings and Families visited in Indiana—Privations and Difficulties—First-day Schools—Rapid journey to Philadelphia—Philadelphia Yearly Meeting—Jonathan Backhouse returns to England	131
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

Establishes First-day Schools in New England—Nantucket, New Bedford—Visit to an Indian Settlement—Jonathan Backhouse's return and labours—Meeting with the Legislature	144
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Voyage up the Hudson River—Enters Canada—Yonge Street, York—Meeting with the Garrison—E. P. Kirkbride's illness—Norwich—Settlement of differences	155
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Meets her husband at Albany—Philadelphia Yearly Meeting—Jonathan Backhouse attends that for Virginia—Hope of return home disappointed—Indiana Yearly Meeting—North Carolina—Jonathan Backhouse returns to England—South Carolina—Tennessee—Kentucky—Cincinnati—Ohio Yearly Meeting—Liberation—Takes leave of her Friends in Philadelphia—Voyage home—Arrival at Liverpool	175
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

Death of her sister Barclay—State of the Society—Her son Henry's death—Yearly Meeting of 1836—Visits Scotland, &c.—Remarks on keeping Anniversaries—Concern for Norfolk—Letters—Visits Brighthouse Monthly Meeting ...	192
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Meetings with the Nobility—With the Jews—Norfolk—She completes her engagement in London and its Neighbourhood—Holds meetings in the East Riding of Yorkshire—In company with her husband visits Cumberland and Northumberland—Scotland—Jonathan Backhouse's illness at Montrose—Their Return home—She delivers up her Certificate	214
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

Death of her Mother—Letters—Services in the East Riding of Yorkshire—Her husband's death—His character	234
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Removal to Norwich—Services in Manchester—Attends London and Dublin Yearly Meetings—Wales—Indisposition—Return to Darlington—Visit to families in Bristol—To the prisoner "Tawell"—Death of her daughter Ann Hodgkin.....	253
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

Visits Meetings in Hampshire and Dorsetshire—Increased Indisposition—Concern for Australia—Letters—Evening of Life—The Close	277
--	-----

JOURNAL AND LETTERS

OF

HANNAH C. BACKHOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL—EARLY TASTES—
STUDIES—DEVOTION TO MATHEMATICS AND DRAWING—RELIGIOUS
IMPRESSIONS—VISIT TO LONDON AND TASTE OF GAY LIFE—HER
FIRST ATTENDANCE OF THE YEARLY MEETING IN LONDON—ADMIRATION OF GOOD PEOPLE—LITERARY PURSUITS.

HANNAH CHAPMAN BACKHOUSE was the daughter of Joseph and Jane Gurney, of Norwich, and was born there on the 9th of the Second Month, 1787.

Almost from infancy she exhibited indications of no common order of mind ; a certain force of character distinguished her from other children. The pursuits of her sisters possessed little or no attraction for her ; but to join her brothers in their games and recreations, and her father in his rides, were her chief enjoyments. Throwing her whole soul with ardour into the object before her, she seldom failed to excel in what she undertook ; so great, indeed, was the absorption of mind in her own pursuits, that it became a source of some trial to her anxious mother. The same disposition rendered her very independent of the companionship or sympathy of those about her.

We shall see in the course of the following pages, how, when subjected to the transforming operations of divine grace, the elements of her naturally powerful character combined to render her an honoured instrument in the hand of her God and Saviour, to whose service she was concerned that every faculty should bow, and before whose throne she desired to cast every crown.

When about seventeen, she began to keep a very simple journal of her pursuits and interests. In an introduction to it she takes a brief review of her previous life :—

I was born of parents possessing many virtues, especially that of so loving their children, that while giving them every indulgence proper for them, they did not withhold salutary punishments. * * * *

My father had a country-house, where we used to spend the summer. The greatest pleasure I remember to have felt was that of riding in the whiskey with my parents, and opening the gates ; which if I was deprived of, I used to cry vociferously. When about four years old, we removed to the Grove.* In the summer, we went to the sea-side at Cromer.

What I felt of the most importance was using the hammer and saw with dexterity, and the greatest pleasure being victorious in a game of trap-ball. I disliked anything like a book ; but in 1800 I began to feel that vacancy of mind and want of employment which are great enemies to happiness.

In 1802, we took a journey into the North, which I enjoyed very much. When I came home I really set about working hard. I began Italian, divided my time so as to know the work of each hour, and took notice of those five minutes which, when summed up, amount to a great deal. In the spring of 1803, I began geometry ; and I think (whether it be conceit or not I cannot tell) ever since I entered into the spirit of it I have felt more capable of accurate reasoning ; or,

* A country-house at a short distance from Norwich, which was thenceforth the residence of her parents till their death.

indeed, of reasoning at all. I had a few lessons in drawing, which I began to be very fond of.

At Cromer, with a party consisting of Hoares, Ketts, Barclays, and Gurneys, we did everything that could be thought of to produce pleasure: riding, walking, laughing, talking. How far our strenuous efforts succeeded, I cannot quite determine; in reality, I believe they did not; however, I began to feel a great love for society. When we came home, I again set hard to work, and never since I can remember did I enjoy so much happiness. But it was now that I was to taste great sorrow; for my dear sister Mary died;—never shall I forget the time—what I felt is indescribable. After a fortnight, in which I endured torturing anxiety, she expired. At that time I almost believed that happiness was banished from me for ever: but the human mind will not long, I believe, be put out of its usual course; and how happy it is that it is so, for life could not long be supported under violent grief. I think this affliction taught me one thing—that I was not so insensible as I before supposed. Perhaps it has made me feel for others.

With the hope that this record of her time and thoughts might be accurate and impartial, she writes:—

March 11th.—Resolved to be industrious, and get up in the morning, and knock Latin into me, as almost every other hour in the week is employed.

Saturday.—A capital lesson in mathematics.

Monday.—Had a very pleasant day at Earlham, were it not for being severely reprimanded on my return for leaving mamma, who was ill, though recovering. I felt it the more because I deserved it.

Saturday.—Spent the afternoon with Jane C—— on the drawing-room sofa; she telling me a great deal of the world and its wickedness, of which I scarcely knew anything. It made me thankful that I was born of such parents, and that for our intimate acquaintance we have those who are, I think, better than most.

I cannot help observing how, in any particular circumstance of my life, the idea of immortality comes forcibly upon me.

To-day, in parting with the C——s with the greatest probability of never meeting again, is there not a something that makes one feel it is not to be an eternal separation? It seems but a day since they came, and now they are gone; a few more and this busy life will be over, and then I firmly believe the good we love here will be restored to us in tenfold measure for eternity.

Saturday.—Went to St. Andrew's Hall to meet Cotman; looked over his sketches, which, though very beautiful, I did not feel it was out of my power in time to equal. Had a very pleasant ride home with my father. How I do enjoy talking with him!

Sunday.—My uncle C——'s being here this week has made me pant after seeing a great deal of gay life for a short time; though the more I see of it, the less I should like it for a continuance; for I think all real happiness consists in making "my mind to me a kingdom," and being in the good conversational company of those I love.

Sunday, September 9th.—Had a charming ride to North Walsham meeting, reading Dr. Dodd, and resolved to become more diligent in my duty towards God; for every day I see nothing else will make us permanently happy, and thorough self-examination I find to be very necessary, as I really know nothing of myself,—the most important of all knowledge.

Friday.—I had a delightful hour, reading Locke. How I now and then, perhaps rather too often, enjoy solitude! I begin to fear that this power of enjoying myself makes my pleasure too independent of others, and consequently renders me too little solicitous about theirs. I do not think this is for my good, as I believe the greatest earthly happiness is reflected.

Sunday.—A delightful ride with Joseph, on horseback; fixed plans of spending my time at the Grove—all, I hope, subservient to the great future good; believing that in time, with the grace of God, I could be brought to feel the world only as a state of probation, and look down upon it with no concern about it, excepting as it may tend to the attainment of everlasting bliss. How infinitely superior to all other pleasures is one truly religious feeling, and I can imagine no bliss so great as that which is an infinite increase of it.

To know God and His only begotten Son,—would not this be sufficient to form heaven?

Friday.—Drew again the old man (a figure of a hedger).

Saturday.—Finished it, which I did so well that I felt most uncomfortably elated with it, as I was self-conceited beyond measure, and did nothing but fancy I should be a great artist. How I disliked myself, and could not but reflect how differently a great mind would have felt, which, instead of being blind to the imperfections, would have discovered so many as to make it humble. I strove much against my feelings, which I hope in measure I subdued. This week I have found great pleasure in reading the Bible before going to bed.

Sunday.—Like a fool I did nothing at meeting but dream about being an artist; vexed that I have not the power of keeping my thoughts from wandering.

October 14th.—How desirable it is to cultivate cheerfulness! How unjust it is for *me* to murmur at anything, who am surrounded with innumerable blessings! and if I have not my heart's desire in everything, ought I not to be thankful for it? or else I should be still less than I am, inclined to look forward for bliss. How I wish to cultivate a grateful heart, without which all blessings bestowed are vain!

Sunday.— — and — to tea. My reflection on the evening was—Can these be immortal souls? What a great increase of happiness there would be if conversation were composed of better materials than it is!

A most delightful intimate ride with Hannah Chapman. She in the true spirit of a real friend told me of my faults, which I owned. What I want is that true humility that would make me less to live for myself. How I love her for her reproofs! At home in good time. Little dear Emma, and all of them, seemed really glad at my return, which gave me heartfelt pleasure.

Saturday.—My thoughts have been during this week one continued castle in the air—of being an artist; the only reality they were built on, was, having painted Rachel in oils better than I thought I could do—a feeling that I shall in a little time succeed, and an unbounded ambition to do so. I have had many arguments with myself to know if it would be right. I think it would be so, if I make good use of it. Have warned

myself against conceit and confidence, which I felt two great evils likely to beset me.

Monday.—Rode to Stoke with my father, in which I took up the cross; as painting a portrait of Guyton was first in my affections.

Saturday.—The love of painting has been uppermost in my mind for some weeks past; I hope it will soon settle into its proper station there. Mamma has wanted me to give it up on account of the dirt it makes on me and the house; my father, because he fears it will take the place of better objects. Opposition has only given me the greater love for it. Both of them, on review of Guyton, seemed tacitly to yield, and my ever kind and good father has ordered a stove in the boys' tool-house, where I am to unfold my talents (if I have any) without interruption, and in that most auspicious region for such things, silence. Few things have given me so much pleasure for a long time. I imagine that even in real good it will not be fruitless.

Sunday.—Did nothing but dream of being very gay in London for a month. My ambition is to see what the fashionable part of the world is, as it may be of use to my most awkward manners.

June 9th, 1805.—Came from London last Saturday week. The first fortnight there was passed with papa and mamma in visiting relations, and seeing sights. They then left me at St. Thomas's* to the wide world. I went to Carshalton, then to Bury Hill. From thence I wrote to my father and mother, requesting their permission to go to public places; to which I received a most charming refusal from my father, afterwards from mamma. Went to Mrs. Birmester's concert, and the Duchess of Chandos's party. This was my first taste of the gay world,—may I not like its savour too well for my good! At Mrs. B——'s we saw the great people of the city; at the duchess's, those of the west end of the town. Went with Agatha to the Yearly Meeting; its effect was quieting after the bustle I had been in; it was not nearly so disagreeable as I expected. The contrast was great of the Friends' manners with those I had been accustomed to at Woodford;

* St. Thomas's Hospital, of which her uncle Abel Chapman was resident Treasurer.

but it gave me the opportunity of seeing different circles in the world. The purity of the Quaker mind was not a little striking. I heard a sermon which I wish I may never forget. I am now at home, and the intoxicating delight of first getting there I cannot describe.

July.—Since I have come from town we have been much occupied with one thing and another. At this time, for almost the first in my life, I seem to come to a stand in my darling objects, which I may say have been almost entirely the pursuit of pleasure through the medium of the understanding. This I feel must be a useless search; for the further I go, the more unattainable is the contentment which I hoped that a degree of excellence might have produced; the further I go, the further does my idea of perfection extend; therefore this way of attaining happiness I find is impossible. In seeking for it in the pleasures of sense—which is in reality the meaning of the pleasures of the world, (fame perhaps excepted)—though I have just put the cup to my lips, and found the taste most alluring, yet knowing the bitterness, or at best the perfect vanity, that must follow the indulgence of such pursuits, I trust no temptations will ever induce me to follow this road to destruction. Never in my life was I so sensible of the real weakness of man, though to all appearance so strong; for I am persuaded that it is almost impossible to conduct oneself through this world without being sincerely religious; for the human mind must have an object, and let that object be the attainment of eternal happiness. I felt that the actions of almost every moment may tend to it; every other object in life may fill up *portions* of time; but worldly objects, as many as a man can grasp (and many he has not power for) must leave much time in which the mind can have no employment. That we shall have the same faculties for partaking of happiness or misery to all eternity I doubt not. What then must be the state of a mind quitting this world, if its objects of desire have been those only of time, and which must perish with time? After such considerations, can I be so weak as not to make religion my only pursuit?—that which will, I believe, bring my mind into beautiful order, and, rendering worldly objects subservient to its use, harmonize the whole, and fit it to bear fruit to all eternity.

H. C. Gurney occasionally mentions her father in a manner that evinces his increasing love to the cause of Christ, and his growing attachment to the principles and practices of the religious Society of which he was a member. About this time he first spoke in their meetings as a minister, in which character he became much esteemed, and was a bright example of Christian excellence.

September 9th.—Yesterday, Maria Barclay left us. I love her warmly, yet soberly, and I am sure it is sincere. I am convinced that the more really good I am, the more she will like me. How different is this from being loved for one's follies! I admire her wish to be good, and should not be surprised to see her one day an eminently religious character.

October.—On Tuesday, we called on —s to fix their coming. What dull worldly people they seem to be! Having done nothing all day, and being all assembled in the evening, vacancy pervaded the whole room to such a degree, that I wished I had been obliged to work for my bread, that my duty might not lie in the listless inactivity of a parlour.

Sunday.—The —s came to tea. I got scolded for being proudly silent, which I hope is not entirely true: yet I fear that foolish demon pride does sadly torment me; endeavour to mortify it as I may, it is not subdued, and until I have a different heart, I fear it will not be.

I shall now endeavour to give as accurate an account of myself as I can, at the age of nineteen,—March 1806.

As to externals I am improved, which I wish to persuade myself is from attending to what mamma desires; but fear the most powerful motive is my love of pleasing those who look at little but the outside.

In the company of people who are worshippers of the god of this world my heart too often joins with them; but for those who are weaned from it I feel the most sincere love and almost veneration, with real regret that I am not so good as they are. I often long to be so, but have not resolution to say in the sincerity of my heart, "Thy will be done." If I could entirely resign my own will, I should be so dependent

upon a better that it would keep me in a continual watchfulness, preserve the mind in an even temper, and be my greatest guard against yielding to temptation; but I have never yet been able to do this, dreading, like a real coward, the painful proof of my sincerity, though knowing that the reward is quietness and assurance for ever.

I give up my time if I think I can be of any use to any one, though it is sometimes a cross to leave my pursuits; I endeavour to bear patiently what crosses my inclination, guard against being out of temper, begin to watch over my words, and try to be attentive to my father and mother.

Sunday.—Alone. Made Rachel happy by being very kind to her about her journal. By her affection for me how well am I recompensed,—what an encouragement to go on! I often tremble at the influence that the eldest has in a family; and how earnestly do I wish mine may be a good one!

Wednesday.—We had a pleasant evening with Ann Crowley and Susanna Horne [then on a religious visit to Norwich]. I do believe that Friends are the happiest people on the earth, and they do more than half persuade me that if ever I would enjoy that peace and assurance of mind that I long for, I must seek it in the path which they have trod.

Friday and Saturday.—Very pleasant. What a vile uncentred state I am in now!—even a novel that I have read this week unsettled the weathercock of my mind. My thoughts run upon the gay world. The plea to myself is, that I wish to see and know the world, and to feel from my own experience that its joys are incapable of making me happy, and that they are diametrically opposite to what a Christian should seek after. This is plausible; but I fear the true reason is, that a mind not at peace longs for the dissipation of vain society to drive it from itself.

Wednesday.—This day ushered me into the Yearly Meeting; dined at Joseph Smith's; his wife is a most sweet woman. A number of Friends of the strictest order were there. I felt most awkward, for I did not know one, and being so unaccustomed to be the gayest in a party added to my confusion, for I imagined every one looked upon me as a heretic.

Thursday.—A long meeting in the morning. At dinner met some Friends with Cousin Priscilla H. Gurney and

Rachel Fowler, two of the sweetest women in appearance I ever knew. Deborah Darby and her friend, with S. Cockfield and E. Sheppard, were of the party. The quiet of meeting in the afternoon I enjoyed.

Monday.—The meetings most interesting. Altogether a very happy day.

Friday.—Dined at George Stacey's: after the ice was broken, which among Friends is very thick, I enjoyed the dinner. His wife, the most agreeable of the party, soon left us for a Committee, and we killed an hour or two very badly before meeting. Had a most interesting meeting, and it was the final one. I have attended all the meetings, and really enjoyed almost all. I went because my parents wished me to do so. That it has done me much good I do not think, but it has certainly increased my admiration, and perhaps love, for the Society,—not so much from what I heard, though that was very excellent; but seeing such first-rate good people, and the happy state of mind they seemed to enjoy, made me earnestly desire to be like them, though it has not yet persuaded me to endeavour to be so: if I had a wish that could be granted, it would be that my last end would be like unto theirs. I saw the most eminently sweet angelic woman I ever beheld,—Mary Capper; her countenance expressed the beauty of the human mind when it is without weeds.

June.—In the afternoon our party set out for Windsor in two postchaises. After tea we went on to the Terrace, where we had a good opportunity of staring at those astonishing human beings, the King, Queen, and three Princesses. The whole scene was amusing. The sight of a number of people, who looked as if they came with full hopes and expectations that all the pains they had taken about their dress would be rewarded by the gratification of seeing themselves shining among the crowd, and who, after all, found themselves jostled and totally neglected, was an instructive lesson, showing the infinite disproportion between the value and consequence we affix to ourselves, and that which the world attaches to us.

August.—One structure of ambition has vanished to make way for another. The first I can remember distinctly was founded on a love of riding and driving; then the completion

of my wishes would have been to have horses and carriages at my command, and the dreaming of the enjoyment I should have in them employed the thoughts of many hours. The next mania that seized me was a passion for being thought learned, and for this purpose how many books did I devour! Next succeeded mathematics, which lasted for some time, and many were the castles which I built upon the fame which I expected to acquire by discoveries in this science; but what foundation had I for these castles? This passion retired at the entrance of that for painting. As I have not long taken my leave of this object, I have clearly in my remembrance how towering were my imaginations this way; what structures, with the help of fancy, hope, and ambition, I built at this period: they are vanished, and three or four wearied pieces of canvass remain to be a sorry spectacle of the result of my folly. Ambition, I believe, still hovers about me, marking me for its prey; but, as it wears no embodied form, I do not often feel its grasp.

Last week poor Joseph was ill with a sore-throat; I was more attentive than on such occasions I usually am, and I do not think I lost my reward, for I was conscious of doing my duty, at least in part; but I often felt my aversion to the weariness of a sick-room; the constant attention to trifles, and the want of employment and ideas, made me feel it a great cross; this sometimes overcame me. Beginning to act from duty in such cases, one may end by acting from affection, and then it becomes necessary to one's satisfaction to do so. A woman who cannot suffer the confinement of a sick-room, leaves unfulfilled one of her most marked duties, and can never be fit for a wife. It is a difficult task when one is not spurred onward by the continual impulse of the heart, or, in short, when self is a dearer object than the invalid. When alarmed by danger, few are so indifferent as not to desire to use all their powers; but when it is only pain or sickness, I could often wish my heart were more susceptible of kindness and compassion than it is.

Monday.—In the morning Anna gave me a letter containing a particular account of the death of Miss Dumbleton. I felt truly affected by it, and could almost have cried over it: it made me very serious; and how earnestly did I desire

to be for ever in the company of the just of all ages. I have often felt my heart very much softened of late, and more and more see the beauty of holiness; but all the progress I can say I have made towards it, is in loving it more; yet I feel I have a great way to go before I am entirely given up, or till I can in singleness of heart follow after it. I have been afraid, that as goodness is what I love people for, I may wish to be valued by them for what I really have not, but only desire to have; and am thus tempted to be an hypocrite, of which I have the greatest horror, and would often hide what is good in me rather than be praised for it. But so deceitful is the heart of man, that I have often caught myself wishing that no good action or word should be unperceived by those I love.

On Sunday we had a very pleasant ride to North Walsham with cousin Henrietta, talking of our ancestors and their characters, for which I felt a great veneration, and an affection for those who had lived the life of the righteous, though I had never seen them; which made me wish I might ever be entitled to the same feeling from succeeding generations. Those who have not left behind them a character for being devoted to the acquisition of the one thing needful, even if their faculties were above par, seem like a shadow that is gone; but others, as if there were a substance that yet remains.

Till Wednesday we were quite alone. Outward quietness and industry are means of composure which do not always succeed, but for this time they have done so very well. The moonlight evenings were sweet, and few dull hours were my lot—many happy ones, and some discomposed. I forget if it was this week or last that I finished reading the bible through,—I have always endeavoured to read it before breakfast, or directly afterwards. It has been a pleasure to me, in that I have often been made to feel the beauty of holiness; but, as a rule to measure myself by, it has often shown me how far I am from what I should be. I have often wished my heart could join in parts of it. I have seen what a sweet friend and comforter it must be to a sincere and upright heart.

Friday.—In the evening, owing to my father's obliging us to come in sooner than I liked, I fell into a sulky mood in

my own mind, growling over the misery of parental restraint. I sometimes feel my want of freedom rather galling: but how much better is it for me; for when I have a little, there is nothing to stop it. Had I now much liberty, my high-spirited and ambitious disposition would drown everything else in me.

December 24th, 1806.—Went to see Louisa* married at Tasborough—the most deeply affecting and interesting meeting I ever was at. I wished, if ever I was married, I might have such an one. Came home, dressed, and went to dinner at Earlham. I felt in one of the most solemn minds, nor did the presence of numbers drive it from me. What an unmerited blessing it is to feel in this way!—I believe these are the moments which are only truly enjoyed. Dear Louisa! how sincerely I wished her the best good.

Saturday.—Alone, very silent, for which I am blamed: but I cannot bear talking about trifles when there is no positive occasion—and I love silence.

Monday.—I have this week made many resolutions of improvement in secondary as well as better things, and some efforts too; which, though attended with tolerable success, make me feel what a great deal there is to reprehend in me. Would I were truly humble! To keep a watch over my mouth has been my most earnest desire; for this I have written many maxims. I have determined not to use the words “genteel” and “vulgar,” or the like, as a measure for actions, believing them to be rooted in pride.

February 9th, 1807.—To-day I am twenty. And now let me endeavour to describe what twenty years have effected upon me. How difficult self-love and blindness make answering the question, What am I? How often do I feel myself double-minded, and how seldom have I that singleness of heart which is indeed acceptable! Often, when clothed with something of heavenly love, do I feel that “I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in” kings’ palaces; but I fear the general tendency of my pursuits would make me more fit for the latter than the former; yet I hope I may be allowed the encouragement of

* Louisa Gurney, who was married to Samuel Hoare.

thinking that I am increasingly inclined to sacrifice the last to the first.

Lacking so much, how is it possible I should be puffed up? but in what corner of the mind does not Satan lurk? What I most want, and most sincerely wish for, is, that I may be truly humble—that where pride now reigns, humility may prevail, and where ambition, contentment.

In moral duties I hope I am improved, and when they come in the balance with self-indulgence I think they generally preponderate; but I want more of active kindness in my own family. In forbearance I think I am not deficient. As to learning and accomplishments, I have been industrious in that way; but the older I grow, the more these things retreat into the background of my affections.

March, Wednesday.—Cotman came in the morning: he gave me much encouragement about my drawing, which led me farther than I wished from humility.

June, Tuesday.—In the morning, in very ill humour, finding mamma had prevented my meeting a party at Earlham. How painfully sensitive am I to not being free to act as I like, though I have often experienced how little it is for my happiness.

Thursday.—My father drove me to Coteshall, and left me there.

Saturday.—I have enjoyed this visit much, but felt uncomfortable at being loved and admired more than I could return. I do not think I once professed anything I did not feel, which I am glad of. I hope never again to fall into the error of belying my feelings towards people or things. How soon one is wearied of the constant exertion to be agreeable, even when conscious of admiration! the rest of home was truly grateful to me, though all consciousness of being admired there must cease. The atmosphere of truth is keen and sharp, but it only is lastingly good; I often feel this on coming home.

September.—Drank tea at the ——s, which was not unpleasant to me; for that sweet woman, Hannah Evens, was there, and I felt the high ground on which she stands.

November.—I read in the evening the Life of Catherine Phillips, in which I was much interested, but it made me truly

uncomfortable. I could not read of such excellence without feeling earnest desires to attain such a state of devotedness ; yet it seems almost impossible to me ; the probation it must require is very hard. I do not know how it is, but when I look forward to my future life, though I may sometimes build castles of ambition, oftener of domestic happiness, yet I can dwell on no other with satisfaction than that of becoming such a character as Catherine Phillips. May I have real greatness enough, ever to dare to imitate it ! My father, on my leaving the room, said, " How I wish some of you would come round, and make such characters as Catherine Phillips or Sarah Stevenson ! " This cut me ; for I love my father dearly, and wish he may ever be satisfied with us, as I am sure he deserves it.

Sunday.—The Bevans [Joseph Gurney Bevan and his wife] returned in the evening. They looked with an eye of mourning over the troop of such unfriendly Friends. I could half sympathise with them. How I do dislike half-Friends, when covered by riches !

December 6th.—The Bevans left us. I have often very much enjoyed their company ; yet it has been like breathing a rarer atmosphere—though better of itself, yet oppressive to earthly things. I thoroughly relished his high intellectual capacity, if not genius. * * * * Surely the clouds of dissatisfaction will one day be broken through. I remember a dream that I once had when a very little child. I dreamt of two powers—the one light, and the other darkness—which by most violent contention disturbed me extremely. When the light overcame, I was glad ; but when the darkness, I was miserable. I cried so much, that the servant came with a candle, and took hold of my hand. Then the light soon got the entire victory, and I went to sleep in great joy. I often think of this dream.

January, 1808.—Grove. Hannah Evens with us. How inestimable a woman of that kind is !

February.—How am I altered since the commencement of last year ! In looking back and comparing myself at that time with what I believe I now am, no encouragement can be my portion. * * * * As to learning, in proportion to

my opportunities I have done a good deal. I have attained the power of arranging ideas and understanding the scope of an author better than last year. I have studied chemistry, Roman history, and read Pemberton's Sir Isaac Newton. How wonderful are the laws and operations of nature on material existence!—how much more so the laws of our spiritual being! In drawing I have not lately made much progress: my inclination for it seems totally gone—why, I can scarcely tell: it has its pleasures and its uses—it has, too, its vanity and vexation of spirit to a greater degree than many other accomplishments. As to personals and manners, I have improved; though they are not subjects of so much importance to me as they were: pride is the most conspicuous demon that besets me.

Sunday.—I read with great interest the Life of Sarah Stevenson, and enjoyed the quiet and solemn effect it has over me.

Wednesday.—Felt very much softened at the thought of leaving home this spring for London. I could not bear the idea of parting with my own dear family, particularly my father.

Wednesday.—My father read to us in the evening the account of the death of Charles James Fox—truly interesting; but high life united with talents always excites me.

Tuesday.—In walking home from meeting with my father, he remarked, "What a privilege I have felt it this morning to be at meeting!" His great kindness to me and his sweetness altogether, made me love him inexpressibly, and I could have shed tears. In such moments I feel unworthy and ashamed of myself as his daughter: I can scarcely bear to think what I might be to him.

March, Thursday.—In better spirits, on a better foundation.

Friday.—A capital lesson with Crome; my spirit in drawing began to revive. Read the Iliad with Joseph.

Tuesday.—Quarterly Meeting. Not very well, and in a bad mind, except in the early part of the meeting for worship, which was rather better than usual; but soon my thoughts were scattered, to my discomfort during the rest of the day.

Sunday.—I finished the Life of Sarah Stevenson, in which

I felt an interest that was soothing and most sweet: it made me feel seriousness after a day almost spent without it. I earnestly wished my latter end might be like unto hers.

April.—I do not know how often I wish I was a good Friend!

May.—A most cheerful, pleasant evening with my father and mother. How much I feel my love and enjoyment in my own family increasing! Who can calculate the miseries that result from not being what we ought to be?

CHAPTER II.

DEATH OF HER COUSIN ELIZABETH GURNEY—DEEPENING RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS—ADOPTION OF THE LANGUAGE AND DRESS OF A FRIEND—ATTENDS ANOTHER YEARLY MEETING IN LONDON—HER ATTACHMENT TO THE PRINCIPLES OF FRIENDS CONFIRMED—HER HAPPINESS OF MIND, AND INTEREST IN THE DUTIES OF LIFE—LETTER TO HER FATHER—EFFECT OF THE CHANGE ON HER INTERCOURSE WITH OTHERS, AND ON HER PURSUITS.

AN event now occurred which put a seal, as it were, upon the convictions which, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, had been wrought in H. C. Gurney's mind. This was the death of her cousin Elizabeth, wife of John Gurney, jun., a great favourite in the circle of young people by whom she was surrounded, and whose removal from amongst them was almost their first taste of grief. It is thus recorded in her journal :—

May 12th.—I was with mamma in the school-room preparing for London. Sad account from Lynn; Elizabeth is dead! Soon Joseph and I went to Earlham to give the information to Richenda and Priscilla. We sat together sometime in the deepest silence.

Sunday.—At Keswick with my aunt.* Her composure, with her great kindness and affection to me, I felt strongly. I was left with her in the morning when the rest went into the plantations.

June 3rd.—Rode over to Keswick to be with L—— for an hour. Our conversation made me see more distinctly the miserable state of inconsistency that a gay Friend is in, which strengthened my wishes to be out of it. We are not in the world sufficiently to put on mourning, and our dress ill suits the solemnity of the grave. Kept alone most of the day with a mind which was, I believe, brooding change.

* The mother of Elizabeth Gurney.

It should be borne in mind that, in setting out in life, H. C. Gurney's parents had not themselves maintained, nor required in their children, a conformity in language, dress, and deportment, to the usages of the Society.

4th.—In the evening I felt deeply awed, and, as far as I could, earnestly desired that to-morrow might be the day in which I might be enabled to say, in sincerity of heart, "Thy will be done." I could scarcely speak, and sat profoundly silent with Anna Buxton and Elizabeth. Nobody seemed able to break the stillness, and when some others came in, they seemed silenced. I feared I was acting further than my character authorized me to do, and yet it was so sweet to me I could not break it. Instead of going to supper, I sat by my father in his room, whilst he was making preparations for the funeral.

5th.—At Earlham, on the day of the funeral, a good deal overcome by natural feelings which I did not wish to restrain, but desired to take my father's advice, in not letting them prevent the effect which I earnestly wished the solemnity of the event might produce.

6th.—On awaking, I felt my seriousness nearly gone : I begged it might not forsake me, and it did not. I walked with my dear brothers and Rachel to the cottage : how dearly I loved them, and wished my love might ever be of service to them.

On setting out for London with her parents to attend the Yearly Meeting, she remarks :—

7th.—I felt very serious ; love seemed to have smitten me, and under that banner I earnestly hoped that I might be enabled to partake of whatever might be set before me in the banqueting house. I saw it would be right for me to say *thee* and *thou* to everybody, and I begged that I might be so kept in love as to be enabled to do it,—that love might draw me, and not fear terrify me.

First-day, 21st.—I woke, and begged to be kept. We breakfasted at Woodford. I managed to say *thee* to my uncle and aunt, but not to the rest : my weakness in this, my

almost first attempt, was, I hope, excused, and did not much oppress me. We went to meeting at Plaistow. I felt very serious, and my heart joined with the words that were spoken.

Second-day.—I dined among numbers of Friends. I saw how the beauty I now love, was marred by some of its professors; but in those who do not spoil it, how lovely it is! I once or twice felt proud, because conscious of being more of the gentlewoman than my companions—a root of evil within, which I hope will be destroyed. Deborah Darby spoke kindly to me, which I felt grateful. My mind has been calmed and elevated in parts of this day, which is unspeakable enjoyment. That I may never part with such feelings from negligence and disobedience has been my earnest desire.

Fifth-day.—Left Hampstead and my dear Louisa to go to meeting. The ride was sweet to me; my heart filled with the purest love to those I had left, wishing their good. I went with the desire that this meeting might deeply seal my resolution that my future life might be guided by Divine direction, and that my will might be brought into subjection to the Divine will. The meeting was highly interesting, and as satisfying to me as anything human can be; I felt, as much as I am capable of feeling, a great deal of what was said. Here ended my Yearly Meeting; I have felt it deeply interesting, and, as far as outward means are effectual, I believe it was good for me, since high precept and example are presented to allure; but, though I was often enamoured of both, strength is only to be had in dwelling deeply in the secret of our own minds; yet the other should not be neglected. I resolved not to say *you* to one person again.

Seventh-day.—I have kept my resolution of saying *thee* and *thou* to every one. This act of obedience has been the cause, I firmly believe, of much peaceful reward, and of keeping me in a very guarded state; but it has often given me more pain than in so apparently trifling a matter might be expected.

Bury Hill, First-day.—Did not get up till past eight, for which I felt to blame. I talked too much after breakfast without a sufficient guard, for which I repented. Walked afterwards with the Barclays: my heart felt very

heavy all the time, and it was a difficulty to me to be agreeable, which is now what I am more anxious about than ever; wishing to show in my behaviour that I am not under the government of a hard Master, but that cheerfulness and amiable manners are the fruit of obedience to Him. I felt very happy the rest of the day.

Second-day.—Rose at six.

Fifth-day.—Read with Maria: my imagination roamed from the book,—a bad thing; for, if it is right to do a thing it is right to attend to it, and imaginations are, I believe, weakening. I spent the morning mostly alone, drawing a cottage for my uncle. The conversation after dinner turned on saying *thee* and *thou*—that it was better to say *thou* than *thee*, which has been our habit.

Till her recent change, she had been in the practice but too prevalent, especially with the young members of the Society, of saying *thee*, instead of *thou*, when addressing one another; while *you* was employed to those not Friends.

This conversation added to what every hour confirms me in, that the world itself likes a conduct that is markedly in opposition to its own, rather than one that conforms to it, but not completely. May this never be in any degree the motive that influences my conduct! I walked and talked with Elizabeth in the evening about people. In the end I felt and expressed it to her, how much better I thought it would be never to talk over anybody, even those we most love and admire; for, though no individual remark may be unkind, the effect of the whole is weakening, and does not tend to the preservation of love. What a branch of conversation would thus be lopped off! But if we would do right, we must bear being pruned, and I believe must sacrifice being what is generally called “agreeable and entertaining.”

Sixth-day.—Wrote to my father, which I truly enjoyed, and read with Elizabeth; I sensibly felt this morning how sweetly time passes when the mind is satisfied. David Lindoe

came in the evening. I felt my old ambition of wishing to shine before clever people.

First-day.—Walked to meeting with Agatha, but depended on my strength too much, that conversation would not disturb my mind. I felt still and comfortable most part of the meeting, and thought of that verse—"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer!" An hour comfortably quiet by myself, and then Maria read to me.

Second-day.—Rose at six, and I felt, I believe, during the day the benefit of rising early.

Fourth-day.—Walked with Agatha in the evening, and felt that talking about people of the world and the distinctions of rank engenders pride, and leads from the state of mind we ought to endeavour always to be in.

Sixth-day.—Spent the morning mostly by myself, and had a sweet walk alone, in which all my resolves felt strengthened. However painful obedience may be, the reward is unspeakable joy and peace. Let the prospect of proving my faith be rather cause of rejoicing than pain to me; but keep in the present as much as possible, for there alone is to be found strength. Looking forward, always, I believe, weakens; we are apt to imagine trials which never come to pass, or are made easier than we anticipate.

First-day.—How deeply I felt, enjoyed, and was strengthened at meeting! For the first time to-day I called the days of the week numerically on principle: it cost me at first a blush. A walk in the evening with our whole party. How sweet it is to feel one's influence a good one! This day has afforded me deeper and sweeter feelings than any I have yet passed.

Second-day.—Went out sketching with Maria. I feel that I could, if my attention were paid to it, go a great way in this art, and never felt my powers so strong; but I must sacrifice all my idols, and be governed but by one Lord, who is jealous of all others. If my mind is kept by his excellent goodness, all other excellence will sink in the comparison.

Third-day.—* * * * Elizabeth convinced me of the reason of what in my own mind I felt did me harm,—that reading books of great wit, exercised upon the inconsistencies

of human nature, is hurtful, as it wounds the spirit of love which we ought to cultivate, and which I believe is the only cure for these evils.

Fourth-day.—Left Bury Hill. I can look to the time I have spent there as the happiest in my life. I have earnestly wished that my example and influence in future may be useful to those whom never before did I love with so sweet or so great affection. The day was spent quietly and without much excitement. I felt I loved children and working better than I used to do.

After speaking of a gentleman in the neighbourhood who had an alarming seizure, she says :—

Fifth-day.—During the course of this evening I sensibly felt there was but one stay, and with it, the events of life lose much of their bitterness.

Seventh-day.—The morning mostly by myself, making a cap. At first I felt it would be most difficult to wear it; but the idea soon grew easy to me, and in the end I was firmly persuaded it was right for me to do it.

Second-day.—I felt once or twice during this day a touch of what I believe is spiritual pride.

Third-day.—Exhausted in body and deeply feeling the weight of what I am about to profess; for I dread hurting a cause I do so dearly love and admire; yet I believe with unshaken confidence, that if I keep close to my Guide, I shall be preserved to glorify Him. I have dared to wish that no suffering may be spared me that may enable me to do so.

Previously to her return home, her father, with characteristic prudence, blended with genuine affection, wrote to her freely and fully on the important phase in her religious life through which she was now passing, showing his concern lest, through the ardour of her spirit, she should be induced to act without sufficiently examining the ground of her actions. The following is her reply :—

Before Breakfast, Woodford, 21st of 7th mo., 1808.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Thy letter, which I received yesterday, mixed with much pleasure, gave me some pain from two insinuations; first, that it appeared difficult for thee to believe that the soil had been sufficiently prepared by suffering to make that good ground in which the seed can alone flourish. Time, perhaps, can only openly make known my most earnest desire that my heart may be sincere. I have even dared to wish that I might endure the hottest furnace, that I might be so purified that at the end I may stand perfect, confident at the same time that by no strength of my own can I endure it; earnestly wishing that every moment I may be kept dependent on that strength which is indeed sufficient for us, and in which I may, with deep and reverent thankfulness, acknowledge, I have been enabled to feel His yoke easy, and His burden light; and I do indeed believe all His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths peace.

I am sorry thou hast thought that I might have cast my cares more upon my nearest connexions in life; indeed, I never loved them so dearly or felt their value so much as now: but I think I can remember that thou thyself hast taught me, that on no human help can we in any degree rely. I do indeed believe that, as we are enabled to keep the first great commandment, and are made willing to sacrifice all our worldly affections to the love of God, we shall receive a spirit in which we shall really love our friends, and all the innocent pleasures of life, better than ever we did before, but that we shall be raised above dependence upon them. These, my very dear father, have been in a degree my feelings. May they neither give pain nor displeasure to thee, nor to any of my dear family!

I do not think I have stayed too long from home, but I now look forward to returning, with great interest, I should say, rather than pleasure; for, after so serious a change as I feel I have undergone since we parted, there must be pain in meeting again those whom I most dearly love. * * * *

Very affectionately, thy child,

H. C. GURNEY.

Sixth-day, 15th of 7th mo.—A pleasant ride with Samuel and Elizabeth Gurney, through part of the Forest. * * * * I believe it is best not to form an opinion, but where judgment is wanted for the performance of an action, and then as little as possible depend on ourselves. I repented this morning of giving mine on the bringing up of children.

Third-day, 19th.—My mind was kept in a most sweet state this afternoon. I am conscious of acquiring the love and admiration of those I am with, and begged to be preserved from the evil it may excite in me. I have thought of and feared the truth of the fable of the sun and Æolus. Silent in riding from Tottenham, during which I saw and felt deeply the beauty of my profession; joyful in its being mine, and in feeling the incalculable ruin which is caused among the children of men, by departing from that Guide who can alone lead us safely through time, and following whom (however rough the road may sometimes appear), is indeed the way not only to the joys of another life, but to those of this. Sweetly feeling these truths we arrived at my Uncle Barclay's.

Fifth-day, 21st.—General Phipps came in the evening. My Uncle desired I would take his likeness. I wished to be able to refuse, if I believed it was necessary for me to give up drawing; but I also wished to obey my Uncle in all things lawful, and I do not yet feel this unlawful, though I believe I shall naturally draw but seldom now. A mind kept on the Christian's watch is, I think, little capable of entering into the spirit of the fine arts.

Sixth-day.—Began to draw General Phipps. I felt that I was standing on dangerous ground from the praise I received, and I earnestly desired it might not hurt me. I have felt during this day the difficulty of keeping free from the spirit of the world in the society of those who possess all the charms of its accomplishments, and how almost impossible it would be for me to be preserved without the manners and appearance of a Friend, which are, I do now firmly believe, a strong bulwark; but, like all bulwarks, if a constant watch is not kept, the place, and the bulwark too may easily be taken.

Second-day, 25th.—A quiet day, feeling by comparison that the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I

have a goodly heritage. Keep ever before thee, for cause of humbleness, that "where much is given, much is required."

Third-day, 26th.—Went with my Uncle, Emma Chapman, and the boys to London; then with Emma to a milliner's shop, where I felt rejoiced at being in part, (and hoping to be entirely) relieved from its perplexities. Room for the exercise of patience on our return home, which I did not entirely fill up. A pleasant walk with Emma in the evening, comparing ourselves to what we were when we were together three or four years ago: How much cause for thankfulness that the world, I believe, has lost much of its hold on both of us!

Fourth-day.—The morning quiet, and after dinner set off with H. G. for home. I feared the stimulating effect that the power of his mind often has produced upon me, and begged that I might be kept centred and watchful. We lodged at Hockerill, and the ride was pleasant.

Fifth-day.—Rose early, and, having to wait a little while, sat down and read; but more sought to be quiet and to be kept guarded against the temptation of endeavouring to shine before a man of talent. During our ride, he talked a great deal about religion, poetry, and the people we are nearly connected with, in as interesting a manner as great intellectual endowments could produce. I arrived at the Grove in the evening: my father was gone to Keswick, and I had nearly an hour before he came home, tired and exhausted, to collect myself.

Sixth-day.—Rode with my father to Cromer. The idea of arriving, as we approached nearer, did not excite much feeling; the knowledge of being different from my sisters gave me pain, as I found it had done them.

Fifth-day.—Emma* met with an accident. I was almost surprised to find my increased confidence under circumstances of alarm with a mind at ease.

Sixth-day.—Went to meeting—some Friends there; perhaps never have my feelings been so deep. The exercise of it was great, but it was comfortable to partake in a degree of that silence I have so often longed for. Rode home with my father, and, though he did not say much, the nearness he seemed to feel for me was most sweet.

* Her sister.

Seventh-day.—In this week my joy has been increasing, and my burden decreasing. I have desired humility which can alone secure in me that [spiritual] prosperity which I now feel great ; but how apt is all prosperity to puff up ; nothing but the power of Omnipotence on the mind can, I am persuaded, counteract its effects. May I ever remember what my father said to me,—that the longer he lived, the more careful, observation made him not to judge of others ; for he had often found that profession puffeth up, possession alone humbleth.

Fifth-day.—The meeting with Rachel Gurney and Anna Buxton was agitatingly interesting, but in the midst of it a peace and satisfaction which is indeed abundant recompense. Dear Anna returned with me ; we were silent during the ride ; I felt nearly united to her. How sweet it is to feel that degree of union, which, I firmly believe, if we continue faithful, will increase in time and be made sure in eternity. To dinner came Saint [the mathematical teacher]. I talked to him about the state of the mathematical world, which was interesting to me ; but I felt the danger of knowledge puffing up. It has several times been a question with me, if I should not almost entirely give up further acquirement in the mathematics ; but I believe, if kept secondary, this study is a handmaid to virtue. It certainly enlarges the scope of the mind, and gives power.

6th.—Mamma, Anna, and I went to meeting ; the ride back with mamma pleasant, agreeing about the effect of bringing up children with the external marks of a Friend.

5th.—I was requested to use my influence to encourage — in the pursuit of the one thing needful. This idea was most interesting at the time ; it has led me to consider what the manner of our influence over one another ought to be, and I have believed that we can only exert it by showing the sweet fruits of devotion, manifested by those actions which spring from peace and love ; for if we are under the government of the spirit of love, a kindness of manner will be shown to all, which will in a degree soften and allure those whose hearts are not entirely hardened ; but as to any immediate influence, I believe, we can only affect the

individual as we are under the guidance of Divine love and power.

Sixth-day.—Went to meeting with mamma and Anna. In going, mamma desired me to read the first Chapter of Penn's "No Cross, No Crown." I acknowledged it true. When I had heard it before, I honestly pleaded guilty, with a heavy heart, and unmoved "Will not." How mercifully has adorable Goodness, by arraying Truth in the garment of Love, allured me to her, and strengthened me to embrace her!

First-day, 14th.—Cromer. My father spoke at meeting, which he has done several times lately. In riding there, I read a little in Job Scott. I have once or twice wished I had read more of Friends' books before I changed;* for the little I know has sometimes been a comfort to me. Rode home with —— in her carriage. Would that all felt from experience that no liberty affords equal enjoyment to the glorious liberty of the cross of Christ!

Second-day.—Could not make mamma enter into my motives for preferring to wear stuff to silk; that I did not feel wearing stuff or silk made a person better or worse, but the thing I have seen needful for myself was becoming in appearance a Friend. It has seemed to me that the general appearance is the thing we are to look to, and not to reason about the particulars that compose it.† Mamma, I believe, could not enter into my idea, that if we are marked as Friends, it should be done correctly, "One thing or the other," has been my maxim through life; but I fear I did not behave with proper consideration and gentleness. If we lose the banner of love even in the defence of right, we are not leaning for dependence on that strength which can alone support what is right.

Fifth-day.—Drank tea at the P——s. I felt the awkward-

* It may be hardly necessary to remark that this, and some similar expressions employed by her about this time, refer to that work of Divine grace in her soul which had been accompanied by many outward indications of her allegiance to her Divine Master.

† Silk was at that time very expensive,—twice its present price; and was consequently then but little worn by Friends generally.

ness of being a Friend; it weighed upon me, but I was sensible of its preserving influence and was humbled under it, which I was thankful for, as feeling it a wholesome state, in which we are led to seek for help.

Seventh-day.—How true it is we have infinitely more of this world by being made willing to surrender it! My ambition to be well-bred and liking for well-bred people have increased. I believe this will be a dangerous rock for me; for, though I think it is a good thing to possess—truth always keeping the upper hand—as it gives confidence and ease of manner without rudeness, and great consideration for others; yet true politeness is, I believe, only in the possession of those whose every action is under the influence of that love which vital Christianity can alone infuse into the heart. One has the semblance of virtue, the other is virtue: the one may be the result of the spirit of the fine arts, the other that of Christianity.

Second-day.—Every imagination of the heart of man is evil, or of evil effect. Pride! thou art a great enemy of mine; I almost believe thou dost now attack me more vehemently than ever.

Fourth-day.—My father, mother, and Jane went to Norwich in the morning. Truly happy, and thought of what I had read in Lord Bacon,—that the face of reason was towards truth, that of action towards goodness; so having settled my household, and done all the good I could think of by action, I set my face towards reason. Went into my own room, and read his “Advancement of Learning” for an hour or two. It is admirable to see how far human wit can go, and pleasant to enjoy it, when the heart is at ease. Let my earnest endeavour be directed to attain consistency of character: it is not in man of himself to acquire it; but “My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest,” is the language of Him that was, and is, and is to come.

First-day, 28th.—Ride and meeting interesting. I think I have begun to feel what deep spiritual labour is. May I be preserved from fainting under it!

Second-day.—General W—— came after breakfast. Walked down to the shore with him. He was particularly

kind to me. I fear his attentions lay a snare for my humility in more ways than one.

Fourth-day.—Went to Earlham with Richenda. The pleasure and interest altogether put me off my guard. Thou hast never more occasion to watch than in those moments when thy heart is warmly excited by those thou hast loved so dearly.

Seventh-day.—This week has been spent chiefly in attending to —. I hope I have been useful. Had I, as formerly, depended upon no other food for my mind than what was intellectual, I should have been dull to a degree; but instead, I was usually cheerful and happy; yet I have not lost my relish for intellectual pleasure.

Third-day.—How is life now changed for me! Those times when I used to be most gay and sprightly are now those when I feel the pruning-hook; when I used to be dull and disconsolate, I am now commonly full of joy.

Fifth-day.—My mind in a high tone this morning. Read a little of Milton. Went down to bathe—a most beautiful morning—swam capitally—and went home disappointed at not seeing the H—s. But the morning was so fine, and I was so happy, that I did not like to sit down to read: so, after some consultation within myself, I resolved to walk by the side of the cliff and go down to the shore. The scene was beautiful; the sea coloured in the finest manner. Many ships. It was one of the most glorious sights I ever beheld, and I enjoyed it alone; but still I felt how little outward objects were soul-satisfying. A drive with Jane in the mule cart, and then walked nearly from Beckhive home. The shore was sweet, and my mind turned to its chief Love, with earnest desires, first, that those to whom I feel most nearly united, then the whole world, might come to know how sweet He is; that every action might be so under his government that I may glorify his cause on the earth. Yet what need have I of preservation from the danger of attributing any of the praise to self. May it be solely to glorify Thee that I endeavour to make myself agreeable to any one! But who that is filled with Thy joy and fear does not manifest them by his words, manners, and actions? Then

what a sweet savour they have ! Ever give me this fear, and joy when it is good for me.

Fourth-day.—Called on the —s in the morning. They discomposed me a good deal by talking of Friends, seeming to have no correct idea of them. How deep must the foundation be laid to support our sacred profession in its true majesty and beauty ! None but the regenerate man can do it. I felt hurt at the conversation of the morning ; but may blame myself almost always for unhappiness. I should have left them sooner, or tried to turn the subject. Became more cool by the time the —s came in the evening. This day and in many of the last, I thought a great deal ; but oh ! for that word which says, “ Peace be still.”

Sixth-day.—This day I began again to read ; but the cultivation of my intellectual part has been the subject of many a thought, whether it would not injure that which I love better. I never was so capable of vigorous attention, as my heart never was so easy, my head never so clear. I feel the danger of it for myself ; but still I believe with bounds I may pursue it ; and these bounds I thought were active duties, even the minor ones, little attentions, &c. Whenever these are called for, the other must be sacrificed. Still, if I carefully husband my time, head may have some attention paid it ; and it will be fine exercise of my patience and temper never to be disturbed by interruptions, however interested I may be in my pursuit : if I am, the proper watch is not kept up.

Seventh-day.—General W—— at breakfast. I knew, and in a degree felt, how much I needed a preserving power to watch over me to guard me from being led away by the worldly honour that his very marked attentions give. Were my heart as it should be, I believe I should not feel elated in any degree by it ; but I know where to apply for help against all that is at enmity with my soul’s salvation. Where should I have been tossed had I not found this anchor ? I was glad that next day was meeting day, for there perhaps I have more deeply known my centre than anywhere else.

First-day, 9th.—I felt more quiet, my mind raised above the dazzling splendour of worldly greatness.

First-day, 16th.—I often long for meeting, and am not

generally disappointed in its effects upon me. John Wagstaffe's funeral in the afternoon. Death, though rather comfortable than terrible to me now, is full of awfulness when the idea of it is brought home.

Fifth-day.—My father took me into the study to warn me against being hurt by people's kindness and love for me.

Fourth-day.—Went to —s about a cloak which has cost my mind some indecision. Not what things are, but the character they mark, is what I look to in my clothes. I believe the true spirit of my profession is the opposite of that of doing penance, and I wish to avoid every likeness of it; but in avoiding one reproach do not cast a worse upon it—extravagance.

Fifth-day.—Dined at Earlham with all the family. On returning I felt real pleasure at unexpectedly seeing Jonathan Hutchinson. After supper he desired me to sit down, and addressed me in the kindest manner, warning me that our enemy was an unwearied one, and pursued us in every way; that we should carefully watch to distinguish the voice of the true Shepherd; that this voice was not in the whirlwind, but it was the still small voice. He kindly hoped not to discourage me. He believed the Lord's work was on the wheel, and that He would gather his lambs into his bosom. My heart acknowledged the truth of what he said, and I thanked him for it.

Fifth-day.—Self, I am daily more persuaded, is my great enemy, and I fear I do not combat sufficiently against the love of it. Now, if I would endeavour to be a follower of Christ, ought I not to wrestle with every enemy that would prevent my feeling [grieved] for those who are separated from it?

9th of 2nd mo., 1809.—Twenty-two years old. Through Divine mercy, great is the change that this year has wrought in me. The love of God has enticed me to begin that spiritual journey which leads to the promised land. I have left, by his guidance and strength, the bondage of Egypt, and I have seen his wonders in the deep. May the endeavour of my life be to keep close to that "Angel" [of his presence] who can deliver us from the trials and dangers of this world! I have not studied much this year, yet I have almost every day read a little,

and never was my sight so clear into the intellectual world. Study may, I believe, usefully occupy some portions of time. With regard to externals, man does not so often put me in fear, so I am more easy.

10th.—Felt very peaceful and satisfied in active employment; but conscious of the deep watchfulness it requires not to be driven from my centre by it, even if the object of it be attention to the poor.

16th.—This last week has been chiefly employed in preparing for a school. I have been satisfied in active employment, as leaving the heart more leisure than study does; but I have felt the continual proof it makes of our wisdom, and that that wisdom must be from above: if we do not possess it, we had better be quiet.

CHAPTER III.

HER MARRIAGE—DOMESTIC LIFE—CALL TO THE MINISTRY—DEATH OF HER ELDEST CHILD, AND OF HER SISTER BIRKBECK—ILLNESS AT PETERBOROUGH—HER EARLY MENTAL EXERCISES AND EXPERIENCE—JONATHAN BACKHOUSE ALSO A MINISTER.

IN the foregoing chapters we have traced the growth and gradual development of H. C. Gurney's mind, and the formation of her character. We have seen the pursuits of literature, of science and of taste, employing her powers, and cultivated by her with no common success. We have seen the glory of this world tarnished in her view, and partly under the influence of youthful grief, but more especially under the immediate operation of the Holy Spirit, her affections weaned from temporal objects and turned towards the treasure in Heaven that fadeth not away.

Yet the process indeed appears to have been very little dependent upon any outward means. To our imperfect sight she seems to have been for a time groping her way in the quest of Him whom her soul loved; but the extracts which have been given from her journal, and others which, to avoid repetition, have been suppressed, bear evidence that He was himself becoming to her "the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely;" and though we see, it is true, more of the *effects* of her love to Him in her willingness to deny herself and take up the cross, than we do of the clear and distinct reception in her understanding of the doctrine of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," we cannot doubt what was really the

nature of the tree which bore this fruit, and we see in her subsequent life, and especially in the clearness, the soundness, and the power of her gospel ministry, abundant illustration of the truth that he who doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine of Christ, both of its authority and its nature.

A period now succeeds devoid of any very striking religious experience, and one moreover, respecting which, scarcely any memoranda of her own exist to aid us in tracing her course.

H. C. Gurney was married in the spring of 1811, to Jonathan Backhouse, of Darlington, to whom she was closely united in the bonds of spiritual as well as natural affection, and who proved a helpmate peculiarly fitted to her need in her remarkable course in life.

A description in her own words of the entrance upon her new home may here be interesting.

Blackwell, near Darlington, 19th of 6th mo., 1811.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

The thought of my parents and their kindness has often half choked me; new circumstances have tended to remind me of my affection for you.

They are circumstances which are more pleasant than I expected, more than can often be found, and more than I think I have yet been sufficiently grateful for. In my husband's family there does not appear to be one whom it is difficult to love, and their habits of intercourse are comfortable and easy.

My father and mother Backhouse are very kind, and the young people an unusually pleasing nice-looking set. We have been receiving company these last three afternoons, and many agreeable people came. Perhaps I am too old to be much excited by being stared at. I am a bride, and a bride here is the puppet show of the day. As to my house and the situation, I believe it will really please thee, or thou

must be most unreasonably ambitious if it does not; and for myself, as housekeeper, I think I fairly promise not to tarnish the glory of my ancestors.

I hardly like to be writing in this way, when I consider the circumstances you are now in with regard to my dear Uncle Gurney. The remembrance of him is pleasant though affecting to me.

Thy most affectionate child,

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

She now devoted herself to domestic objects, with the ardour which she had formerly given to intellectual pursuits. Her mental and physical powers were for a time almost absorbed by the cares and pleasures of her family. Conjugal duties, the regulation of her establishment and the training of her children, constituted almost her sole occupation. In the government of the latter she was firm; her words were few but emphatic, and once uttered, were not easily forgotten. Often a single look stood in place of a command or a reproof.

The following are among the few entries in her journal between 1809 and 1820 :—

Eighth Month, 1813.—These last four years are, perhaps, best left in that situation in which spiritual darkness has in great measure involved them. It may be that the sweet and new objects of external love and necessary attention in which I have been engaged, have too much drawn my mind from internal watchfulness, after the first flow of spiritual joy began to subside; or it has been the will of the Author of all blessing to change the dispensation, and taking from me the light of his love, in which all beauty and virtue so easily and naturally exist, to teach me that the glory of all good belongs to Him alone, and that He is indeed jealous of our decking ourselves with his jewels.

Eleventh Month, 1814.—How hard, but how necessary

a lesson it is, to learn to suffer the will of God without the consolations of his Spirit—how much harder than to do his will in the light of his countenance! Permit me in all the dispensations of Thy providence to learn wisdom, and feelingly to know this—that all wisdom is from above. Unless we were sometimes left to ourselves, we could hardly know this great truth,—that we are poor, weak, miserable, and blind.

Subsequently to this period her father's family was visited by severe affliction. Her two only brothers, Joseph and Henry, young men of great promise, were removed by death just as they were entering upon manhood. These affecting events occurred in 1815 and 1816; and in the following year her sister Rachel died at Nice, after a long and suffering illness.

The winter of 1815–16 was passed by H. C. Backhouse at Exmouth, whither she went to help in the care of her invalid sister. A third child, her daughter Ann, was here added to the family.

Exmouth, 22nd of 2nd mo., 1816.

MY DEAREST,

It is a great comfort to hear so good an account of thee, and that we are in thy mind so often, and in a manner that is so consoling in the pain of separation. I do indeed crave thy preservation every way, and the belief that we may be stronger together than when separated is a sweet idea, though it makes the seriousness of separation the greater, and requires a strong confidence in our motives for it to render it justifiable.

Dear Jonathan is a sweet companion. When I told him in a cheerful way that thou wast in London with his grand-mamma, his enquiries were very earnest, and his voice soon faltered, so that I thought it wisest to leave the subject. I feel very peaceful in being here, and cannot question its propriety. Since this last attack, I think there is an increase of disease in poor Rachel.

Aunt Jane and the children have high romps together; they seem a great relaxation to her, and no one makes the babe more merry than she does.

Exmouth, 19th of 3rd mo., 1816.

MY DEAREST,

I delayed writing yesterday, in the expectation of doing so with more zest after the receipt of thy letter this morning, and I have not been disappointed. Thy letters are quite a feast to me, for my heart sometimes sinks at the vacancy thy absence leaves. It did yesterday, at times, more than usual.

After breakfast I took Jonathan and Jane to the shore. It was luxuriously warm—the tide was full and the sea calm; vessels sailing about, and the opposite coast very conspicuous, making it one of the finest views I ever beheld. I felt more alive to the beauty of the scenery than I often am, and was cheered in seeing my dear babes enjoying themselves this sweet day.

I have been hearing Jonathan his lesson almost every day since thou mentioned it; but he is neither very apt nor very willing just now.

With dear love to you,

Most truly thine,

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

First Month, 1820.—Our brother, Edward Backhouse, gone to Sunderland, with the thought of residing there, a thing felt seriously and tenderly; considerations also about our moving into his house. Felt the importance of such steps; yet, perhaps we think more about them than is desirable. I have longed that light, not selfishness, may direct us in them; and, though there is a right position for all things in this world, and much of our spiritual and temporal interest may depend upon it, yet oh! that we may not give them more than their due place in our minds.

Third Month.—Moved into my brother Edward's house (South-End), in which I have felt comfortable and satisfied.

Spent the day with my husband, going to Staindrop Meeting and Cockfield. * * * * *

After returning from a visit to Sunderland, H. C. Backhouse writes :—

I had felt for some time, and particularly of late, a warm concern for the religious interest of our family circle, which, to my humiliation, surprise, and consolation, I was strengthened to express in a private opportunity with them before I left Sunderland.

On our ride home, I felt the candle of the Lord shine round about me in a manner I had not done for years, accompanied with much tenderness, and some foreboding fears. I felt I had put my hand to the plough, and must not look back; but I remembered the days that are past, and I knew something of the power of Him in whom I had believed.

Many removals and changes in this meeting [Darlington] throw me into a new and important sphere, which has brought me into some feeling. I see I ought to be, what is likely to fall to my lot, an overseer. My heart has burned as an oven; internal and external supplications have not been wanting to ease it. May I endure the burnings as I ought!

In allusion to attending the Yearly Meeting in London soon afterwards, she remarks :—

For the young people I felt a new and unusual interest. On one occasion I believe I ought to have spoken, for the subject was pretty clear before me, and my mind could receive no sense of good all the day. * * * *

I afterwards spoke twice in the Women's Yearly Meeting, and the composure at the moment, and after a time the sense of peace which ensued, seemed to assure me that I had not run without being sent. The remembrance of former days

came strongly before me, and in thus again publicly manifesting the intent of my heart I felt the comfort of being no stranger to that hand which, as it once fed me with milk, seemed to me now, after a long night season, to be feeding me with meat.

After the Yearly Meeting was over, I attended a meeting of dear Betsy's [Elizabeth J. Fry] about her prison discipline, which was very interesting.

In the First-day morning meeting, at Plaistow, it seemed so clear to me that I should speak, that I ventured to do so. I was favoured, though in deep fear, with a conscious uprightness of soul, and with a marked concurrence in the minds of those I dearly love, my own mother's especially, though both she and my dear husband were much affected by it. The sense of love and liberty in my own soul afterwards, made it ready to enjoy the company I was in during the remainder of the day.

Arrived at home the 20th of Sixth Month. It was a treat indeed to me to have all my dear little ones together, and to find them pretty well.

Seventh Month.—The trivial things of this world have somewhat oppressed me. Is not my spirituality on the borders of idleness and love of self-indulgence? Have been working hard with my dear mother on house-linen and settling my house, with a heart so sunk as to be very unwilling to attend to these necessary things; but I hope they may be in better order than they have been. I often see the virtue and excellency of active life, and feel the pressure of another. However, I live in the faith and hope that both may brighten.

As to spirituals, the thought had rather beset me, how, if it were required of me, should I ever be able to kneel down [in vocal prayer] at meeting; but this mountain has been removed, and a sweet flow of peace and love returned into my bosom.

A heavy trial now awaited J. and H. C. Backhouse in the death of their son Jonathan, a lovely boy, eight

years of age. The event is thus alluded to in the journal :—

On this period I do not know how to dwell. After a lingering illness of some weeks, which did not make us particularly anxious, and from which he seemed much recovered—so as I think to go to school again—our dear eldest child became very ill ; and, after the best medical treatment, in which much hope was given, he expired in a convulsion fit in my arms. I seemed at the time hardly sensible of the depth of the sorrow. Dear E. Fry, being in the north, came to the funeral and preached consolingly at meeting, desiring that the language of our minds might be, “ Do with me what thou wilt, only make me what thou wouldst have me to be.” The meeting had been peaceful to me, and I believe I was kept from undue excitement. At the head of the grave, light and love filled my soul, and I was soon enabled to express my desire that we might humbly return thanks for the mercies we had received.

We had a sweet evening with many of our friends, whose sympathy has been precious, and has brought them very near to me. But oh ! the loss is great, and the separation bitter. He was a truly tender-spirited, sweet child ; I was not worthy of him. Had we in all our ways kept nearer the Fountain of light and love, I have sometimes thought—but it has not deeply oppressed me—we might have had him preserved to us. But he is gone a little before us, and the belief in a re-union after death has at times been consoling to me, where transgression is washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and infinite mercy eternally adored in perfect and inseparable union with the souls that we have loved.

Memorandum written 4th of Eleventh Month, 1820.

Oh ! “ how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee ; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men !” In looking back to the last two or three months, I feel I may adopt this language, although in them I have known the greatest portion of suffering that it has yet been my lot to taste.

TO MARIA FOX.

Darlington, 15th of 11th mo., 1820.

MY DEAR MARIA,

I cannot but believe that we have both of us of late drunk of a deeper cup of suffering than either has ever tasted before. May it have made us really more tender-hearted, and therefore more alive to true enjoyment as well as suffering! My life seems to me materially changed; the home of life shaken, in so much nearer an acquaintance with death. It has been deeply affecting to me; but at moments, the hope beyond it has entered most consolingly and cheerfully into my heart.

How many who have been bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and with whose minds we may have been as intimately acquainted as with our own, have now entered an unchangeable state, and may we not humbly trust, have, through much conflict and tribulation, been permitted to unite with the song of the redeemed!

The journal is resumed:—

Soon after this event, my dear brother and sister Birkbeck came to us at Seaton, where we had removed for a week or two on account of the children's health. It proved no time of rest, for our dear Henry took cold, and had a severe illness for some weeks. Inexpressibly kind and tender was my dear sister in this my deeply-tried state of mind; for the illness of my beloved child made me tremblingly alive to every touch. The excellence of her natural powers, as well as the sweetness of her disposition and consideration for others, was very striking. There was a deep gravity, a carelessness of passing and inferior objects, that I thought portended change—I fondly hoped a substantial change—from the pursuit of earthly things, in whatever form they had attracted her, to the pursuit and possession of heavenly things; but this, in the manner I had desired, I was not to see.

* * * * *

I was going on in my various relationships more comfortably than usual, when, after some favourable accounts of my dear

sister's confinement with a son, we received another—of her being very ill; and, after a suspense of some days, in which hope was uppermost, one of no hope. At North Allerton [on our road to Norwich] the account of her death reached us. It deeply affected me.

After attending the funeral :—

I visited my dear cousin Priscilla Gurney, in the last stage of consumption. Her mind was peaceful and clear. “Be faithful, there is nothing like it,” was among the few sentences I heard her speak.

Whilst under the pressure of these sorrows an alarming account of Jonathan Backhouse's father induced them to set off hastily for home. The exertion was too much for her, and they were obliged to stop at Peterborough, where she became seriously ill. Her father and mother soon came to her, and the wise and skilful nursing of the latter materially promoted her recovery. The three weeks thus passed was a time of much suffering to herself, and of great anxiety to her watchful attendants.

Looking back upon this period, after describing her bodily and mental suffering, she says :—

A visit from dear Jonathan Hutchinson brought a feeling of peace and refreshment over my mind, which seemed for a time to heal it, and once or twice I felt tendered by my dear father's readings, and by the sweetness and power of his prayers. I could bear but little reading, hardly anything but the Bible, and the simple narrative suited me best.

When well enough to be removed, H. C. Backhouse returned to Norwich, and afterwards went to Cromer, where her health gradually improved. Of the time spent in Norfolk she writes :—

I had little comfort in my own mind, but my dear parents were inexpressibly near and dear to me, and I could often

enjoy their company, and regret that the great care of myself, and my weakness, kept me so much from them. One morning, after the reading in my room, my dear father sweetly returned thanks for my recovery, and in terms which I forget, seemed to devote me to the service of his Lord.

I went to the Quarterly Meeting at Norwich, in so low a state of body as to have hardly power for a serious thought; however, I was enabled to discharge what I felt as a debt from me to the meeting, in a supplication that seemed like a renewed bond to devote myself to a service which I have been made to love. The deep flow of peace into my own heart during the rest of the day was a sweet confirmation to me. I spent some part of it with my father, when the rest were gone to the meeting for business. I think I hardly ever felt such union of spirit and love and tenderness as I did in those hours with him. He said he could scarcely refrain from tears all day.

We spent three interesting weeks in Norwich, nursing my dear father, who suffered much, and at times he appeared so ill as almost to alarm us. It often afforded sweet opportunities of being with him; and how I did delight in his spirit and humility!

One day I had an interesting ride alone with him to North Walsham, where he was led to minister a good deal in a very small meeting, and joining with him in heart and word was very sweet to me. On our return, he touched upon his family losses, and the consolations which he had received under them.

TO HER HUSBAND.

Grove, 5th of 4th mo., 1821.

I truly believe that the more faithful we are to our Lord and Master, the more we shall love and be united to each other.

Thy account of the visit to ——— was sweet to me. Implicitly obey thy Master, and every time we receive such warning and encouragement, surely it is a strong call to trust in Him more fully on occasions which may afterwards present

themselves. It is not a day to hide our talent in a napkin. Surely if any people have been visited, we have. Let us, therefore, be endeavouring to render according to the benefit received. We must not look too much at what others do. It is to our own Master we stand or fall; and the more we follow Him with a single eye, the more we shall be permitted to feel united to those who are endeavouring to walk by the same rule, though He may see meet to give us different stations in the church. So I believe we shall be led to prize our friends, though not doing as we do, because we may see them at their own posts, guarding against the enemy in a different quarter, which may leave us more at liberty for ours.

I am sure in the course of my life I can set my seal to this truth,—that it is in the day of the Lord's power, his people are made a willing people, and I do desire that, in this his day, when He is again manifesting his power on our souls, we may make use of this willingness to follow Him with alacrity, whithersoever He may please to lead us.

After leaving Norfolk, the journal continues :—

On arriving at home, I think I may say, peace and thankfulness covered my heart. I did enjoy being there once again, and after the intense suffering—I do not think the term too strong—that I have passed through, the pause seemed delightful. I was still very weak, and had my household almost entirely to arrange again, which took all the time and attention I was equal to. These new arrangements cost me some serious thought about manner of living. I had begun to feel that Christian discipline should extend to this part of our conduct, and that perhaps no circumstances warrant its being sumptuous.

The meetings now became very interesting to me, and as the reward of what I am induced to believe was faithfulness, they were greatly refreshing. I went to the Quarterly Meeting at Newcastle; the sense of religious exercise was hardly off my mind; one thing succeeded another, but I believe I had the unity of Friends. Attended a funeral at Bishop Auckland; I think I saw that had I been a little

more patient under exercise I might have done better ; but I had some sweet staidness of mind and peace after speaking in the meeting.

Fifth-day, 14th of 2nd mo., 1822.—At meeting to-day no words ; I felt quiet and refreshed afterwards. Found a young friend whom I called upon, had stayed at home [from meeting] pleading being busy with writing and other things. Doubtful whether to admonish. In virtue of my office [as overseer], and perhaps of my own feelings, I think I must.

Fifth-day, 21st of 2nd mo.—Did (not a little in the cross) what I thought I was bid, which was kindly received, and I think tended to the peace of my own mind. I long to see a deeper frame of spirit pervade people after meeting. Some satisfaction this week in visiting the poor.

First-day, 7th of 3rd mo.—In the afternoon meeting a subject seemed so clear before me that I ventured to speak ; but oh ! the evil of my heart, the consciousness of having, or supposing I had, chosen my words well, was like the fly in the ointment of the apothecary, the baneful effects of which I felt many days after. The more I see of my own mind, the more I am conscious of impurity. May the language of my soul be, “ If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.”

A visit from my dear cousin Rachel Pease, and Mary Cudworth, humbling and sweet to me.

14th of 3rd mo.—Went with my dear husband and brother John to Auckland ; I felt my inexperience in the service, had many fears of having exceeded my commission, or of not being patient enough in it, yet on returning home felt sweet peace, and dear love and unity with my husband, who was much in the same state ; glad of my brother John’s company, and was sensible of his deeper spiritual gifts.

6th of 5th mo.—Last night I did not keep close enough to my Guide in prayer, on account of which I felt some distress ; perhaps not altogether wrong, but had not stopped when I ought, nor waited sufficiently for clearness and strength in the exercise. I hope I shall not hurt others.

6th of 6th mo.—A month has now passed in which at

times I have been enabled to enjoy the love of God and man in my heart. A sweet parting First-day with our friends going to the Yearly Meeting. Some interesting ministerial engagements, if I may call them so, following dedication to gentle pointings of duty. How much soever I may enjoy the feast of fat things, I have learnt to fear its effects on a disposition such as my own, not naturally humble.

Came to Harrowgate with all our family on the 5th, for my benefit and dear Gurney's, still a delicate child. I think we are both better, and, if there be anything in the exercise of gifts, it has led to some and not very exalting service. Where and what am I? Can I ever pursue the path I have been led into, in humility and self-denial, as well as faith? How tempest-tossed my mind has been, and yet at times may I say sweetly comforted! Some meetings precious, though I have gone to them in the sense of great bodily and mental weakness.

Darlington, 11th of 11th mo.—At Harrowgate, my dear cousin Rachel Pease brought me the news of our Monthly Meeting having very unanimously recommended me to the meeting of ministers and elders. I felt it a great relief, and also I trust humbling; this mark of approval was very sweet to me.

Have been gradually improving in health, and I trust in some stability of mind, though it has been often much tossed. To-day my dear father and mother left us. It has been peculiarly interesting to have them here; but their being in the decline of life, and ourselves fully arrived at the meridian, has been affecting to me. My mother's active kindness and consideration for our comforts great, my father's uprightness and simplicity of mind very striking; a treat to hear him again [in ministry], and to have his unity as well as my dear mother's.

27th of 1st mo., 1823.—My husband's concern as to the ministry becoming very heavy, accompanied with much disquietude from not having given way to what he had thought too slight impressions, I have ventured, under a belief that he is truly called to it, to encourage him to act; I have had much satisfaction in doing so, as I dreaded a call, which I believed to be a right one, not being obeyed. For

want of yielding to these gentle intimations many, I believe, are marred on the wheel. What destruction has such neglect made in the peace and prosperity of individuals and of families! To my relief, he has again spoken in our meeting, and the state of his mind has assured me that we were not wrong; still it is a fearful thing, and we had need to be very watchful. How important is a true birth in the ministry! may none neglect such a day of visitation! If they keep humble as well as faithful, they will no doubt be preserved, to their own unspeakable consolation in Christ, and to that of others.

20th of 2nd mo.—Obliged to stay at home this morning from a slight affection on the chest, which added to great nervous debility, makes me pass through hours of deep suffering. The love of life is so strong, that I seem as though I could hardly bend with submission to the thought of its being cut off. Sometimes I would fain believe these feelings are but a baptism for service and for the trial and refinement of self; and then I fear to be deluded in supposing myself to be thus wanted. This morning I remembered the words, "Whatever is brought upon thee take cheerfully, and be patient when thou art changed to a low estate." In every other respect except this plague of the heart, and infirmity of body, how I am blessed! My husband I believe loving the truth and growing in it, and truly affectionate to me; children altogether well and happy; surrounded by kind friends, and as many external comforts as I could desire; and in the midst of this, some taste of better things.

27th of 2nd mo.—A very interesting conference with men Friends at the Monthly Meeting at Stockton, to which, though feeling very weak, I thought I would not omit going. In it Isaac Stephenson laid before us the prospect he had long had of visiting America. I have not often been so sensible of a depth of feeling and sympathy, in myself and in those present. At the conclusion I felt a renewal of strength both naturally and spiritually, which revived my faith in the Shepherd and Keeper of Israel, and in the truth that, though death and darkness may surround us for a time, the eternal life of the soul hid with Christ in God is no cunningly devised fable.

7th of 3rd mo.—I have felt that giving way to depression is virtually mistrusting the mercy of Him for whose pleasure we are and were created. We had better try to be actively engaged if we can; though not so earnestly as to draw the mind from its centre.

30th of 4th mo.—I have much to bind me to this earth. Its cares I feel; but perhaps more power of gratefully enjoying its blessings is wanted, and may be in store for me before I leave it. A pleasant call from a friend;—some minds seem deeply anchored in the truth, meekly and patiently bearing the trials of the day with firmer faith and greater purity than others; but each heart alone knows its own bitterness, and I believe there is never high attainment without much suffering. In weakness of body and fear of mind, I entered upon the Yearly Meeting. The select meetings being new to me, subjected me to fresh conflict; but I think I derived instruction as well as comfort from attending them. Being chosen to assist at the table in the women's meeting, I managed, I believe, to read audibly the little which there was for me to do. In the midst of all my soul's enemies, it yielded some satisfaction to myself: the post, I believe, was an instructive one to me. For want of faith and promptness in the first place, and afterwards for want of patience, either to let the matter drop, or to find a more suitable opportunity for expressing it, I sadly ill-timed a concern; for which I was most publicly, though not personally, set down. I saw I had been wrong, and thought the wounds of a friend better than the kisses of an enemy: it might have its use in humbling me. Oh! for a due spirit of subjection, free from slavish fear of man, or a looking to any other than the great Head of the Church.

In returning home we spent part of First-day at Doncaster, and in our measure had much service. We set off just before the afternoon meeting, which left a sting that I hope we shall not soon forget. May it be a lesson in future to beware how we violate so obvious a duty as that of attending our meetings regularly, or break unnecessarily the quiet and orderly spending of the First-day. The Yearly Meeting's Epistle was very good on the subject this year.

Some weeks of this summer and autumn were spent with her parents by the sea-side.

First-day, 17th of 8th mo.—Went to our Cromer meeting. All our family circle, and many besides, not Friends, were present. I felt sitting down among them, but was strengthened to do what I believe was my duty, and had peace after it; but oh! the dangers attending such a mind as mine. Keep Thou the door of my lips, and may the praise be alone thine! I wish these services to pass off my mind, and all curiosity as to the impression on others to be subdued; for there is danger in it.

22nd.—The common routine of the day has passed more peacefully and cheerfully than often. Meetings interesting.

24th.—Felt low and condemned for offering unformed opinions. Paid one or two religious visits, which, after a time, brought a ray of peace over my mind, as did also some services in our little meeting here; but oh, the mending our own net: I often feel mine full of holes,—the little I converse about not always in a right and charitable spirit, nor esteeming others better than myself.

We left Cromer on the 6th of Tenth Month, after an interesting farewell meeting, and parting with our friends.

Seaton, 20th of 12th mo.—Since I last wrote, my husband has been confined for several weeks by an intermittent fever; many very trying anxious moments, much fag both of body and mind. Patience, thou hast been tried, and thy stock not found sufficient!

Children, and the education of them, a subject of too much anxiety. Too sensible perhaps of idleness and awkwardness; too earnest for, and valuing too highly, intellectual cultivation, easy action, and decorum of manner.

Find a pleasant friend in my new sister Katharine Backhouse. Monthly Meeting interesting to me: I should have better faith in my own judgment of it if I felt it so while inactive; for I observe inactive members generally think the times low. Oh self! thou art the very serpent in my way, and wheresoever this foot of mine doth tread, thou liest

before it. Desired that Friends might never hear the second query (that on love) read without a deep self-examination how far they kept a conscience void of offence in this important matter. Good need have I to take the lesson home : let me deeply examine myself on it ! Refreshed by the retirement of this place.

In the course of this year her husband was acknowledged as a minister by Darlington Monthly Meeting ; and thus was the call of both of them to that Gospel service in which they were, during the rest of their joint lives, so often unitedly engaged to labour, fully recognized by the Church.

CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTIC CARES—RELIGIOUS DUTIES—ILLNESS OF HER HUSBAND—
DEATH OF HER SECOND SON—BIRTH OF HER YOUNGEST—RENEWED
HEALTH—BUSINESS AFFAIRS.

31st of 1st mo., 1824.—Encouraged by reading the Life of Lady Maxwell. The feeling of fellowship with those out of our own pale is very enlarging and comforting. * * * The love of riches an enemy we need guard against. Many questions arise out of these things. Oh! that truth may help and support us, whatever man may say of us. Children, servants, houses and lands,—all have been a subject of some anxious thought.

10th of 2nd mo.—Oh! my wandering thoughts and desires; hard to know where proper attention ends and undue earnestness begins. At the Monthly Meeting, petitioned against the power of the enemy. He was very busy with me all day, though now and then a gleam of peace.

12th of 3rd mo.—Rode with my husband to Hurworth, to call on a distressed gentleman and lady, and few sacrifices (for such I felt it to be, having long thought it my duty to go) have given me more peace, and the hope that one day my love for and ease with those not within the pale of our Society may increase. Often tried with my incompetency to manage my girls: anxious to do right towards them, and give them the advantage of a substantial education; but oh! for the government of the temper.

Fourth-day.—This day has been one of external and internal sunshine. The meeting to me sweet: said a few words in it much to my comfort. The burden of my desire was for young people to become really Christians, by being able to call God father, through that spirit of adoption which is given by a new birth,—that they may truly know Him as their guide, counsellor, and friend, in the important matters in which they may have to decide. I felt this especially with regard to marriage, though I did not say so. A sweet walk afterwards with my sister Katharine.

Seventh-day.—Attended a Committee of the Female Charity. A day of peace and satisfaction.

First-day.—Deeply exercising ; a stranger present being, I believe, the cause of it. His company afterwards convinced me I was not mistaken. The redemption of the soul is precious. What fools men are to halt between two opinions, when the love of God shows them what they ought to be !

Attended the Quarterly Meeting at Sunderland through much bodily infirmity. Was engaged in supplication for the rich, some of whom being present interested me a good deal. At Sunderland my husband was taken ill with ague,—a severe attack, which lasted with little intermission for nearly a month. It was a trying time to me. Poorly myself, I could scarcely be of any use to him, and felt I was adding much to the trouble of my brother's house. All my habits of being waited upon seemed to rise up to reproach me ; and yet I was afraid of exerting myself. Forbearance and kindness were truly manifested towards us. With all this sense of weakness, and wants, both natural and spiritual, I was not seldom engaged in the exercise of my gift. Our kind brother Richardson, at whose house we were, came home with us. To my acute feelings, the fine fresh air of the country, the verdure of the spring, and the scent of the flowers, were truly refreshing, and being with the dear children was a cause for thankfulness. I injured myself, I think for some time, by not seriously acknowledging it in my own house ; fear of doing too much, and of being led by nature rather than grace,—want of faithfulness, in reality,—prevailing. My brother William left us for the Continent on the 28th of Fourth Month ; an interesting parting, in which my religious courage was put to some proof. Days have passed in my family very comfortably ; a sense of more health than for some time, exhilarating. I do not remember any spring in which I have been so capable of enjoying the sweets of nature, which the fine weather has beautifully displayed. Our garden looking lovely, and the children playing about and enjoying themselves, a true pleasure to me. A little sound health, how superior an indulgence to the most downy bed !

20th of 7th mo.—Much encouraged about my dear girls, who seem going on with great energy and good-humour.

10th mo., *Third-day*.—A religious opportunity with dear Joseph [J. J. Gurney]. An interesting, encouraging, and very affecting time; weeping was a great relief to me,—the promise of coming out of all my valleys cheering, and in some bitter moments since has revived to my comfort and hope.

Joseph's company very interesting to me. I could not but admire his almost unparalleled excellency of spirit, of understanding, and of nature, gifts and graces,—talents cultivated to so much active usefulness. We parted in much love.

18th of 11th mo.—My dear Gurney very ill, at times alarmingly so. Myself remarkably well, and generally preserved in a tranquillity and even cheerfulness of mind, which, under my present circumstances, might make me ready to exclaim, "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in my eyes!" My sister Emma came to us on the — inst., when it seemed hardly likely the dear child would live long. A most acceptable moment. Her company very valuable to me. An interesting visit and parting with our dear friends Anna Forster and Abigail Dockray.

I expressed in meeting on First-day my own state of mind, or what at least I desired it might be,—that come what may, we might answer the end of our being, and bring glory to Him who created us for that purpose. I felt jealous of myself, lest I might be too much prompted by circumstances; but though fearful, did not feel condemned in it.

28th.—Our dear child died on the 23rd, and was buried on the 26th. I think I may say I have been mercifully dealt with and supported in this deep and awfully trying time,—health to pay him much personal attention, and composure of mind to take the many alleviations of the present hour; and, when he could bear it (which was often the case), to be his cheerful and amusing companion. This and many other comforts I believe I can acknowledge as mercies not at our command; yet I have had to pass through many hours when the waves completely covered my head, and when, in the proving of faith and patience, the day seemed as if it could not dawn.

19th of 2nd mo., 1825.—My dear little Edmund is now nearly twelve weeks old,—a fine, fat, flourishing babe. A

greater portion of ease and joy has entered my mind since his birth than I have known for years; not that tender recollections or tears are forgotten. I was confined in the evening of the First-day after his dear brother's interment. Two nights of more refreshing rest than I have had for a long time were a merciful preparation for such a trial.

Alluding to the purchase of Polam, which was afterwards their residence, she remarks :—

I have felt a satisfaction in it that is as a token for good which has never yet deceived me, and is cause for much thankfulness, and also watchfulness that we rest not in these things. Oh! what pains and trouble I might have spared myself had I acted up to my first clear impression on the subject. Child in religious experience and in knowledge of life! if ever thou readest this, let me counsel thee, without being enthusiastic, not to throw away clear impressions even with regard to the affairs of this world—affairs in which the worldly-wise, and perhaps even some of the good, may say faith has nothing to do. But I believe it often has to do with little things; for as the foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of men, so He who can see present and future at one glance may well see on what apparently trifling or indifferent things hangs much that is of great importance to his weak creature man. “In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.”

14th of 4th mo.—On First and Second-day, my mind enjoyed a liberty, and something of the light of the glorious gospel which I often pant after. In each day a religious engagement seemed peculiarly blessed to myself. The powers of the world to come,—what an infant I am in the knowledge of them! My dear babe a treat and blessing, for which I am, I trust, truly thankful.

To ——— • ———.

Darlington, 27th of 4th mo., 1825.

In reply to thy question as to the Friendliness of my children, I do not know much about it. I certainly wish them to be Friends, inasmuch as if they keep to the truth in all things, little and great, I believe it will make them so.

This is the only standard I ever wish in my house. "Friendly" or "un-Friendly," as applied to external objects, I have always disliked, as a vague term, which can have no other import than by putting effect for cause. Gay or grave, plain (or simple) and complex, I can understand, and that it is desirable to be grave rather than gay, because the time is short, and we do not want external objects to attract us from internal; and, for the same good reason, things had better be simple than complex, and—with allowance for improvement—uniform; for they must require less attention than when they change for the sake of change. * * *

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

19th of 5th mo.—Some fearful but satisfactory conversation with an elder this morning. Oh! that we were so anchored in the truth as really to understand each other; then would the fear of man be done away, love and harmony would prevail more eminently than they do,—each might rejoice in seeing his neighbour walk in the way cast up for him; because He who orders all things rightly makes room for the talents of all, allows no confusion, but wills that each should help the other.

Leyton, 10th of 6th mo.—On Second-day the 30th, I set off with all my family to join my husband in London. An interesting First-day before leaving home.

7th mo., Fourth-day.—At Gracechurch Street Monthly Meeting, with John Barclay. I was too prompt, felt my poverty, and was humbled under a sense of it; John Barclay striking, and the meeting solid. In that for discipline I was more satisfied that in wishing to be obedient I had not been officious.

Leyton, Sixth-day.—I came here with the wish to be with my sister, and so far I am thankful that I have felt remarkably free to enjoy the beauties of nature, and the domestic pleasures of this house.

Earlham, 15th of 7th mo.—The enemy has been busy, and disquieted many hours of the night and of the day, which should have been under the government of the Prince of Peace. However it is no sin to be tempted, nor to feel the power of the tempter, which has been limited, and I have had peace and comfort in being with my friends, and not questioning I was right in it. Altogether I have been

in a low key, but in it perhaps a little more patience than usual. The meetings interesting to me ; there seems a revival among Friends. If this people all pulled one way, what power there would be in them ! Amelia Opie's joining the Society a subject of interest.

Cromer, 7th of 8th mo.—My mind has often been greatly tossed and tempted since I came here ; too susceptible of the influence of external circumstances ; too eager about the affairs of this world ; but here and there a gleam of comfort and better health than I have enjoyed for years. I wish to do right, but am not patient and decided enough, and not diligent enough in reading the Scriptures.

Darlington, 5th of 10th mo.—We came home the beginning of the last month. I was glad to return with a confirmed belief that if it be not positively my place to be from home, it is positively my place to be there : I have felt less buffeted and tempted, my mind more at ease. Isaac Pease's illness and death have been a subject of much interest to us ; also Ann Jones's services at the funeral, and at the Quarterly Meeting at Newcastle. Her warnings mixed with her encouragements came closely home to some of us. We had a nice and instructive visit from John Dymond, whose meek and quiet spirit reminded us in what true riches consist.

At the Quarterly Meeting, I went into the men's meeting to testify against sporting. My dear cousin Margaret Richardson accompanied me.

Twelfth Month.—General banking run, and money affairs sadly besetting. The Monthly Meeting at Stockton in the midst of it truly refreshing. My own mind hard, to religious feeling obtuse ; love of the things of this world pressing, the fear of wrong also besetting, and drawing the mind from watchfulness in the present moment which is only ours.

30th of 1st mo., 1826.—This month something of a repetition of the last ; business occupying my dear husband so much as to be a trial to me ; myself also unwell with some symptoms which may make the joys and sorrows of this world very transient ; but it may be one of my fancies, and I may yet live to know the bands of brass and iron with which I so generally feel bound to be broken. Children very sweet,—a great treat to me.

CHAPTER V.

TRAVELS AS A MINISTER—IN COMPANY WITH ISAAC STEPHENSON
VISITS FAMILIES IN HER OWN MONTHLY MEETING, ETC.—WITH HER
HUSBAND VISITS ESSEX, SUFFOLK, AND NORFOLK—JOURNEY INTO
DEVON AND CORNWALL—VISIT TO FAMILIES IN NEWCASTLE
MONTHLY MEETING, AND TO FRIENDS IN LINCOLNSHIRE, CAM-
BRIDGESHIRE AND HUNTINGDONSHIRE—IRELAND.

2nd of 3rd mo.—Entered last week on a visit with Isaac Stephenson to the families of this Monthly Meeting. Ability for this service is surely a gift; may the vessel be purified by using it in faith!

29th of 3rd mo.—This month has been spent mostly with Isaac Stephenson, first in visiting the families, and then, after many cogitations and some provings of faith, I went forward from Cotherstone with him, taking Abigail Wilson with me to Kendal. We visited Lancaster, Manchester, and Leeds, and returned home to our Monthly Meeting on Second-day the 20th. It cost me some heart-sinkings and tears; but my mind was underneath sweetly preserved in peace and confidence, and though I had times of depression and fear to pass through, I have been thankful that I have made the sacrifice. It has endeared many individuals to me; and at times the undoubted belief that it was a Divine requiring has strengthened my faith, and excited some degree of thankfulness for being so employed. Went to Stockton on Fifth-day; my husband gained the willing consent of Friends to proceed in the visit to the families there, but after attending Norton Meeting the next day we returned home, Isaac Stephenson not being well. I was rejoiced at the present release, enjoyed some sweet peace, but again brought a deep cloud over my mind by unguarded conversation.

Fourth Month.—Our family visit completed, to some increase of faith. Returned on First-day the 16th. Second-day was a sweet day of rest and peace.

Fifth Month.—Monthly Meeting. My mind seemed in measure prepared to mention my concern of visiting, after the Yearly Meeting, the counties of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk ; but I became sadly beclouded by asking counsel of man, when I had no business to do so, from cowardice or secretly wishing to obtain ease under a burden which I should have been contented to bear till the right time, and then no doubt sufficient strength and clearness would have been given. So the Monthly Meeting passed, and the load yet remained, wearing me not a little ; though I endeavoured to strive against it, and comforted myself in hoping a way of escape was yet open.

In the Yearly Meeting, the little active service I had I believe Friends united with, and I may almost say I was thankful that little did devolve upon me ; for I thought I saw, more clearly than I had ever done before, that it does truly require great weight and power, such as are not often given except to those of much experience, to move acceptably in these large meetings ; and that many that were often wise in other places might there be in especial danger of offering the sacrifice of fools, particularly in prayer—the sense of it over the meeting being caught by those not fitted to convey the expression of it to so large an assembly, and so taking the place of those who might have conveyed it more rightly. Yet the weakest should not be discouraged because they sometimes miss the way, nor the simplest in following the obedience of faith because it does not always tell for much among their fellow-mortals. No doubt the Master of assemblies often ruled over all, and kept things in right order, which was generally very conspicuous. The last sitting of the Select Meeting a memorable and instructive occasion. After much conflict in my own mind (but with the advice of many friends whom I consulted) my husband and myself joined Isaac Stephenson and his wife, and attended the Quarterly Meetings of Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk, and many of the meetings in these counties.* I felt satisfied in being in

* H. C. Backhouse applied for by letter, and obtained, the sanction of her Monthly Meeting, which (it will be remembered) she had been discouraged from asking for previously to leaving home.

my place, though often sunk very low. It is a wonderful service,—we had need undergo deep baptism to be prepared for it; little as my part was, I thought sometimes I had nearly as much as I could bear. We returned home with peaceful minds. After what I have seen and known, though it can be but a very small part, can I doubt the power and guidance of the Holy Spirit, or, with it, the realities of invisible things?

We met with much kindness from Friends, particularly from Anne Dale and Rachel Womersley, who went with us to many places. This little journey has introduced my mind into a new and interesting field.

Under the apprehension that further service would be required of her, she writes:—

I have had many plunges, as well as some centred moments, in which my mind could renew its faith, and hope, that the thick clouds and darkness which have been round about were not as a punishment for sin, and would in the end be dispersed. I now feel as if both spiritual and natural health materially depended on hourly watchfulness, especially keeping my mind from earnestness about outward things, which, I perceive, has been a great snare to me. When anything not necessary awakens much care, it is better to turn from it and leave it, in faith and hope that if we keep our minds open to the discoveries of truth we shall not be left to blunder on in darkness. I could wish I had more attended to this excellent injunction of the Apostle—"Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Seaton, 6th of 9th mo.—"Ye have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin," I thought applied to myself. When shall I be content not to be pleased? When shall I be sufficiently weaned from the love of this world and its delights (that might be otherwise innocent and even desirable), to make my duty to God and man my only business? "To the pure Thou wilt shew thyself pure." May thy purity

be my aim and delight! Enable me to bear the furnace that is to separate from all that breathes not "Thy will be done;" and oh! my God, suffer me not to be tempted above what I am able to bear, but manifest the power of thy love in carrying me victorious through it! Yet I am more and more persuaded that this kind goeth not out but by fasting and prayer, in which I believe I am deficient, and therefore may well be overcome as often as I am, and my natural strength seems to fail under the conflict.

Twelfth Month.—At the Monthly Meeting I ventured to propose joining Isaac Stephenson in holding some public meetings in the towns and villages in parts of Durham and Yorkshire. About two months afterwards we returned the certificate, and truly I have had cause to be made thankful that I was strengthened to give up to the service. Though very conscious of much imperfection in my part of the engagement, most of the meetings were satisfactory, many eminently so. Returned home with more of the flow of peace than is often my lot to experience. In this time we have had much company and many social engagements. My brother William's youngest child James, a sweet boy, between four and five years of age, died after a short illness. I was with them when he expired,—it was a deeply-affecting occasion, and I was comforted in having some capacity to weep with those who weep. The funeral was a uniting time, and soon again we were re-assembled in the chamber of death;—my father Backhouse died as in a moment, whilst sitting in his arm-chair, on the 11th of the Eleventh Month. He appeared but a few minutes before as well as usual, and was found a lifeless corpse. I happened to enter the house almost at that instant,—not a muscle seemed to have moved; he most likely departed in sleep, as little expecting the change at the time as did his family. I never saw death in so mild a form. We have good reason to believe he was ready to go, and that his change is a happy one. The funeral, and many other times before it took place, were sweetly uniting to his large and collected family of children and grandchildren. May the bond of the fellowship of the gospel increase in strength among us, as I believe it has already been often known to exist!

In the prospect of a religious visit to Devonshire and Cornwall, H. C. Backhouse writes :—

At our Monthly Meeting at Stockton on the 13th of Second Month, a prospect that had been long before me so pressed upon my mind soon after taking my seat in meeting, that I thought it best to mention it to Friends at that time, and I have since had reason to be truly thankful that I was enabled to do so. The manner in which it was received has been a stay to my mind, and I have since enjoyed more cheerfulness and serenity than for a long time past, and I have had leisure quietly to make arrangements for the journey. Deep clouds have compassed me, and fears of not doing right in outward things—I do not mean morally right, but religiously right—but I believe these may be besetments of the enemy to perplex me; they however drive to prayer. I have been entangled occasionally perhaps by both want of faithfulness and by folly; some covetousness also, not of money I am sure, but of indulgences: but who has passed through life and done right and wisely in all things? However, I believe it is now honestly all my desire and all my request that I may have the direction of pure Wisdom in everything.

Feeling the requiring clear to go into Cornwall has comforted me,—a favour I am not worthy of. Leaving children and home will many times cost nature much, yet I feel a trust they will not suffer from it, though I may never see them again. The interest which both servants and children, as well as friends, seem to feel, is very sweet. “Thy ways are higher than our ways, and thy thoughts than our thoughts.” Make them ours (in our sphere), through thy Holy Spirit. * * * *

Who is sufficient for these things? Left to ourselves, they are impossible. We can only go forward under a humble trust that strength will be given sufficient for the part we may be called upon to perform. If our humility is but increased thereby, the end may be answered. May we bow low enough to be shielded from danger, though we cannot escape trial. * * * *

J. and H. C. Backhouse left home on this journey through Devon and Cornwall, in the Third month, 1827. They visited the meetings of Friends generally in both counties, and in some places the families. They were accompanied in part of the visit by their cousins Robert and Maria Fox, of Falmouth. It was at this place that H. C. Backhouse held the first public meeting appointed at her sole request for the inhabitants generally. This was followed by other meetings of the same description, principally in their visit to the Scilly Isles ; in reference to which she says :—

These meetings were mostly very satisfactory ; the poor people were quiet and attentive, and I trust an influence at times prevailed that contrited many hearts.

To a public meeting at Devonport, in the Town-hall, she alludes as follows :—

This was a memorable occasion to me, in which I was remarkably sensible of grace to help in time of need ; for, from the place and the multitudes that attended it, it was an awful undertaking.

Early in her public ministerial course as was this meeting, it is not uninteresting to know that it was a labour which bore fruit. A respectable young woman was much impressed on the occasion, and subsequently joined the Society.

We afterwards held public meetings at Barnstaple, Bideford, Ilfracombe, Torrington, and three other places ; all, except one, to me very satisfactory. John and Olive Dymond were with us, and most kind and agreeable companions. Here ended our engagement ; it appeared time to leave off, though the field for labour seemed so open that it was difficult to quit it. We returned home by Sheffield and Doncaster ; the Monthly Meeting at the latter place was a time of much refreshment to me. Left that evening late, and arrived at

home the next day, truly thankful and delighted to meet my dear family all well. It was like having them all given to me again. My mind, though low, continued calm and peaceful, and especially I felt it a day of favour when we gave in an account of the journey at the Monthly Meeting; but in returning, I have been made remarkably sensible that the business of religion is the business of every day, and that the exercises and strength of any past day are but as nothing for the one that is passing over us. The dread of getting into a worldly scale, and manner of life inconsistent with our profession, has mademe ready to fear lest we should bring a reproach on our words and profession; but perhaps these are baptisms which the poor of the world escape, and they may be given in counterpoise to those who are blessed with the abundance of temporal possessions, and whose sufferings in making a choice may only be known to Him who tries the hearts.

Towards the end of this year J. and H. C. Backhouse began a visit to the families in Newcastle Monthly Meeting. This and other religious engagements in that quarter occupied them for some months.

The following remarks are in allusion to this prospect, and also to their quitting South-End as a residence :—

It was a heart-rending time to me to separate from my family, and under the sense of how uncertain whether we ever meet together again, certainly not in a house to which we have become attached, and in which I have spent some of the happiest as well as the most bitter moments of my life, both from natural and spiritual causes. My tears flowed in unusual abundance, and my heart was indeed full, especially towards my dear children. I was almost afraid of neglecting my spiritual concerns from the overwhelming feelings of thus breaking up our sweet, happy little family.

It was fixed for our girls to spend the winter with my dear father and mother—we left dear Henry settled at school, and Edmund with his kind uncle and aunt John Backhouse—so

that my mind was set at rest, about my dear children, and we entered upon our arduous work with the very acceptable company of our cousin, Margaret Richardson. We laboured very harmoniously together through the meetings of Shields and Newcastle, and some public meetings. The measure of suffering in this part of the engagement has not been small ; help enough to support us, I think I may say, never failed my often doubting mind. My husband and I went through the families at Sunderland alone, which I believe was also right ; though I felt as if a greater weight was laid upon us, and perhaps a deeper exercise, after our very instructive companion left us, she not seeing her way to go through this meeting. We attended the Monthly Meeting at Newcastle, and after it, I was taken so ill that I could not move from the house of our valued friend George Richardson, but was confined there, mostly to my bed, for a week. Whether I should survive, seemed to myself uncertain ; but I had no wish to die, and though nervous suffering and prostration of strength were great, yet underneath I was supported, and was cared for by George Richardson's family, with true kindness and attention. At length in a very weak state I reached Sunderland. By slow degrees we got through the remainder of our visit here.

18th of 3rd mo., 1828.—Since writing the above we have finished our engagement, by visiting the families at Durham. We have had a very interesting Monthly Meeting ; the ministry in it was a help to me. We gave up our minute, and afterwards I laid before Friends a prospect of visiting Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire, and the families at Ipswich. I never more felt the sympathy of the spirits of my friends, many seeming much tendered. My dear husband also expressed his wish to go with me, and we were comfortably set at liberty ; and this evening my soul rests as beside the still waters.

I feel my faith renewed at this moment in our Heavenly Father's care over us, hoping that we may yet leave all our besetments behind us, and press forward to a higher mark than the comforts of this present world, which have so

engrossed us of late.* However, I may acknowledge I have had satisfaction in attending to some necessary household concerns. True faith will not lead to the neglect of these things; for "if a man rule not his own house, how can he take care of the Church of God?" and inspection into every department is necessary to ruling well.

Having given a brief outline of the accomplishment of the visit above mentioned, the journal continues:—

On the 19th of Fifth Month, we attended, with my father, the funeral of my aunt Chapman, at Winchmore Hill. Best help I do believe was near, and the many relations as well as friends who were present felt it a favoured season.

Fourth-day.—Began the Yearly Meeting. I sat under a sense of great fear lest I should not be able to see clearly, or be faithful during this Yearly Meeting; which perhaps, being the feeling of many minds present, I might have been made mouth for them in supplicating that the language "Fear not," might be heard in the hearts of the lambs and of the sheep of the Lord's fold; my own mind was relieved, and I trust others not burdened. Next day came a greater trial of my faith; as soon almost as I sat down, the men's meeting came into my mind, and another Friend expressing a similar concern, I offered to join her. It was a fearful undertaking; but I was enabled to come out of the meeting feeling pretty clear. Once or twice during the Yearly Meeting I might have earned more wages by more action, but altogether the end was peace to me.

Attended to satisfaction two public meetings held by Ann Alexander—peaceful in being another's helper.

My mind has been of late less covered with clouds than it used to be, and my health revives with it. "What shall I render for all Thy benefits?" may well be the language of my soul.

My dear father and mother left us on the 17th of Twelfth Month, after a very sweet parting opportunity. Many things

* Referring to the occupations involved in their change of residence.

of deep interest have occurred in their visit: towards the end of it the prospect of visiting Ireland came very closely before me. It was so weighty that I thought I must have mentioned it at the Monthly Meeting in the Eleventh Month; but many considerations held me back.

At the next Monthly Meeting, Elizabeth Dudley [who was at this time paying a religious visit at Darlington], was led in a remarkable strain of encouragement to some mind or minds present to go and preach the gospel, setting forth how it was ordained that the gospel should be promulgated by instruments from the earliest days to the present, and bringing forward the example of Gideon's trying the fleece, as a condescension to his weakness, not as a subject of imitation; as, had he gone in the strength first afforded, it might have been as great, and the sacrifice as acceptable. The sanction of the meeting to the concern, and to that of my husband to accompany me, was comforting.

In allusion to this prospect, H. C. Backhouse writes:—

Since the Monthly Meeting in which our prospects met with the unity of our friends, my mind has at times enjoyed such profound peace, that I can make no doubt thus far we are right in the matter. The beginning is a small part: may we be preserved to the end in faith and patience!

The following letters relate to this journey:—

TO JOSEPH GURNEY.

Lisburn, Third-day, 7th of 3rd mo., 1829.

MY DEAR FATHER,

* * * Though often very weary, we are well, and have had a very comforting meeting to-day—a crown to our engagements in this quarter, with which our friends seem well satisfied. We have great cause to be truly grateful; not exalted, I trust, but refreshed and strengthened to persevere.

We are to have a meeting with all the outcasts at Richhill, on Sixth-day; they are a very numerous and very neglected

class in those parts. In that Meeting I am told there are sixty families, with more or less connection with our Society, and yet not members, and in a very low, neglected and ignorant state. * * *

JONATHAN BACKHOUSE.

Jonathan Backhouse's benevolent feelings were strongly awakened on behalf of the class here alluded to, who were mostly the descendants of those who had left the Society on doctrinal or other grounds, towards the beginning of this century, but many of whom continued to attend the meetings of Friends; and, with the energy and zeal which belonged to his character, he did not rest satisfied until he had enlisted the support of Friends in aid of a scheme for the establishment of a school at Brookfield, for the children of these poor neglected people. The institution has been and still continues eminently useful and prosperous.

Moyallan, 17th of 3rd mo., 1829.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

On First-day, though very weak, I attended both the meetings at this place, but they were very remarkable ones, perhaps worth all the suffering they have occasioned me. I rose with only the text in my mind, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." I had to enlarge upon it in a way that I had never thought of before, greatly to the relief of my own mind. Several unbelievers were present. In the afternoon I had only a few words to say towards the end of the meeting; but I understood afterwards that one of these people not in the habit of coming to meeting was there, and she appeared a good deal affected. I mention not these things boastingly, but that they may help to reconcile you, as they have done myself, to this trying detention. Our friends the Wakefields are most truly kind to us.

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

Dublin, 12th of 6th mo., 1829.

On Fourth-day we hope to take the steam-packet for Liverpool ; but my impatience to be in it has met with so many rebukes that I desire not to look at it, but trust that the hour of clearly leaving this interesting land will arrive. After all the kindness we have received, and the interest we have felt for many individuals, the idea of a last farewell will suppress the feeling of gladness at the end of our labours : if we are low and peaceful it is all I look for or desire. I am remarkably well in health. I do not think for many years I have felt so much power in rallying from fatigue, or my mind, at times, in so happy a state.

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

The journal contains a retrospect of their journey, from which J. and H. C. Backhouse returned in the Sixth Month, 1829 :—

In the course of four or five months, we attended all the particular meetings, and the three Quarterly Meetings; visited regularly the families of Friends at Cork, and made many calls at most places where we were; attended the Yearly Meeting, and held twenty or more meetings with those not in profession with us. There was much exercise of faith, but patience had not its perfect work. Perhaps we might, to more satisfaction, have visited the families in Dublin also; but I was afraid of proceeding without sufficient clearness. May my daily prayer be for patience, and the close exercise of my spirit be to obtain it !

With all the omissions and commissions which I can look back on with shame, I can remember this journey among the many mercies of my life; being at times in the course of it introduced into a more soul-satisfying state than I had perhaps ever known before; and never was I more fully persuaded that we were commissioned to preach the gospel. The company of my dear husband was truly a comfort and support. This journey has enlarged my heart in love to hundreds, and has written many an epistle there, which I trust may never be blotted out.

The kindness of many dear Friends was very grateful, and might have tended to make us think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think ; but the internal weight that was laid upon our spirits was such a counterbalance that the kindness and approbation of others seemed often only sufficient to keep us from sinking. Invitations were so many and pressing that it was often painful to refuse them, and at times oppressed me, lest I should omit what ought to be done, or be induced by the solicitations of others, to go beyond my business. Perhaps I shall never be permitted to see my way with the clearness that some others have done. It has many times appeared to me more like a commission to go, teach all nations, and that we must be instant in season and out of season ; but though I could sometimes imagine this to be my experience, I am sure I cannot always preach, and I desire firmly to hold fast the principles of Friends in this particular.

CHAPTER VI.

PROSPECT OF A RELIGIOUS VISIT TO NORTH AMERICA—PUBLIC MEETINGS
IN DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND—VOYAGE TO AMERICA—NEW
YORK—HICKSISM—PHILADELPHIA—BALTIMORE—VISITS FAMILIES
IN NEW YORK—THOUGHTS ON THE RESURRECTION—VISITS MEET-
INGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

WE have witnessed the commencement and the progress of Hannah C. Backhouse's labours as a minister of the gospel, and have seen that, even in the comparatively early days of her service, she was made willing to leave the comforts and enjoyments of her home and family, and to endure humiliation, conflict, and toil, for the love of Jesus and the good of souls.

We now approach the period in which a yet closer trial of her faith and allegiance to the Prince of Peace was laid upon her, yet she flinched not. The call to go and preach the kingdom of God was in her case, as in that of the man of whom we read in the gospel of Luke,* accompanied by the requirement to surrender the claims of kindred to follow Christ. This was nothing less than an absence, for some years, on the Continent of North America. Before proceeding to trace the preparation for and performance of her extensive labours in this harvest-field, we have to notice some minor religious engagements which occupied her towards the close of 1829, which seem to have been required both as a clearing out from her own land, and

* Luke ix. 60.

also as some little preparation for the hardships which she was to encounter in the wilderness.

These engagements are noticed in the following letters :—

TO MARY JAMES LECKEY.

Darlington, 8th of 11th mo., 1829.

It has been a month of some exercise and considerable peace. At our Monthly Meeting last Third-day, we obtained a minute for holding public meetings in our neighbourhood, if a range of forty miles may be so called. I have found every fresh concern has its own peculiar fashion, so that one trial of faith does not lessen the next. I had great peace after the minute was granted us, so that I did not feel inclined to doubt and fear.

To ———

10th of 12th mo., 1829.

We had nearly twenty meetings, to more or less satisfaction, mostly held in Methodist Meeting-houses ; we have also attended three small country meetings of Friends at Cornwood, Allendale, and Alstone. I never, for so many days together, had such poor accommodation—lodging in small public-houses, the air coming in at many a crevice ; so thou mayst suppose that returning to our own manner of living, and to our own friends, was not unwelcome, though I have had abundantly to experience at least a considerable degree of the truth of these lines :—

“ If place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
’Tis equal joy to go or stay.”

I can enter into thy feelings in most things, and imagine what you pass through in, your many solitary hours. We have all our burdens, and all hours of trial of different kinds. I truly feel for you in your outward solitude, and do not

wonder if you sometimes think yourselves of no use ; but if under such feelings we abide in patience, we shall find that it has not been time lost. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." As we are engaged to obey this injunction, it is surprising how our way opens before us, and very abundant employment will be found for us all ; but if we yield to fear and not to faith,—if, instead of dispensing to others when it is in our power to do so, we withhold more than is meet,—our way, instead of opening, becomes more and more shut up, and every faculty of the mind and heart narrowed.

TO MARY JAMES LECKEY.

11th of 1st mo., 1830.

* * * * Clouds that now beset me may clear away, but baptism after baptism seems just now my portion. I know something of the blessedness that belongs to faithfulness ; but under the idea that I may be again called to sell all, and part with many at least of my choicest blessings, body, soul, and spirit tremble.

TO THE SAME.

6th of 2nd mo., 1830.

This deep baptism that I am and have been passing through, seems for no less an object than a visit to North America. It has been a deeply interesting time, both on our own account and that of our dear parents and children.

My dear mother, on coming to Darlington, observed me look oppressed ; and one morning, meeting me on the stairs, and questioning me closely as to the cause, I confessed to her what was on my mind. She looked very serious for a moment, and then quietly said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." I did not let anyone else know (except of course my husband), till the beginning of last week, when our dear children and most of our near connexions were informed of it : this was very affecting work, and brought my soul into deep waters. But every disclosure, as it seemed to confirm my faith, bound me more closely to it, so that at

our Monthly Meeting,* last Third-day, I laid the prospect before my friends, my dear husband giving himself up to go with me. It was a very affecting time; my father and mother and two daughters being there, and many of our dear friends and relations. My soul was deeply humbled, and I was broken to pieces; but the way seemed made

* THE SUBSTANCE OF H. C. BACKHOUSE'S REMARKS IN LAYING BEFORE THE MONTHLY MEETING HER PROSPECT OF VISITING AMERICA.

The time seems come when I must claim the notice of my friends, and I can truly say that it is under an awful sense of the greatness as well as the goodness of God, that I venture to acknowledge that my mind has often been led to admire and adore his power, and whilst it has been matter of humbling consideration that He should deign to employ so mean an instrument in any part of his work or service, my spirit has been enabled and made willing to bow in entire submission to his holy righteous will, and to dedicate myself,—all that I am, and all that I possess,—in simple obedience to his requirings. For many years I have seen that if I continued alive in the Truth, yielding faithfully, in the integrity of my heart, to the leadings of my great Lord and Master, I should be called to more extensive labours to promote his great cause in the earth, and to travel in distant and remote lands. And now of later time the call has appeared louder, and in endeavouring to dwell near to Him who I reverently believe has thus called me into his service, there has seemed no other way but to stand resigned, giving up all, and faithfully following the Divine requirings. It has appeared that if I would not forfeit that sense of acceptance with my Maker, which I value beyond every earthly joy, I must cross the waves and billows of the great ocean, and visit the Churches on the continent of North America.

In thus opening to you this solemn subject, I am deeply sensible of the extent of the sacrifice to be made, surrounded as I am by comforts abundantly enjoyable, and it seems as near giving up my life as possible. I have then to solicit for my friends at this awful hour the spirit of judgment and discernment, that they may try this thing with me and for me. Here are present those to whom I owe my natural life, and, much more, here are those who are very dependent upon me,—those to whom I am bound in the nearest and tenderest bonds of relationship,—those to whom I am and have long been united in the holy bonds of Christian unity and fellowship, the fellowship of religious exercise and suffering. Many of these will, I am well persuaded, feel deeply with me; but these I resign a whole, and I trust living offering to my God, in faith in his mercy and goodness, and am prepared so that He graciously go with me to travel, it may be for years, in distant lands, to preach the

straight before us, and in the minds of our friends, so that we could do no other than yield to this prospect of manifested duty in the renewed persuasion that He who calleth is also able to give strength for his own work, and to enable us to

unsearchable riches of Christ, to declare that the beloved Son of God hath indeed come in the flesh, and also to point to his coming by his Spirit in the heart of man.

I have now only to pray for the help of your spirits, and to acknowledge that, through all my conflicts, I have been mercifully helped of Him whom I desire evermore to serve.

The following is the Certificate issued by the Monthly Meeting :—

TO THE YEARLY, QUARTERLY, AND MONTHLY MEETINGS OF FRIENDS IN
NORTH AMERICA—WHERE THESE MAY COME.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Our dear friend, Hannah Chapman Backhouse, has in a solemn and impressive manner unfolded to us a prospect which she has had for some years past of paying you a religious visit, believing that the time is now come when, through the constraining love of Him who died for us “without the gate” of Jerusalem, she is required to surrender all to her gracious Lord, and stand, in the obedience of faith, resigned to this service.

Under a solemn covering, we have been favoured to enter into near sympathy with her in this extensive prospect of arduous labour, and to feel full unity and concurrence with her therein, and we hereby certify that she is a minister of our religious Society in good esteem amongst us. And our dear friend, Jonathan Backhouse, having informed us that he has believed it his duty to accompany his beloved wife through a part or the whole of her religious engagements in your land, we have, upon serious consideration, felt unity and much sympathy with him herein. We certify on his behalf, that he is a minister of our Society in good esteem amongst us, and that he has settled his children and outward affairs to the satisfaction of his family and friends.

We now recommend them to your brotherly care and sympathy, but especially to the care and keeping of Israel’s unslumbering Shepherd ; and may He condescend during their labours of love in your land, whether amongst you, or as Truth may open the way amongst those not under our name, to overshadow them with his wing, owning their labours to your edification and his praise.

With the salutation of love,

We remain,

Your Friends.

Signed in, and on behalf of Darlington Monthly Meeting, held at
Darlington, the 16th of the third month, 1830.

commit our many precious outward blessings to his care and keeping.

“Strong and of good courage” as she undoubtedly was, yet it was no small favour to her that in this journey she had the co-operation of her beloved husband. Not only did he truly share in her religious exercises, but his energy and perseverance of character, with his cheerful and affable disposition, often contributed to smooth the trials and difficulties attendant upon such an undertaking. Under the pressure of this concern he writes :—

TO M. AND M. J. LECKEY.

6th of 2nd mo., 1830.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I am sure will feel for us under our present appalling prospects. I can scarcely estimate the full extent of the sacrifice, it is indeed nothing short of giving up *all*, but I desire to be amongst the number of those who count nothing too near or too dear to part with for the Gospel's sake, and though it is a very deep plunge whichever way we view it, I feel thankful in being enabled to trust that He who calls for the sacrifice, will sustain and preserve us under it, and our dear lambs also.

J. BACKHOUSE.

TO ESTHER WHEELER.

Darlington, 8th of 2nd mo., 1830.

From the language of thy last, and the encouragement which it contained, and which at the time I was in almost too sore a state to know how to relish, thou mayst not be surprised to hear that at our last Monthly Meeting I was strengthened to lay before it a prospect of visiting North America; the plunge which it has caused, thou mayst more easily suppose than I can describe. The separation from my dear father and mother, and children, costs many a tear, and will if it takes place cost many more, but the belief that it is required has I trust never once forsaken me. Indeed the whole temper of my soul seems so altered by it that I cannot

but believe it is the Lord's doing, and if He is pleased to call for it, it is but a reasonable sacrifice for the many blessings which He has showered down upon me, of which I may esteem it the greatest, that He has ever counted me worthy to be employed in his service.

TO MARY JAMES LECKEY.

Darlington, 1st of 3rd mo., 1830.

This mighty engagement is turning over a new leaf in my life; I have been in the deeps indeed, but not in darkness. I was this morning struck with reading in the last chapter of Luke, that after the disciples were commanded to "go teach all nations," whilst waiting for power from on high at Jerusalem, as they were also commanded, they "were continually in the temple blessing and praising God." A measure of this state, I think I have also of late been introduced into, so that the present moment seems wonderfully my own, in which I can partake of the many comforts and blessings with which I am surrounded. During my father and mother's stay, my mind was almost continually in a state of inexpressible tenderness—the idea of leaving them and the children nearly always before me—their tenderness towards me, and their resignation under the dispensation, very striking. They were with us about six weeks, a memorable time to all—the parting most affecting, but the solemn covering over us seemed to speak the language, "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee."

Jonathan and Hannah C. Backhouse were liberated by the full concurrence of the Quarterly Meeting, and of the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders. The certificate of the latter Meeting is subjoined.*

* FROM OUR YEARLY MEETING OF MINISTERS AND ELDERS, HELD IN LONDON BY ADJOURNMENTS, ON THE 17TH, 18TH, 19TH, AND 29TH OF THE 5TH MONTH, 1830.

TO FRIENDS IN NORTH AMERICA,

DEAR FRIENDS,

Our beloved friend, Hannah Chapman Backhouse, who is a minister in good esteem amongst us, has in a weighty and im-

They embarked at Liverpool, in the "Hibernia," (Captain Maxwell) on the 4th of Eighth Month.

A few days previously H. C. Backhouse writes :—

Liverpool, 30th of 7th mo., 1830.

MY DEAREST PARENTS AND CHILDREN,

In the peace that has been my possession since the bitterness of parting with you was over, I have got through the quick succession of duties that have presented themselves, with more than usual satisfaction. It must be the work of Him who can still the waves and winds, or I could not feel as I have done, separated from all so inexpressibly dear to me.

The journal now takes the form of a continuous letter to her family :—

7th of 8th mo.—The wind fair, the day fine, and the coast of Ireland disappearing. My mind enough at peace to bear

pressive manner informed us that for several years she has believed it would be her duty to pay a religious visit in Christian love on your Continent, and that she apprehends the time is now come for her to enter upon this arduous service.

This meeting has been favoured with a precious degree of solemnity whilst deliberating upon this important subject, and much unity and sympathy have been felt and expressed.

Our dear friend, Jonathan Backhouse, who is also a minister in good esteem, has at the same time in a feeling manner informed us that he believes it to be his religious duty to accompany his wife in the performance of this visit, and with his proposal also much sympathy and unity have been felt and expressed.

We therefore believe it right to leave these our dear Friends at liberty to proceed on this important engagement. We commit them to the protecting care of the Lord Almighty, fervently desiring that He may be graciously pleased to endue them with wisdom and strength to perform his will—that He may preserve them on every hand, grant them from time to time the consolation of his Spirit, and, if consistent with his good pleasure, bring them back in peace.

Recommending them to your Christian kindness and sympathy, and desiring that their labour of love may be to the edification of those amongst whom they travel, we remain, in the love of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,

Your affectionate Friends,

Signed, in and on behalf of the Meeting,

WILLIAM ALLEN, *Clerk.*

external miseries with patience. In the afternoon I went on deck, and enjoyed some pleasant conversation with a gentleman and lady from Boston, named Grey—young people returning from the Continent after spending the winter at Florence on account of *her* health. They have a little boy of two years old, and a sweet babe of five months, who is a great favourite with all.

8th, First-day.—I awoke this morning in fear, and not very well. We had a light fair breeze, and the sea was calm; not a sail to be seen, but one level horizon of water. My husband had spoken to the captain and gentlemen at the breakfast table about reading in the course of the day, and they agreed that the passengers and crew should assemble on deck at one o'clock. I felt not a little exhausted and sunk, but keeping very quiet was refreshed, and went on deck. All had their better clothes on, and the appearance of a Sabbath was cheering. I sat on deck and thought of you, and of my friends in their meetings, believing that many of their thoughts would be turned towards us. *Yours* I can have no doubt of. The company assembled on deck,—fifty people perhaps. After a short prayer, which I trust it was right for me to offer, my husband read the fifth chapter of Matthew; then our friend Grey a tract addressed to seamen; then my husband the 107th Psalm. We both addressed them. The meeting concluded in some real solemnity.

9th.—My husband has conversed with the crew. Some of them are very dark and savage-looking, and such professed unbelievers that they do not acknowledge the immortality of the soul. They can read, and are not ignorant of the Bible. It seems to me as hard to make an impression on such minds as to influence the course of the winds.

14th, Seventh-day.—The wind continued rising through Second-day night, and on Fourth-day blew so strong that we were much tossed, and most of us were made very ill. I was entirely confined to my berth: truly it was a suffering state to be in! Surely if a few days' voyage had been appointed for a punishment, some humane people would think themselves bound to get it abolished! To be at sea with a very guilty conscience must be terrible.

On First-day the 15th, they again assembled with the passengers and crew, for religious worship, after which H. C. Backhouse remarks :—

I hope that, altogether, there might be some service in it. What a very interesting book the *Polynesian Researches* is! My husband reads it to me while I lie down. I only retire into my den as into the cell of a prison, out of which the hope of escape in due time is cheering. My husband seems doctor on board, and our medicines have come into use.

22nd, First-day.—The weather calm, and we assembled again round the dining-table—some of our companions absent from choice, one or two not well. I was refreshed by the exertion, and so, I trust, were some others also. The banks of Newfoundland were announced the first thing this morning, —quite cheering news.

24th.—Another very fine morning. Rose early and enjoyed the air on deck. I breakfasted at the table, and a chapter in the Bible was read afterwards, which was a comfort to me.

30th.—This day is calm. My dear husband has been reading to me The loss of the “Kent.” I think I hardly ever heard anything more affecting. He has also read to me in the book of Samuel, which I have thoroughly enjoyed. The hope of land, which with a high fair wind was uppermost in all hearts a few days ago, is settling into a more quiet and patient state.

1st of 9th mo.—Took up by the sides of the vessel what is supposed to be the spawn of the mackerel, looking from the ship like blue gems about the size of a small pea. They are white gelatinous substances, with a small speck of bright blue, which gives the tinge to the whole. We suppose it must be the same substance that, at night, looks like glow-worms. This day passed more pleasantly than most, the idea of land so near was gladdening; the wind sprang up early in the morning, and carried us joyously over the deep at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour. I was again made ill with it; but “land a-hoy!” first discovered by a passenger, (for we were nearer than the captain had calculated), roused us

very early upon deck to see it. At breakfast all were in spirits; and now the hour, as formerly the day, of arrival was our theme. On we went rapidly, till about noon, when the wind calmed. It was soon made known at New York that our vessel was in sight. The first boat reached us about twenty miles from port,—sent out for the news. As we brought the first intelligence of the French Revolution, our importance was increased. The loveliness of the day—the number of vessels—the variety of the coast, and, above all, the fact that we were coming into port, gave an animation to the feelings of all, not soon to be forgotten. We requested an early dinner, that as we drew near the land we might see all the beauties of the scene. The meal was a quiet one—less talking than usual. The pause which my husband requested afterwards, was a solemn one, and I believe that many felt the thanksgiving which he offered for the care extended over us, and the many mercies, both spiritual and temporal, which we had received. I rose from table with a heart light enough thoroughly to enter into the beauty and interests of the view before us. The sun set in splendour, and the charm of the American atmosphere was very conspicuous. The moon rose opposite, and we soon perceived that it was eclipsed. It was, we understood afterwards, a total eclipse. All seemed to know their destination but ourselves, till a kind-looking young man Friend (who had come to see after us,) told us we were to lodge at Hannah Eddy's; and John R. Willis also coming on board, accompanied us to our home, which has proved a very comfortable one.

Many Friends have called upon us, giving us a very kind, and some might say flattering welcome. I thought of my dear mother, and how fearful she would be to have her children so noticed. However, if I may but be preserved, occupying rightly my own sphere, whether I am great or little in the eyes of others is of little importance, and I hope I may feel it so.

At the close of the following day on which they had attended the meeting for worship at New York, H. C. Backhouse writes :—

5th.—I did feel it a very serious thing to go to this meet-

ing ; but I was quiet, and trusted that He who had hitherto helped us would again be present to guide and to uphold.

8th.—We went to meeting, which was a very small one ; the Hicksites* have taken the old Meeting-house, and all the property belonging to the Society in New York. This subject is the frequent topic of conversation, which I am not inclined to encourage, and which is wearing out ; but we hear enough to believe that it must have been a time of great suffering and perplexity, and that the visits of the English Friends one after another have been eminently useful. William Forster's visit has been truly valued.

9th.—Went to the Refuge, an institution for boys and girls who have been convicted of theft, &c. It was interesting to see them at work. Above a hundred of them were making brushes, and working in cane. John Griscome had been active in establishing this Refuge, and Friends continue so in attending to it. The extent of country and meetings is almost appalling, both in New England and the Yearly Meeting of New York. "In patience possess thy soul," must continually be my watchword ; I mean not so much in external things, for this I hope I may be brought to do, but in feeling my own emptiness and blindness, and how I am to go in and out before this people ! I have felt great love for them, for many individuals especially ; and most truly kind they are to us.

11th.—We made a call on ———, now the principal man among the seceders, whom Friends so much loved that they grieve over his loss more than over that of most. It will

* The reader is doubtless aware of the sad conflict in which some of the Yearly Meetings of Friends on the American continent had for a few years previous to this time been involved, through a wide-spread schism in reference to the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, and of the consequent secession of a large number of those who had been in religious connexion with our Society. Elias Hicks, who was their leader, had gradually imbibed opinions that appear to have nearly approximated to deism, yet masked by a specious profession of high spirituality. Many of the meeting-houses, burial-grounds, and other property of the Society, were taken possession of by the seceders, where they formed the more numerous party ; but, in the majority of cases, legal decisions were obtained in the civil tribunals of the different States, in favour of those who adhered to the original doctrines of the body.

indeed require wisdom to have the right communication, if any at all, with this people.

13th.—Samuel Parsons came for us in his carriage, and took us to his pleasant dwelling eight miles off. The road lay through a country poorly cultivated. Except the weeping willow, I have not yet seen a tree that could be called fine. The world is a wilderness without man, and it requires labour and time to bring him and his land into decency and order.

15th.—We had a very pleasant drive to the Monthly Meeting at Westbury. Mary King and Mary Parsons were our agreeable companions; the road was good, the soil light and sandy. Locust trees, which are a species of acacia, abound, and are one of the most valuable products of Long Island. This tree grows rapidly, and its durability is greater than that of almost any other; it is much used in shipbuilding. The Monthly Meeting was an interesting one; close to it the Hicksites were holding theirs, in the Meeting-house formerly belonging to Friends. The number of Friends on this island is small; but I think those who remain are a chosen few, who do know in what they believe, but their trials have indeed been great: hardly a family in which some of the members do not go to a different Meeting-house,—husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters separated from each other.

17th.—Made a few calls and returned to Flushing. We find a hearty welcome among these farmers, who are living upon their estates in greater abundance and comfort than those of the same class in England. They appear more intelligent and active, and can certainly make a living with much less toil than our farmers.

19th.—The morning meeting with Friends this day was refreshing, a preparation for that in the afternoon, which was truly formidable: the neighbours had been very generally invited, and they are almost all Hicksites. Our meeting-house was nearly filled, and several of those who attended were of the more moderate class of the seceding body. I believe I was helped to declare the truth in plain terms without giving offence to any party. I felt thankful for the

meeting, which has been more relieving to my mind than any since we came to this country.

24th.—I am glad to hear that dear Jane and Ann are reading and studying the Bible. I feel my own want of a more accurate knowledge of Scripture; for every word is sifted in these sifting times, when every man is called upon to give a reason for the hope that is in him, or he may be supposed to have none. I cannot say how much I should like to have the Bible by heart, from beginning to end; but this, I may say, never will be. The members of the Select Meeting were convened to deliberate upon the appointment of a meeting for the Hicksites. The unity of Friends was very strengthening, but it is a formidable prospect.

25th.—The meeting proved one that I understand well satisfied the people and Friends; the house was filled, and several of the Hicksites and doubtful-minded were present. I have not often been more helped to declare the truths of the Gospel.

30th.—Went to Flushing, in order to hold some meetings in parts of Long Island where the Hicksites are very numerous.

1st of 10th mo.—We called on some Hicksite neighbours. One of them advanced such doctrines as would have astonished you. He clearly stated that we received no benefit from the blood of Christ, nor any harm from the transgression of Adam. I took little or no part in the conversation. Had a meeting at Oyster Bay, in which I believe Scripture truths made some impression, for many came to shake hands with us afterwards with tears in their eyes. A considerable number of Hicksites were present, and among them the man who had talked with us in the morning; I hoped he was a little softened, and that some of them may return to Friends better instructed in the Christian faith than they were before.

6th.—Monthly Meeting, in which Elizabeth Coggeshall obtained leave to accompany us to Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

12th.—On the steamboat for Philadelphia. We stopped at Burlington, and for a minute saw Stephen Grellet. Abigail Barker, an agreeable Friend, very kindly came on

board to be with us: we enjoyed her company during our passage to Philadelphia, where we arrived before eight o'clock, and were very kindly welcomed by Thomas Wistar and his wife, who took us to their house,—a very comfortable abode.

13th.—Attended Pine Street meeting. It was small,—very few men. In the evening we took tea at Jonathan Evans', with three of his sons, a daughter, and daughter-in-law, remarkably agreeable, intelligent people. It was a very pleasant evening, and ended with more than conversation. Friends are printing a Bible for their Bible Society here; we saw some proof sheets: I hope to send one over when they come out.

15th.—At seven o'clock we were in the steamer which brought us to Baltimore. The shores of these noble bays and rivers are covered with abundance of wood, and the autumnal tints are extremely rich. There is a species of oak, whose leaf is now a bright crimson; and we see every shade of colouring from that to the yellow and green. We were kindly met by Gerard Hopkins, and conducted to his house. An old Friend was there who had come 100 miles on horseback by himself. He was among the few who stood firm in a large district, and felt his mind bound to attend this Yearly Meeting, though his family were in tears at the idea of the journey for him.

21st.—After meeting, we were taken by Israel Morris (a choice Friend,) to see a coloured man* who had formerly lived

* EXTRACT FROM JONATHAN BACKHOUSE'S ACCOUNT OF THE SAME VISIT :—

He has, by his industry, become owner of his own house, and of three or four adjoining ones. He gives his children a good education, and he has enabled many of his coloured brethren to purchase their freedom, by lending them money, which he says, in all cases, they have repaid. The coloured people have a large chapel, and I was truly gratified in seeing the number, respectability, and serious countenances of many of them in coming out of it on First-day. A short time ago, a neighbouring farmer, from want of cash, sold twelve of his slaves, amongst them a married woman. The husband, poor fellow, followed them many miles, bemoaning his loss, until they drove him back. The farmer's compassionate feelings prevented his resting night or day, and he came to restore them to each other; but, alas! they were all removed many hundreds of miles. The anguish he suffered made him immediately liberate the rest.

with him, and who had remarkably prospered in the world. His cottage was very neat, and his gratitude to Israel Morris very pleasant.

This ride took us through some of the best parts of the city, and near a beautiful pillar erected to the memory of Washington. The houses are built of excellent bricks, and the door-steps are of fine white marble. The evening was spent pleasantly, making calls on two choice Friends, and taking tea with a large party at the Careys'. There are interesting people everywhere ; but the complete sacrifice of a broken and contrite spirit, how seldom it appears to be made !

1st of 11th mo.—A full day's work amongst the families ; interesting visits, some among the Hicksites.

3rd.—Visited several families in the morning. Our visits were gladly received, and the day ended in a covering of peace, in which I was truly refreshed.

5th.—Rose early, and came in the steamboat to Philadelphia. A kind reception at Thomas Wistar's was very cheering.

6th.—Dined at home, and truly like a home I find Thomas Wistar's house. T. and M. Wistar have the true qualifications of a father and mother to those in our circumstances, and I never felt the desire stronger to be under the wing of such.

7th.—Attended Twelfth Street Meeting. It requires some time to divest myself of the various thoughts that arise from seeing myself at the head of these great meetings, with the feelings of curiosity that are excited in the minds of others by a stranger being among them. I have sometimes thought that this very circumstance must do the meeting harm if we are not really in our right places.

Not satisfied without returning to Baltimore, H. C. Backhouse writes :—

8th.—The Wistars encouraged my going back to the places we had left, and Israel Morris was willing to accompany us. On board the steamer we met an interesting young woman, who had lost her husband, a child, and her father. She had no small conflict to go through in holding fast her profession,

being in a neighbourhood in which almost all have separated from our Society. She said she was so glad to be in the company of Friends, that she wished to make herself known to us, and very kindly invited us to her house. There seems no end to the cases that require sympathy. You can have little idea of the havoc that Hicksism has made; it is as if the powers of darkness had been let loose. Kindly received by Susanna Needles, and arranged for a public meeting next evening. The night was passed more comfortably than many previous ones.

10th.—Left Baltimore this time with an easy mind. It is a place that much interests me,—but, interested as we may become for places and individuals, we must leave them in the blessed confidence of our Heavenly Father's love and pity over all his family.

12th.—Attended the Quarterly Meeting at Deer Creek: not twelve women present, a few more men,—the relics of two considerable Monthly Meetings. Some interesting individuals among them.

We called at the house of a Hicksite, and, the evening closing in, we were obliged to stay and accept their hospitality, which was cheerfully bestowed. We had much conversation. Their blindness and delusion are wonderful. It is surprising how, by spiritualizing Scripture, they make it in the end but "the baseless fabric of a vision," and the doctrine of the guidance of the Spirit of Truth becomes (according to their view of it,) an "*ignis fatuus*," a delusion of him who transforms himself into an angel of light.

15th.—We had a refreshing time after breakfast, and went on light-hearted to William Jackson's, a Friend who was at my father's house twenty-six years ago. He met us at the door of his farm-house,—a venerable figure. His knowledge of home brought you all so before me as to make me shed tears; but we were comforted by this interview with some who are, I cannot doubt, of the excellent of the earth. We had something like a blessing at parting.

16th.—Reached the Quarterly Meeting at Concord, which proved an interesting, refreshing season. Just before meeting, a packet of letters was put into my hand. I saw you were all well; but I could not read them till evening. You cannot tell what a treat your letters are. You never need fear my

forgetting you ; the difficulty is, to avoid thinking of you too much. I was asked at one place if I had father, mother and children. "How blest you are!" was the observation, which was striking to me, as I may sometimes be inclined to begrudge being so absent from you, when I ought to think what a privilege it is to possess you.

19th.—Lodged at W. Jackson's. Went on to Wilmington, the dear old man riding a mile or two with us.

21st.—Attended three meetings this day. I hoped to have a quiet meeting with a few Friends in the afternoon ; but again the house was filled, so exercise was more my portion than I had calculated upon. Afterwards, my soul tasted of those consolations that, from time to time, renew my bodily as well as mental powers.

23rd.—We had a pleasant ride with Mary Wistar, sixteen miles, to a farm-house. The hospitality of Friends is truly agreeable: driving up unexpectedly to their doors gives them no embarrassment, but the best seat at their fireside is immediately offered us after a hearty welcome, and then all the members in the house set to work to prepare us a meal and lodging, and light a fire in the best parlour ; and shortly everything bears a very comfortable aspect. We have abundance spread on the tea-table,—a blazing wood fire,—buckwheat cakes, or corn cakes, something like our pancakes,—some kind of cold, and sometimes hot meat, and salt fish,—very good bread, and toast soaked in cream,—preserved peaches, almost always. Then, all having put on a better raiment, we sit down to our bountiful provision, which a hearty welcome and many miles' travelling make very agreeable.

24th.—Attended the Select Meeting of the Falls Quarterly Meeting. I was so low that I longed to be alone ; but on reading the passage "Wash and anoint," I went into the parlour and tried to practise the duty, and succeeded all the better for having read it.

26th.—A refreshing small meeting, in the evening, at Bristol.

Some weeks were now spent in visiting the families of Friends in New York. In the course of the engagement, H. C. Backhouse writes :—

This discipline seems to search out all the impure corners of my heart, shewing me how much the world, the flesh, and the evil one, have lurking-places there, and impede, though they are not suffered wholly to frustrate, the work we are engaged in. The hearts of the people seem much opened to receive us ; and I might be ashamed of myself, as I often am, at being so reluctant a labourer.

10th of 12th mo.—Paid seven visits. Saw one poor woman, to whom I believe our visit was a comfort ; so I hope the day was not spent in vain. When I am ready to faint, I rouse myself by the thought of the value of the immortal soul ; and, if my friends have not been mistaken, *our* business is with its health.

15th.—A visit at Samuel F. Mott's that might repay for many days and hours of toil and labour.

22nd.—Visited a poor Friend, who has not been able to walk for fifteen years, confined in one small room, often suffering great pain ; but her countenance bespoke more joy than that of many in the midst of outward prosperity.

27th.—My dear father and mother's letter of the 20th of 10th mo. was put into our hands,—a great treat and comfort to me. The political news from England was also very interesting. I found myself caring for it much more here than at home ; indeed, on many occasions, I find the folly of national feeling rising in my mind,—a feeling I am always jealous of hurting in the minds of others, though I see the absurdity of it. I have enjoyed hearing of my dear little Edmund, and receiving his nice letter.

Referring to the death of a relation, she says :—

That the dead are raised, and that they have a distinct individuality, we must believe, or our faith will be vain, and our preaching vain ; impossible though it be for us, while clothed with flesh and blood, to conceive a spiritual body.*

* These reflections were induced by the unbelief in the blessed doctrine of the resurrection, which so much prevailed amongst the Hicksites.

On this important subject it may be proper to cite the following

3rd of 1st mo., 1831.—Tea at W. T——'s, the only member of the party who was a Friend; the rest were Hicksites. A very trying visit it was to me. Our next visit was truly refreshing to a convinced Friend, and her mother, a sweet old woman, a Presbyterian. In the relief of getting out of the last house, and the comfort of being in this (though they were strangers to me), well might this text occur,—“Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God.” If I go into houses, knowing the inmates to be Hicksites, I am of course jealous of myself, when subjects of doctrine occur; but if we enter a room, wholly ignorant of the party present, and have pointed things to say on doctrine, and to

extracts from a statement of Christian doctrine, issued on behalf of the Society, in the year 1693, as given in the Preface to the Rules of Discipline, pp. xi. and xii. :—

“Concerning the resurrection of the dead, and the great day of judgment to come, beyond the grave, or after death, and Christ's coming without us to judge the quick and the dead (as divers questions are put in such terms), what the Holy Scriptures plainly declare and testify in these matters we have been always ready to embrace. First, for the doctrine of the resurrection, if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.—1 Cor. xv. 19. We sincerely believe not only a resurrection in Christ from the fallen sinful state here, but a rising and ascending into glory with him hereafter; that, when he at last appears, we may appear with him in glory.—Col. iii. 4; 1 John iii. 2. But that all the wicked who live in rebellion against the light of grace and die finally impenitent shall come forth to the resurrection of condemnation. And that the soul or spirit of every man or woman shall be reserved in its own distinct and proper being; and every seed (yea, every soul,) shall have its proper body, as God is pleased to give it.—1 Cor. xv. A natural body is sown, a spiritual body is raised,—that being first which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual. And though it is said this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality; the change shall be such as flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.—1 Cor. xv. We shall be raised out of all corruption and corruptibility, out of all mortality; and the children of God and of the resurrection shall be equal to the Angels of God in Heaven. And as the celestial bodies do far excel terrestrial, so we expect our spiritual bodies in the resurrection shall far excel what our bodies now are. Howbeit, we esteem it very unnecessary to dispute or question how the dead are raised, or with what body they come; but rather submit to the wisdom and pleasure of Almighty God.”

apply them to individuals, and we find the application is just, it is a confirmation of our faith, for which we ought to be thankful. In several instances this has been the case.

5th.—Monthly Meeting. A more lively occasion to my feelings than I have attended for many a day.

6th.—Paid visits among poor families, or rather those that live by day-labour; people that keep a cart and horse, and are employed by store-keepers. These carmen come from the country, and if they are industrious and sober they earn enough to buy a farm, and often rise to much comfort, if not to wealth.

13th.—Fine frosty morning; thermometer at 14° Fahr. We went seven miles into the country in a sleigh. I enjoyed the ride, and thought of our dear children, wishing they could have had the pleasure of it. Sleighing is all the fashion: we see party after party taking their rides, some in handsome equipages.

23rd, *First-day*.—In the afternoon we went to an appointed meeting in the workhouse. I suppose 500 or more of the inmates were present,—a sadly marred assemblage of human beings. Afterwards went to the House of Refuge for Juvenile offenders.

25th.—Paid three or four visits this morning, which cheered me, as they seemed truly acceptable, and were to the poor and little-looked-after.

2nd of 2nd mo.—Purchase Quarterly Meeting passed comfortably, and we spent the evening with Esther Griffin and her daughter Underhill, an interesting woman and a minister.

4th.—After we were foiled this morning in getting off by the steamboat, my dear persevering husband found that we had yet means to go on, and we reached Trenton at half-past ten o'clock.

5th.—In the sleigh about half-past six o'clock. The scene about sunrise was beautiful, the sun shining brilliantly upon the snow and ice.

After a few days spent in Philadelphia, attending meetings, and paying visits,—

9th.—Went to German Town, to Abington Quarterly Meeting. I came out of it feeling condemned for doing too much;

the most humiliating of all reproofs, which I endeavoured to bear patiently. Friends of this place were turned out of their meeting-house by the Hicksites, and on the day of separation assembled under an oak in the yard; a memorable meeting it was, in which Ann Jones was admirably engaged.

Thomas Wistar said that in visiting these people after their separation, they often met with great abuse; the whip was held over them, doors barred against them, and in some instances they were locked into the room, but in others they were treated civilly, and in one instance they sat in solemn silence with their opponents, and had a very interesting interview. This country is not clear of revolutionary spirit, and the unwillingness to bear restraint, human or divine, has been much at the root of the matter in our Society. The Society as it remains after the storm, is I should think, possessed of as many true Christians as any religious community can pretend to,—people you would admire and love, and whom I may often wonder *we* should be sent to visit.

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH OF HER FATHER—PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING—ELIZA
P. KIRKBRIDE—WESTOWN SCHOOL—NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING—
FRIENDS' BIBLE MEETING—BOSTON—NEW BEDFORD—NANTUCKET
—RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA—CONVENTION OF THE YEARLY
MEETINGS.

13th, *First-day*.—Little did I think, on going to bed, what the morrow was to be to me. Before I rose, my dear husband told me that there was a paragraph in a newspaper announcing the sudden death of my dear father. At first I did not know how to believe it, but after an hour or two he shewed me the paper directed by my brother Edward Backhouse, and this seemed to put the truth beyond all doubt. I remained in bed for some hours, till I thought it better to rouse myself and dress, remembering my dear mother's example on such occasions. I had a day of almost continued weeping, in my own room, but joined my kind friends at tea. The nearest relations could not have treated me with more real kindness and pleasant attention; they have been themselves acquainted with sorrow, and I can esteem it no small favour that the intelligence has found us circumstanced as we now are. As to bitterness in the sorrow, I can hardly say there has been that,—the remembrance of my dear father is so inexpressibly sweet. May his example help to stifle the rising evils of my heart, especially that of not bearing with cheerfulness and equanimity the trials of life!

I shall never look upon his like again; but we are bound to be reverently thankful that we have so long had near us such an example, such a companion, and such a friend! In the few years that may yet remain to me, his mind will, I believe, be present with me, as the sun gives its light long after it has set. Oh, my dear father! there is surely no mortal who has brought into my mind so strong a foretaste

of that Heaven into which I crave that my own soul and the souls of men may be gathered, and for the sake of which I now suffer.*

A short time after H. C. Backhouse writes :—

I had hoped to spend this week in the house, but my husband thought we must not lose the opportunity of going to Salem Quarterly Meeting. The meeting of ministers and elders was, I believe, with a "poor and afflicted people," and I might be all the better capable of ministering to them, from what my own mind was passing through. Though sorrowful, I did not feel out of my place. I believe that for a few moments, nearer access to the Throne of Grace had hardly ever been granted to me; our ties to another world, strengthened by affliction, might have brought it closer to me. This is a small remnant of the once large Quarterly Meeting of Salem. We dined at the house of a sweet

* The following portraiture of Joseph Gurney, the father of Hannah C. Backhouse, is from the pen of his nephew J. J. Gurney :—

"His image is in a very lively manner presented to my mind this afternoon. Truly he was a man in *good liking*, of a handsome build both of body and mind, a right agreeable companion, fraught with amiable tempers, sound intellectual powers, playful good-humour, and above all, deep humble piety. He was withal no man's copy—a man of striking integrity and independence of mind, who always thought for himself; and when any proposition or sentiment was uttered by his companions he was sure enough to examine the other side of the question, and picked out the weakness of many a plausible notion. He generally wore a smile, and knew how to laugh; his cheerfulness did credit to his religion, and was the happy ornament of that settled seriousness which ever dwelt within. He had read considerably, and observed largely and acutely; so that his conversation seldom failed to be informing. His ministry was delivered in great brokenness. It was lively, refreshing, original, frequently presenting some new train of thought for the instruction of his hearers. I often think of the tenderness and love which so peculiarly marked his demeanour, and shone upon his features, during the last few weeks of his mortal existence. Truly he was gathered, I reverently believe, as a shock of corn *fully ripe*, into the Lord's garner. Many were they who loved him dearly and honoured him faithfully, and his memory will not perish."

woman Friend, whose husband is a Hicksite,—*this* is separation, of the bitterness of which we can form little idea. On our return to Philadelphia, we received a packet of letters from you; we took them into our chamber to weep over them. They have brought you into an inexpressible nearness to me, and it is a great satisfaction to us to find that my dear children have been such a comfort to my beloved mother. If I could doubt that our separation from you at this time is in the ordering of Him, who has in his wisdom, and no doubt in his mercy too, seen meet to take unto himself my dearly beloved parent, it would be hard to bear indeed; but though I have often had to see the work marred by the imperfection of the instruments, I have never questioned that it was right for us to come, and to come at the time we did.

24th.—Went to the Monthly Meeting in Arch Street, where we sat long in silence. I was peaceful, though low, and believed I might kneel down with this petition,—“That whatever might, in the counsel of unerring wisdom, be our allotted portion of suffering or of conflict, we might bow in submission and thankfulness, desiring that our Heavenly Father’s will might be done; and be prepared, when our pilgrimage is over, to unite with the redeemed of all ages.” My dear husband added a few lively words, and I believe the hearts of many were touched. Friends seemed peculiarly kind and tender towards me, and I felt that in thus endeavouring to persevere in what I have believed to be my Heavenly Father’s business, my spirit was drawing nearer to, rather than being further separated from, those most dear to me in the flesh, and those who are now taken out of it.

Burlington, 28th.—Sympathy with Stephen Grellet and his wife was a prominent motive in bringing us here.

1st of 3rd mo.—Stephen Grellet laid his concern [for visiting Europe] before the men’s meeting, but the women in this country have no part in such deliberations, which I felt a great loss. He however came into the women’s meeting, and it was very interesting to be with him.

A pleasant ride to Mount Holly (John Woolman’s meeting), where my husband collected the few Friends together, and we had in this barn-like place a very refreshing time.

In the evening a large company, probably about 500, were assembled in the Baptist Meeting-house. People were very kind to us, the minister inviting us to come again.

6th.—Before we went to meeting, some letters were given me which mentioned you. I sat down in meeting and wept. No one spoke for a long time; at length I rose, having remembered that under the Law the people were not allowed to cut themselves for the dead, and especially the priests were not suffered to mourn even as the people. This appeared to me as the shadow, to show that the true believers must not mourn as those who had no hope; hope founded on the resurrection from the dead, brought to light through the gospel. I thought what I had to say might be for others as well as for myself.

10th.—After a meeting at Easton, rode on to Job Haines's, a valuable elder with two daughters, who welcomed us very heartily to a small clean house. This country is divided into farms of from one to two hundred acres. On each farm there is generally a house with three or four rooms on the first floor, besides a back kitchen, and a number of small rooms upstairs filled with beds, and wherever I have yet been they are clean. One girl or helper, is generally the only domestic; but we are in fact better waited on than in many houses in England where several servants are kept. The kindness and hospitality of Friends are truly refreshing, and though I cannot but often remember my home indulgences, both of flesh and spirit, I do not know where I could be better provided for, away from you.

11th.—A pleasant ride through pine trees, which abound in these parts; the smell is so wholesome at certain seasons, that the woods are resorted to for their salubrity. It is said that when the pine wood is cut down, oak springs up in its place, and when the oak is cut down, then the pine comes up,—a peculiarity not accounted for; but nature does not like sameness.

12th.—Monthly Meeting at Upper Evesham; one of the largest that we have attended. A very interesting testimony was read of an old friend, Elizabeth Collins, which was much felt by the meeting, by whom she was greatly beloved. I could not be insensible to its influence, and the savour of the

spirits of the just does, I believe, not unfrequently cheer and contrite my heart.

13th, *First-day*.—A very large public meeting, several Hicksites present. Another at four o'clock at Crosswell, also large. It was truly laborious; but at the end of the day, imperfect as I had felt our labours to be, I was peaceful, and had some sound refreshing sleep.

14th.—Came on to the Monthly Meeting at Haddonfield. There is yet a considerable body of Friends here, in a rather peculiarly interesting state. They had recently lost many valuable Friends, and are left, I believe, without a minister among them. Richard Jordan belonged to this Quarterly Meeting. I said little, but that little was, I suppose applicable, as Friends appeared truly glad of our company. This little round has revived our faith that it has been right for us to come here, and also animated me with the feeling of getting on with our engagement.

There are few hours in which you are not in my mind. I never on any occasion felt removal [by death] so little of a separation. That my father lives, seems ever present with me: "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

20th.—An interesting public meeting in the evening at Camden, in the Court-house, where a very important trial between Friends and the Hicksites (about the property of the Society), is going forward. Though truly our labours are abundant, and I am sometimes inexpressibly weary, yet when I come to sit down quietly by myself I often feel very peaceful, and hope that at the end of them I may do the same.

4th of 4th mo.—Melville, almost a new settlement. The manufacture of glass is the principal occupation of this place. There is a sand here of which the finest glass can be made, and now there is a flourishing and increasing manufacture of it. How often have I been led to wish that the wisdom of Christianity had prevailed in the American and English Governments!—that they had sought to do good and to communicate, instead of barring up communication as they have done between the two countries. What advantages would have resulted to both from the free interchange of commodities! They seem so to belong to each other, that even these

fetters can hardly keep them asunder. There is an immense market for the produce of English manufacture, and it is a pity *we* are not allowed to partake of the rich abundance of *this* soil. Took the road to the Cumberland Iron Works. There we found two young people, members of our Society, and the manager very kindly disposed. The meeting was held at one o'clock, and a raw-looking set of people had some truths told them, which I trust made an impression. After it, we went on our way rejoicing. It was through an intricate forest of fir and pine wood, the path just wide enough for the carriage, which got many a blow from the branches. The evening was very fine, and the light through the trees beautiful: could I have had you with me, my cup would have been full indeed! We passed through miles of forest that had been burned. Seven square miles of timber had been consumed in this conflagration:

6th.—A drive for fifteen miles through almost uninterrupted forest. The cedar tree is in blossom, and very abundant.

7th.—A meeting with a few friends, which I believe was a real comfort to a poor afflicted people.

Philadelphia, 17th.—We lodge at our kind friends the Stewardsons, and find it a very pleasant and convenient home for the Yearly Meeting.

18th.—The Yearly Meeting. What a stripling to sit at the head of it! More than 1,200 or 1,300 persons present I should think. Oh that I might be preserved, doing neither more nor less than enough! Our certificates and those of other Friends were read, and the expression of unity and sympathy with us was most comforting. My heart was full, and I acknowledged how cordial the sympathy of Friends had been to me, reminding me of those times when we were liberated by our own meetings; and I then alluded to the circumstances in which we were placed,—that I could not weep for him who in a moment was taken to dwell for ever with his God and Saviour; but I felt it no small trial to be parted from those who were left, and concluded with asking their prayers for our preservation in faith and patience, that nothing might be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Both myself and the meeting felt it,

and, though I believe an appeal to natural feelings is rarely in the ordering of the Gospel, on this occasion I feared cutting too short, rather than making too much of the subject.

19th.—The meeting began at nine o'clock—the three first queries remarked upon in a very lively manner.

23rd.—The last sitting of the Yearly Meeting, which might truly be said to be owned with much real solemnity.

24th.—A day of suffering to me. Perhaps it would not be well for me always to feel that I have chosen the right path. I have more and more to know that mercy is our only refuge, and to be often comforted when under the rod, in the belief that it is part of the appointed discipline.

About this time H. C. Backhouse first met the young Friend who was afterward her companion in America, and with whom, during the remainder of her life, she was united in the bond of tenderest friendship.

6th of 5th mo.—I had the company of Eliza Kirkbride, for whom I feel much interested. She has been a very gay, animated young person, but through a succession of afflictions is become quite serious. It is cheering to feel that we may have been some little help and comfort to her, she is left without parents exposed to a great deal of gay [*i. e.* worldly] society. I make acquaintance with many characters that are very interesting to me, it goes to my heart to leave them; but I desire simply to attend to our business:—and oh! that we may be favoured with right direction in our movements, and cast all our cares, even those for the church, on Him who careth for us.

7th.—We went, with our dear friend Mary Wistar, to West Town school, about twenty miles off. The afternoon was pleasant, and we gathered on the way many flowers, some very beautiful ones which we had never seen before; a scarlet flower growing in a meadow particularly attracted our attention. The road is so hilly that it is very little interruption

to our progress to gather them. How you, my dear girls, would have enjoyed this ride! These things are so associated with you that I had an unusual enjoyment in them; without this association I should not perhaps pay much attention to them. We arrived at four o'clock, and spent the remainder of the day chiefly in talking with the girls, and looking at their botanical specimens. I found many whose relations I knew. Some about your own age seemed much to feel being separated from their friends—those just come were very full hearted. We saw them all at supper with their peach pie and milk. They fare more sumptuously in diet than the children at Ackworth; but the boys look rougher, though a fine intelligent set. We were at their reading in the evening, and it was pleasant to us to be among them.

15th.—A large public meeting in the Court-house at Monmouth. I felt this day a very formidable one; but strength was given for the occasion, and the meeting was one which I believe we may number amongst our mercies.

18th.—A large meeting in the Methodist Meeting-house at Trenton. This was a most comforting and seasonable confirmation of our faith, for it seemed to soften the hearts of the people towards us, and was a delightful refreshment to a burdened and heavy-laden mind. The state of society is indeed very interesting in this land. The Hicksites increase in unsettlement, and the diversity of those lines that lead from the Truth is being marked more and more among them; whilst I believe that under the diversified mass which remains in our church there is an increasing diligence in *seeking*, and willingness to be *gathered* to Him who yet, in his mercy, does from time to time very evidently manifest Himself to be Head.

New York, 21st.—I have felt remarkably peaceful since coming into this city. Our old friends have met us heartily. I thought the covering over the Select Meeting in the morning was precious; and in the afternoon I felt satisfied in endeavouring to do my duty, but it was a painful duty to me. Friends have seen what the too lenient exercise of the discipline has led into; and now I fear there may be too much activity and severity, and too little consideration for the weakness of human nature. I had the comfort of having dear old Esther

Griffin by my side. She is a precious friend to the church and to us.

23rd.—Went to a Friends' Bible meeting: it was pleasant to see the interest excited.

24th.—Queries answered, and many remarks much to the point; but I was not altogether satisfied with the part I took. It is difficult to steer clear of building up the old people in their austerities on the one hand, and on the other of giving the least latitude to the young ones in their vanities, in which they sufficiently abound. A sweet hour or two in the evening with Clarissa Griffin, one of those remarkably bright spots in life which confirm the weary soul in the promises of the gospel. There *is* a heaven; there *is* the communion of the blessed. There *are* joys unspeakable, for they may be tasted on earth.

27th.—This afternoon ended the Yearly Meeting. We spent a comfortable evening among nice Friends, with whom there was the feeling of being knit together in love.

29th, *First-day*.—Close exercise in the meeting, and, as far as regards my husband and myself, in silence; but I rose peaceful, and satisfied that I had been there.

30th.—Although the weather was intensely hot (the hottest weather in England hardly to be compared to it, the thermometer nearly 90°),* I enjoyed the ride. At Brunswick we were most kindly entertained at the house of a Presbyterian minister. Our meeting was held in their meeting-house, and hard preaching it is in these places, there is so much looking to the preacher.

1st of 6th mo.—We were glad to arrive at the hospitable dwelling of Richard Hartshorn, an active Friend, above eighty years of age, who has borne a noble testimony to the truth in this part of the country. He and his daughter Sarah, who with her family lives with him, seemed to me among the excellent of the earth. From thence to ——'s, where some peculiarly trying circumstances had brought the family into great distress. I thought that had religious principle been as much the rule in their house as in the one we had just left, they would have been shielded from this stroke. We had a very

* Fahrenheit's thermometer.

affecting interview with the family, which produced many tears, and was a relief to me, for this visit had been much in my thoughts.

25th.—Arrived at Boston. This town and Lynn are very superior to the places of the same names in our own country; yet the situation of each so far resembles the other as to account for the names being given. Part of the ride here has been very interesting; reading in the New Testament. What a mine is the Bible! I enjoy it much with E. Kirkbride,—her mind is so in it.

26th.—Lynn meeting in the morning; large, and very satisfactory. In the afternoon went on to an appointed one at Salem, also large and remarkably comfortable; so that for the mercies of this day we could return thanks.

27th.—Meeting with the Friends at Salem, at nine in the morning. My heart overflowed with love and gratitude in feeling the spirits of the people—especially of the youth—brought near to that which is good. Another large meeting in the afternoon, at Boston, one that I had dreaded. An assembly of respectable-looking persons, in a large house that Friends have lately built, though there are no members of our Society in this place. It was to me a laborious time. One-half of the town said to be Unitarians, high, worldly-minded people.

29th.—Spent an hour or two with my dear friend Harriet Grey,* whom I found very poorly. The conversation with her was very interesting, and I hope may prove some stay to her mind.

1st of 7th mo.—My dear husband and our host went on to Plymouth, to appoint a public meeting, no Friends residing there. It is the place where the Pilgrim Fathers landed when they made their escape from the persecutions which they suffered in England. They had to endure bitter hardships after they reached this land. The rock is now shown on which they first trod on American soil; but a town and wharfs being built upon it, lessen the interest which we should feel were it still in its original state. Plymouth is a considerable and flourishing port. We had a very satisfactory

* A fellow passenger on board the "Hibernia."

meeting in the Baptist Chapel. The evening being fine, we much enjoyed a walk on the jetty, bringing strongly to my mind the associations of former days, when I delighted so greatly in the beauties of the ocean; but, without boasting, I may say the depth of the peace of my own mind, how much greater! indeed of late the joys rather than the sufferings of the gospel, having been my portion.

2nd.—Rode on to New Bedford to the truly comfortable abode of George Howland.

In reference to a family in this place, for whom she had been much interested, H. C. Backhouse writes:—

W. R—— was on the wharf. Poor man! I believe we all felt for him. In former days he had stood as a prince among the Friends here, and his kindness and pleasant manners won the hearts of the people; these were not all gone. He handed us kindly out of the carriage, and after meeting, a friend came to me with a fine carnation, which he had sent for me. I felt the attention, for it brought kindness into my heart for him. Had that family kept their first love, what might they not have been! But in the progress of error they have many of them fallen into Unitarianism, and made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience; still I have little doubt, although some of them have now bitterly to weep by the rivers of Babylon, that in the remembrance of Zion they may yet partake of the mercy of her King.

We had an agreeable passage to Nantucket, and spent a quiet afternoon at E. Barker's.

4th.—Attended a public meeting appointed by Elisha Bates.* I think I never heard a more lucid discourse on redemption, beginning with the bondage of the children of Israel in Egypt and their journey through the wilderness, to the advent of our Saviour and the free gift of his Holy Spirit;

* It has been thought best, notwithstanding the change which subsequently took place in the views and position of this Friend, to retain some of the notices which H. C. Backhouse supplies of his character and services in the cause of Truth. A similar remark may probably be applicable to some other of the names which are to be found in this journal.

unfolding the necessity and mercy and glory of the Christian dispensation in a striking manner. Nathan Hunt followed, I thought, to the point. My husband added some few and appropriate words, and it would have been well for myself had I had a little more faith; but fearing to touch so good a meeting, it broke up without those expressions of thanksgiving which I believe were required, and which at least my own heart felt the want of.

9th.—Met our old friend Joseph Hoag, who gave us a remarkably interesting account of the separation in his Monthly Meeting; how the children consulted among themselves which side to take, and wisely determined that they would watch the behaviour of both parties, and whichever side behaved the best, *that* they would take. The result was, that all except two left the meeting with the orthodox party, Joseph Hoag at their head. His children are all ministers. Returning home, I was unexpectedly regaled by a packet of letters. I enjoy thinking of dear Emma and her baby, her domestic happiness interrupted by no American journey,—not that I complain of my allotment. I may indeed well be thankful for the very many, both spiritual and temporal enjoyments that are my portion, so that there are moments when I can feel my cup runs over.

10th, *First-day*.—Three meetings; first, with Friends in the morning, at the North Meeting; in the afternoon, at the South Meeting; and a public one afterwards. It was a day of favour to be remembered.

11th.—A meeting with the coloured people, who live very much by themselves in one part of the town, and it proved a comfortable opportunity.

After visiting several of the meetings and families on the island of Nantucket, J. and H. C. Backhouse returned to New York, and from thence to Philadelphia.

22nd.—When we left Newport the weather was delightful, the sea calm, and with our agreeable company, and in an excellent steam-vessel, the time passed pleasantly. I was enjoying a walk on the deck, admiring the fine moonlight scene, when one of the ladies sent a request to me to address

them. It did not seem right to say "No" at once, for various are the ways in which our duties open upon us; so I replied that I would consider it. In the meantime my husband gave them some explanation of our views of ministry. I then told them that if they liked to assemble in the ladies' cabin before we retired to rest, I could have no objection to read a chapter in the Bible, which I did to perhaps a dozen ladies, and I trust it helped to gather our spirits to the Source of all good.

23rd.—A pleasant ride to David Clarke's at Stony Brook, where a good night's rest was very refreshing.

24th.—The meeting at Stony Brook was small, but I rose from it refreshed, and my faith renewed that our path of duty lay in the way we were taking. After dinner, on a beautiful afternoon, we drove twenty miles on our way towards Philadelphia.

25th.—Reached Philadelphia in time for the Conference.* Many Friends who had been appointed to attend it, expressed themselves very desirous of our company, but we waited until we had the formal invitation of the committee. Two sittings held this day; a great deal of interesting matter. A sub-committee was appointed to draw up a report.

A report was drawn up, which, with very little alteration, passed the Conference unanimously in the afternoon, when we had a deeply-interesting sitting; but it was agreed to defer acting upon the subjects that had been discussed, in the hope that at a future time *all* the Yearly Meetings would be united in the concern. I cannot but hope and desire that the day may come when the whole Society of Friends the world over may have *one* assembly, in which they may be united in their representatives, and together wait upon the great Head of the Church. The Conference was adjourned to Seventh month next. At dinner, afterwards, there were two members out of each of the six Yearly Meetings: a very harmonious table it was; an assemblage of very striking characters.

* This assembly was convened for the consideration of the general interests of the Society, and with a view to uniformity of discipline throughout the different Yearly Meetings.

27th.—Spent a deeply-interesting day at George Bacon's, whose wife (E. Kirkbride's sister,) was alarmingly ill, and there seemed little ground for hope. It was a scene of great distress, and I believe they were glad to have me there.

28th.—Went to Arch Street Meeting, but my mind had been so interested in private scenes and feelings as to divert it from the public. Attended the funeral of a young man who had died very suddenly, and spent the remainder of the evening at George Bacon's, where the scene had wonderfully changed; marks of returning life and sense had appeared; and it was truly affecting to witness their joy, as well as the grief which preceded it.

In the two weeks previous to their departure for Ohio, some of the neighbouring meetings were visited.

11th of 8th mo.—Went with Mary Hodgson and E. Kirkbride to the Quarterly Meeting at Woodbury, and the very cordial reception we met with was very cheering.

——.—Took Sarah Grimke and her sister to Wilmington. Visited Samuel Canby, a venerable old man, now confined to his chamber. Having particularly desired to see him for some time, this opportunity was a relief to me.

——.—A pleasant ride, with my young friends to the Quarterly Meeting at Concord; returned to Philadelphia, and on the way we were most hospitably entertained by John Thomas, a Friend who had nobly liberated his slaves.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY TO OHIO—ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS—OHIO YEARLY MEETING
—INDIANA YEARLY MEETING—LABORIOUS JOURNEY AND RELIGIOUS SERVICES WITHIN ITS LIMITS—BACKWOODS LIFE—INTENSE COLD—BANKS OF THE WABASH—REFLECTIONS ON CLOSE OF 1831.

Accompanied by Jane Johnson, a valuable elder, J. and H. C. Backhouse now set out for Ohio.

Baltimore, 17th.—Breakfasted at the country-house of the Careys, where I met my old friend, Margaret Cheston. It was an interesting interview to me, and I believe to her also.

20th.—Reached Hagar's Town, the ride through very beautiful country. We saw a number of new flowers, birds, and butterflies.

22nd.—Continued our wilderness travel over mountains covered with wood, and a rough turnpike road, on a very rainy day, till darkness overtook us, and we were obliged to stop short of the inn we had hoped to reach. Nor should we have found a lodging there, had not a party of kind Hicksites offered one of the rooms they had engaged.

25th.—Set off early this morning for the Monthly Meeting at Dunning's Creek. There are a few Friends here who have been saved in the separation.

26th.—To-day we have crossed the Alleghany mountains. My driving powers are in great request, and it requires fixed attention to steer clear of stumps and keep the carriage from overturning in the deep ruts that the rain has made; but we are in no real danger,—all is so slow-paced that it cannot well exist, and we have a remarkably good pair of horses.

27th.—Rose early, and went eighteen miles to a meeting at Brownsville; a beautiful ride, through a more cleared country than we have yet been in. It was refreshing to be at a Friends' meeting again. On the other side of the shutters were the Hicksites. In the evening, a public meeting, which has been altogether a comfort to me.

28th.—Crossed the fine broad river Monongahela, in a ferry-boat. Hills richly wooded on each side; the atmosphere delightfully clear and bright, refreshing to all nature. In the evening we had a meeting in a small town on the top of the hill, which turned out an interesting occasion. Many pious Methodists were there, and some infidels, as I afterwards understood. It was dark, and we had two miles of rough hilly road to travel. I was glad to accept the offer of a friend to take her horse while she rode in our carriage. Guided by lanterns, we did very well; and I rather enjoyed my solitary ride.

29th.—On our way to Pike Run, the carriage broke, the binding up of which, with the badness of the roads, took us three hours and a half. Our meeting was in the habitation of two elderly Friends, ministers, David and Ruth Graves. I was comforted and instructed in being in the company of these ancient worthies. As the house was full, I took my repose on some hay in the barn, to the amusement of my friends. From the old friend Graves we had a very impressive and encouraging address, in which we were reminded of the many falls of ministers, almost always to be traced to exaltation. I have been so much cast down of late, that the hope that these feelings might at least have preservation in it was consoling.

31st.—Passed through a village, and feeling our minds drawn towards the people, had a meeting appointed at four o'clock, which was remarkably satisfactory.

2nd of 9th mo.—On this day in the last year we landed at New York, and to-day have crossed the Ohio—an Indian name signifying beauty—and truly the banks and scenery are beautiful indeed! The extent and rapidity of water carriage in this magnificent country can scarcely be imagined by those who have not witnessed it. Now began our principal adventures. Two active, obliging young men, who were going in the same track, came to our assistance. The first hill we ascended, was very steep, about a mile in length, and so deeply mired and guttered that I was left to drive the horses up. I might have thought myself in jeopardy of my life, but for the many able men about us, in waiting to keep both horses and carriage up. My dear husband rode on the horse of one of

these young men; the night came on fast and occasioned something of peril; for besides other breakages, the pole of our carriage gave way, so there was no directing the wheels. I kept to it, like an old captain to his ship, as long as I could; but in this case there was no "letting drive," for holes and mire abounded; so at last I was put inside with our other friends, and driven by one of the young men who knew the road. We were glad at length to find ourselves in a kind friend's house, and finally in a comfortable bed, in which I slept soundly.

3rd.—We left our shattered carriage with George,* to follow us, and reached the dwelling of our friend Elisha Bates, at Mount Pleasant: he lives in a small but comfortable house. The sight of his room, with ink, paper, and books on shelves—amongst them a Greek lexicon, (a mark of intellect and cultivation which we seldom see)—was cheering, as was also the sight of a nice wood fire. The Select Meeting was agreeable and refreshing. On our certificates being read, a remarkably affectionate and comforting welcome was given to us. I was particularly struck with one man and his speech, and was pleased afterwards to find that it was William Flanner, whom I had not seen in England. We returned to E. Bates's to dinner, and seeing three such fine men as Nathan Hunt, Elisha Bates, and William Flanner, who were cast both by grace and nature in their best moulds, was a treat that refreshed me, and which I was at that moment capable of enjoying.

First-day, 4th.—Attended two large meetings at Mount Pleasant, held in their spacious house, capable of containing about 3,000 persons. The position of it, on a hill, with a fine commanding view of very beautiful country, is a great contrast to our Devonshire House. Many of the neighbouring inhabitants came in, apparently from idle curiosity, disturbing the meeting by going in and out almost all the time, even when Friends were speaking.

5th.—The Yearly Meeting commenced with a pause which

* George Conning, a Friend who had come over in the same vessel, was their driver, and proved an able and kind assistant in their long and often tedious journeys.

I thought might be generally felt; it was sweet to me, and I hope I did not disturb it. We had a long sitting, as there is only one in the day.

7th.—On a committee at eight o'clock, to consider the establishment of a boarding-school for the children of Friends. I was never present at anything of the kind so interesting; the liberality, talent, and unanimity displayed, were truly cheering. The meeting afterwards was long and good. A heart-tendering visit from Nathan Hunt. Dear old man! his heart seems full of the peace and love of the gospel, and no wonder we all like to partake of its influence.

9th.—Dined with some Friends who had been among the first settlers in this country, and dependent for their meat on the deer, bears, and wild turkeys of the forest, which then abounded, but are now rarely seen. They look like people who have flourished in this world, and have taken thought for another at the same time, so that they are become among the princes of the land; people delighting in the dew of Heaven, and in the fatness of the earth.

10th.—After a large public meeting at Wheeling, on the 12th.—We went on to Concord.

13th.—This day was one in which my soul was comforted, and a degree of rejoicing my refreshing portion, giving new vigour to soul and body. Surely these changes are beyond our control! all teaching us our helplessness, and that we cannot keep ourselves; but a ray of sunshine brings a renewal of faith that we are under the safe guidance and good keeping of the Prince of Peace.

Smithfield, Ohio, 15th of 9th mo., 1831.

MY BELOVED CHILDREN,

J., A., H., AND E.,

How I should have enjoyed having you with us in our scramble over the mountains!—you would have borne all our jolts, and only been amused by them. The carriage often goes so much on one side, that your father leans out at the window of the highest side to help to keep it from going over, whilst I have little or no apprehension that this will be the case. From sidelings (as these high

ridges are called), we get into mud-holes which the horses dislike more, looking at them hesitatingly, as though considering whether they should *leap* over them. We sometimes sink in the mire nearly as far as the axle-tree, and it requires a good pull to drag us out. Sometimes large trees are laid across the road, and then we have to take a turn into the wood, to avoid them. The forests are beautiful, the land, or rather hills uncultivated, and we pass river after river. That part of the land which is cleared is very fertile, and the habitations of men rapidly improving; but were I inclined to describe them minutely, you would see a considerable contrast between your mode of living and ours: but these are things that do not move me. I have plenty of water to wash in, and plenty of wholesome food to eat, and if I have to keep a window open with a stick, or take a comb or the eyelet-hole borer from my dressing-box to make the door fast, it intrudes not on my comfort. The hospitality of our entertainment is truly agreeable, and the minds of the people much like their country, with fine capabilities, and ready and eager for improvement. The more I see of life, the more earnest I am for *your* improvement and cultivation. I have rejoiced at the many good accounts of you, and I reverently trust that the "blessing which makes truly rich" has rested upon you and will preserve you. I always have believed that, painful as it is, this separation brings you into circumstances that will prove a lasting advantage to you. I know that some of you are eager enough after improvement, and I desire that this eagerness may not, by too much engrossing the mind, in degree frustrate the end designed. I have not often been so fond of reading as of late. It is true I do not read much except the Bible; but when the mind is thoroughly fixed on any one thing, its capacities increase, and I question whether there is anything it can more effectually work upon to enlarge the understanding than the Holy Scriptures.

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

17th.—A pleasant peaceful morning with dear Jane Johnson,—a time to be grateful for.

19th.—Had an excellent meeting at Clairsville, which

greatly revived our spirits and our faith. The judge and many lawyers were present. Had we so good a meeting as this every day, I fear I should not have humility enough to bear it, or rather the danger might be that we should be tempted to deck ourselves with the Lord's jewels.

20th.—Had a sweet parting with dear Jane Johnson, who does seem to me to be one of the excellent of the earth.

At Wheeling they embarked on the Ohio.

21st.—Some kind friends accompanied us on board the steamboat. Towards evening the company drew together in the gentlemen's cabin; a great deal of interesting conversation ensued between my husband and an intelligent man, a lawyer, evidently a Unitarian. I was in some degree of fear lest the promotion of Christian *spirit* should be lost sight of in advocating evangelical *truth*.

22nd.—Since breakfast, I have taken my seat on the deck of the ladies' cabin, with my writing things and bible. The weather is beautiful; the fine broad river and richly-wooded banks, with the islands in it equally wooded, form a feast for the eye every time I lift it from the paper. Many a time have I wished that my dear friends at home could take a view of the magnificent scenery of this new and rising world, in which nature seems to beg of man to make free use of her, with the promise of rewarding him richly for his toil.

23rd.—The boat stopped some time at Maysville, a thriving settlement in Kentucky, one of the new States which has admitted slavery into its laws; and now the question arose whether we had not better leave our boat and call the inhabitants together. This being concluded upon, Benjamin Wright, my husband and myself, took leave of our companions, who expressed much regret at parting with us. We had a large meeting, several coloured people present. "Early candlelight" was the time named in the bills. As watches do not abound, the hour is thus marked, and as clearly as by naming it. I believe the gospel was preached, and some ears might be opened to hear it; but I thought the effect of slavery might be felt, and that the light of the gospel shone dimly in this place.

24th.—At midnight I was roused from a comfortable slumber, and put on board a steamer. Finding on the 25th we could not reach Cincinnati in time for our morning meeting, a public reading was proposed to the captain. Thirty or forty persons assembled, and I think we had cause to be thankful for it. Being in these boats and seeing so much of character in them, gives but a sad feeling of the real state of the minds of men. How little, apparently, is the melting influence of divine grace suffered to operate! How far is nominal Christendom from being Christian!

26th.—A meeting with Friends of Cincinnati in the morning, and a public one in the evening, in a very large house, which was pretty well filled.

27th.—After a few leave-takings we left Cincinnati, and had only proceeded a few miles before one of the springs of the carriage completely broke. How would an Englishman have contrived to go on? Our American friend was at no loss whatever, and taking a rail out of the fence, he placed it under the body of the carriage, and thus we rode on with nearly as much ease as when borne upon the best tempered springs of Long Acre. Coming to a little village, an intelligent-looking smith undertook to put us in order again, and a Friend dwelling near, we took refuge in his house. Here we determined, partly from necessity, to remain. There was a village near, and I thought I should like to be with the inhabitants, and a meeting was soon got up; altogether, I did not regret the spring of the carriage breaking. It does not seem that Paul went to Athens with any intention of preaching the gospel, but whilst he was there waiting for his companions, his spirit was stirred within him, and he preached a sermon as memorable as most we hear of.

28th.—We went on to Hamilton, a considerable town on the Great Miami river. It is surprising to see what towns and villages have risen up within a very few years. The soil is remarkably productive in this part of the country; we saw Indian corn not less than fifteen feet high. We thought of having a meeting in this place, but felt best satisfied to leave it and go on to Oxford, so named I suppose from being the seat of a large seminary or college, in which there are about 200 students. It was a busy time in the town, for the

students had been examined, and degrees bestowed; the inns were crowded, and I was sent to take shelter in a private house, the mayor's; his wife (I supposed her to be) was sitting with her elbows on her knees, and her pipe in her mouth. She bid me civilly sit down, and went on talking to some young men in the room. Finding that it was a suitable evening for a meeting, our men friends were busily employed in giving notice, and I had some time for rest: serious and suffering moments they were, as those often are which precede a public meeting. The house was filled before the time appointed, and to sit for some time before such an expectant multitude, with not a word to utter, was no small trial of faith, and of the sincerity of my desire that not a word might be spoken except as it was given; but we were helped, and a time of renewal of faith it was. A young man, a student, walked home with us; he seemed to have been pleased with the meeting, and the intelligence and animation of his countenance, with his evidently serious disposition, were very cheering.

29th.—Went ten miles to a meeting of Friends at Salem, which, after some close work, ended to the relief of my mind. We are now evidently getting into a community of less civilization than in Ohio. The whole appearance of the people bears the same mark, but great kind-heartedness beams on their countenances. Went on three miles to Liberty, where we had a public meeting, and I returned comfortable to the inn. The landlord and landlady were very civil, and seemed pleased to show us hospitality at their own table. They sit with us at meals; indeed, every inn-table is a public one.

30th.—Drove on a beautiful frosty morning through fine forest trees, with a rich autumnal hue upon them. Arrived at Richmond, Indiana, where the Yearly Meeting is held. Attended a long committee on Indian affairs, and heard some interesting reports.

1st of 10th mo.—My cold very indifferent, but went to the meeting of ministers and elders, which I trust might be a comfort to some, and was glad to go to bed afterwards; my husband gone to a committee, and I feeling more forlorn in a foreign land than I have yet done.

2nd, First-day.—Very poorly, but managed to go to meeting, —a very large one, probably 1,600 or 2,000 persons present. Ill as I had been, I do not think I remembered my indisposition for an hour. Then came the afternoon meeting—Was I to go or not? Well, I thought I must go as long as I could; so I dressed myself again, thinking of poor Henry Martyn, whose zeal I have so often condemned; and truly when I sat in the meeting I *did* feel ill. I wrapped myself in my cloak, and whilst my husband was speaking, kept very still; but almost as soon as he sat down, the great uncertainty of our lives came forcibly before me; and weak and unwell as I was, I was strengthened to speak with more animation, if not life, than usual. On returning home I was glad again to retire to rest.

3rd.—I awoke rather better: rose, and just as I had finished dressing, I found our friend Isaac Bonsall, who lodged in the same house, had been seized with a fit. On opening my door I saw him lying close beside it, very ill, but quite sensible: he looked pleasantly at me. I enquired of him if he felt much oppressed. He replied he wanted to be bled; but said, “Do *you* go to meeting who *can* go; I want you all to go to meeting.” These were the last words he uttered. The doctor was then come, but as they laid him upon the bed, he expired. We could do no good, and went to meeting. On our return, we found that Benjamin Wright, our kind companion and friend, had received a hopeless account of his eldest son, a married man. This was very affecting. I never saw any one bear such intelligence with more Christian meekness: he came and sat by my bedside with my dear husband. I could not say much, but with this account—a corpse in the next room, and feeling myself very unwell—you may suppose this was a low moment in life; yet I did not feel so much cast down as I have often been on former occasions, when there was less apparent cause.

4th.—We staid from the Yearly Meeting to attend the interment of Isaac Bonsall. This morning, the meeting for worship was very large, and a truly solid one I believe it was; the silence was at times striking, and there were words enough also.

9th.—I ventured to appoint a public meeting for the evening, and I do not think I have often been strengthened more fully to advocate the truths of Christianity; so that I

may humbly acknowledge that He whom I desire to serve has manifested himself this day to be "strength in weakness," &c.

10th.—The Yearly Meeting ended; I believe many felt its solemnity. Friends were very kind afterwards, and the good wishes of some honest-hearted old Friends, whose hearts had the glow of Yearly Meeting upon them, were very cheering. The reading of the scriptures has been regularly kept up every evening in our large company. The house which is small, has contained forty or fifty inhabitants.

We are in this place among the nobles of the land; some of them truly such in the best sense. I have looked many a time with admiration on the well-marked lines of their expressive countenances.

12th.—Made a call on a sick Friend. My faith renewed by hearing afterwards that, though I knew nothing about her, what I said was very applicable to a most afflicted and excellent person. Then to meeting at Whitewater. My head ached, and I felt thoroughly low, and sat for a long time in this state till at last it was given me to speak, I suppose, a word in season; for a Friend came up afterwards and desired I might be encouraged, and we had a cordial greeting from many.

13th.—The Friends, at whose house we lodged—a large family, of many generations,—were as kind as they could be; the old man saying he was so sorry for me, that he should be glad to be ill instead of me. We had a nice leave-taking, for which they were truly grateful, and went on to Dover. I felt low and ill during the first part of the meeting, but had to speak on brotherly love; and afterwards, for the confirmation of my faith, found there was a want of it among them. A fine drive afterwards through the woods, whose rich autumnal foliage was illuminated by the rays of the setting sun; reached another habitation of the same kind,—the house, and almost all things in it, the handiwork of the inhabitants, and much better than you could suppose.*

* *The following descriptive letter is from Jonathan Backhouse:—*

Newport, Wayne County, Indiana, 15th of 10th mo., 1831.

MY DEAR HENRY,

* * * * We have attended the Yearly Meetings in Ohio and Indiana, which are quite in the western parts of the United

15th.—At New Garden Monthly Meeting. A large number of Friends assembled, and it proved a very refreshing meeting, though it lasted six hours.

States, at least that portion of it that is inhabited by white people. We are now in Wayne County, Indiana, which possibly thou might find on reference to the map : it is about 700 or 800 miles west of New York. These two states, [Ohio and Indiana] are very fine and fertile districts, and have made in forty years wonderful advances in the comforts and arts of civilized life. A great part of Ohio within thirty years was a wilderness, and now towns and cities and villages are to be found in various parts of it. Cincinnati contains 30,000 inhabitants, and on the river Ohio are several hundred steamboats, almost in constant operation, chiefly from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati and New Orleans on the Mississippi. We came 350 miles, and might have gone by steam-navigation 1,500 miles further; so wonderful is the extent of the rivers on this Continent; beautiful in general they are, the banks well covered with timber, and on some of them great variety of beautiful shrubs. Where we now are is amidst the more recent settlements, where a few fields are cleared of the trees—a small house, built with the logs, not abounding with the comforts of life. The whole family, though consisting of ten or twelve persons, all sleep in one room. We generally separate our bed, and make a little apartment for ourselves by suspending a pair of sheets at a little distance from the bed. Indian corn is grown in great abundance, and wild fowl, turkeys, pigeons, and ducks are very plentiful. Where we lodged last night, a young man went into the woods and brought a wild turkey. Deer, which were also plentiful, have now become scarce; people are settling it so rapidly that the game is very much driven away. Wild pigeons were so numerous a few years ago that a friend told me they occupied a space of ten miles wide and seventy long with their nests, and every tree would have from fifty to one hundred nests. When on the wing during the day, they darkened the air so that if he was reading he was obliged to lay aside his book. The log houses are some of them very cold,—broken windows, open doors, wide crevices between the logs, where the wind and cold penetrate and make it very much like sleeping in the open air; but many are comfortable; our lodging to-night is in a warm tight house,—agreeable orderly Friends, and all things comfortable about us, though on a small scale. The kitchen is also the dining-room, and the loom occupies an important part in it. Here people are really clever and ingenious; they grow the wool, spin, dye, weave the cloth, and make their clothes. Some of them are very well made, others moderately so; but they have little occasion for money, as the farm produces all they want for food. The juice of the maple yields them sugar in plenty. They make their own soap from the wood ashes, and candles too from tallow or wax, but they are of course very inferior to what we see in

16th.—My husband went to a meeting some miles in the woods, and I remained at New Garden. Here I had no great deal to say; but my mother and children, my brothers and sisters and their children, came so closely before me that although no one present knew anything about them, I ventured publicly to put up my petition for them. Many came to me with tears afterwards, and the hearts of the people did truly seem turned towards us.

17th.—Lodged at a house in which there was no spare bedroom; but by hanging up our sheets, we made a comfortable private apartment.

18th.—Went on to Center. It was a trying time to myself. Perhaps it might be a baptism to prepare me to feel for some there; for a Friend came to me afterwards and said he was thankful I had been sent into this country.

19th.—I mounted a horse and rode four miles through the noble forest, on a fine sunshiny morning, to Arba Monthly Meeting, which proved a time of renewal of faith; the poor Friends did so gladly receive us that it was very cheering, and they conducted us afterwards to a remarkably comfort-

England; yet I am amused at their readiness. We had a public meeting at early candlelight, and candles were even to make when the time of meeting was near at hand; but they speedily melted some tallow and had the candles ready for us. The travelling is very difficult; the roads are bad beyond description, much of them through the woods, and so often trees which have blown down have fallen across the road, that we have to turn out into almost untrodden paths, through the bushes, and often deep in the mire, that it is not only slow and tedious (not exceeding 2 or 2½ miles an hour), but very fatiguing. We are both well; thy dear mother has recovered from the effects of a severe cold which she had a few weeks ago, but we are longing to hear from you. Our love to "Uncle and Aunt Barclay" particularly, and to their dear children. My nephew, Robert, would be amused with the natural history of this country, many parts of which are very beautiful; but I miss the silence and calmness of our evenings and nights. Here the noise is perpetual, and the croaking of frogs, the locusts called "Katy did it," from a constant reiteration of a sound resembling these words, and of a bird called "Whip-poor-Will," from the same resemblance. The variety of trees is very great—forty different species or varieties of oak. The colouring of some of them is beautiful at this season—a deep crimson; and some of the trees of the forest very large, as much as twenty-five feet in circumference, and in general from 100 to 120 feet high. * * * *

able dwelling, where we were introduced into a small air-tight room (a real privilege), with two clean comfortable beds, and an excellent fire. Upon one of them I remained profoundly still for an hour or two, when I thought I must rouse myself, and a lovely little infant being of the party, I got its fat little face to play with. It was warmly and sensibly clothed, and very clean; so that we perceive as much difference in individual character among the inhabitants of this wilderness, as among those of the civilized parts of the earth. Good sense and good principle have a marked influence everywhere.

20th.—Parted with our kind and helpful friends John and M. Negus,* and proceeded on our way to Jericho. Coming to Norwich, a small settlement of Friends, I was not easy to pass it; so we stopped and had an interesting little meeting in the woods, to the comfort of the people and ourselves. We were welcomed into our lodging-place, by a poor woman lying in bed in one corner of the only room they had, except a kitchen and an outhouse for the loom. The spot did look forlorn; but the woman's kind welcome and expression that she hoped we should not pass them by, cheered us. We accepted the bed in the opposite corner, which had clean sheets for strangers, and by opening out the carriage cushions, each of which contains a pillow, sheet, and blanket, putting the blanket against the wall to keep out the air from the many holes in it, and hanging the sheet upon the joist, we contrived to make a separate apartment, and slept comfortably. This is backwoods life—an introduction into a very new world to me, and one which I trust I may not have long to continue in, but which I am not sorry that I am seeing. We have plenty to eat; though a succession of chickens, which are running about one half-hour, and in the pot the next, is not the most tender and dainty of food. The bread is generally very good, and we have plenty of good apples, cooked in many forms.

21st.—The road very bad, from the depth and frequency of the mud-holes. Our kind and excellent guide George Shugart lent me his horse for some miles—a trial of my

* Marian Negus had very kindly cared for H. C. Backhouse during the time they had been together, nursing her when she was ill, &c. &c.

horsemanship to keep the balance on a man's saddle; however I succeeded admirably, and in thus riding through the woods, and feeling the benefit of the accomplishment obtained in early life, the past might in part bury the present. I cannot but admire these magnificent forests, the hollow bark and yell of the dogs resounding through them. We went on six miles to an evening meeting in the county town, Winchester, which, weary as we were, was satisfactory. We lodged in a comfortable inn, where we had a room to ourselves, a luxury you cannot fully appreciate; but sleep sometimes comes in the poorest better than in the most indulgent habitations.

22nd.—Rode two miles on horseback, to White River Meeting, where things seem in a low state. A fine tender-hearted man spoke very encouragingly to us afterwards. Truth gives an expression to the countenance which in its lustre cannot be mistaken. There is salt yet on the earth, and it is not wanting in this wilderness.

24th.—A long ride through the mud and wood to Hardshaw Meeting. I sat by an interesting young woman, with a child on her lap, and felt great sympathy for her. Found she was an acceptable minister, under the trying circumstances of great poverty, a helpless husband, and many little children.

27th.—Spent this day at Charles Osborn's. We had had many days of hard travelling, and our things wanted repair; so I sat down to mend my shoes and habit, and put some other things in order. Here we were feasted on wild turkey and venison, both plentiful in this neighbourhood,—a sure symptom of being far in the wilderness.

28th.—Another meeting at Springfield, which was interesting and relieving. Drove eight miles afterwards through the woods to a house which exceeded anything we have yet met with. It was really appalling; there was apparently neither door nor window, and hardly a chair to sit upon: the inhabitants in as low a state as the house. I began to write for my solace. But "watch and pray, and that continually:" I ought to have been attentive to the people of the house, and not self-indulgent.

We are quite a sight in these places. The children come

about us for the most minute inspection, and are surprised to see me write as fast as I do. My fur cloak is under constant observation, and they seem pleased to find that it is the fur of their own squirrels, which are so abundant in these woods that they are killed in numbers for destroying the corn.

The Meeting-house in the wood was well filled, and I believe it was a good meeting; so that although our life is unusually trying, yet from meeting to meeting we are so helped that we cannot question that we are in our right places.*

3rd of 11th mo.—A few miles from Greenfield we came into the State road, which was so bad that the carriage broke twice, and was brought to the town by oxen, whilst I rode thither on horseback.

5th, First-day.—I tried to be agreeable to the kind friends about us. The mother of our host is a woman of affliction, and of a cheerful countenance, bespeaking the renovating influence of the life of true devotion. Her company was a comfort to me, and she gave me a very sweet kiss and a blessing on parting the next morning. I had also had a refreshing rest, endeavouring to cast my care on Him who careth for us.

6th.—Again attended Duck Creek Meeting. Notice had this time been well given, and it renewed our faith that we were not forsaken, but were, with all our doubts and fears, in the line of Divine appointment. I then took my horse (for my husband has bought one for me), and we rode seven miles to a town where we had a public meeting, also a time of favour. We lodged at a Friend's house near, but had to come through the woods by the light of a pine knot.

* *About the same time H. C. Backhouse writes:—*

I fear you may think my journals of late have been very grumbling, but I am in hopes brighter times may come. However, we have been getting on with our work, which should be our main desire, and I believe to the satisfaction of our friends, which is no small favour; and if there were not internal ballast, we might be more in danger than I trust we are; but never was I more fully brought to the persuasion, "that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." My dear husband, who keeps a much more even tenor of mind, thinks I look too gloomily on myself. He smiles at me, and says, "It is well to talk about martyrdom; but thou seest how poorly thou bearest it when it comes home to thee!"

I learned the other day that by wrapping a piece of rag round a tallow candle, a torch is made that is not easily blown out ; in short, there is no inconvenience for which these people have not a remedy at hand, so that life is a continual employment of their inventive faculties.

7th.—I again mounted my steed, and rode six miles before ten o'clock ; the roads hardly fit for a carriage to be drawn over ; our hearts so heavy that we thought it better to pause before pursuing our course. It may be that the will may be accepted for the deed. But the further we go westward the more prepared the people seem to receive our ministry. I am often inexpressibly depressed, yet now and then there is a bright gleam—so it was yesterday—in which nothing seemed impossible, and my heart abounded in a joy with which the stranger cannot intermeddle. There have been moments in our log cabins which amply compensate for many hours of suffering, and are I believe, but glimpses of that day which, if faith and patience hold out to the end, shall shine with unclouded brightness, where there is no more separation from those we most dearly love, no more fears for their welfare, no more temptation, doubt, or conflict ; but where joy, and love, and peace, in holy communion with the blessed, shall be our everlasting portion.

A very agreeable company of Friends assembled this evening, in which there were, I believe, feelings of true Christian fellowship.

11th.—By hard travelling reached Indianapolis, where we had a public meeting, largely attended. Indianapolis is a flourishing town, only ten years since in possession of the Indians. This rapid improvement gives a decided cast to the character of the people, who are ready to seize upon every new thing.

White-lick, 17th of 11th mo., 1831.

MY BELOVED CHILDREN,

I was glad to hear of the interest you take in your pursuits, and the many opportunities you have for improvement. I could almost wish I had not been so earnest to learn much, that what I did learn might have been more accurately impressed on my mind ; for want of it, I cannot have that sort

of confidence which would now be a very great help to me. How much do I desire that you may be making good use of the present most valuable time ! Many are the stripes we receive in after life, for hours sauntered away or misspent in youth, the mind acquires a bent then, that it never wholly loses ; if we are early accustomed to apply vigorously to what we are about, we gain a habit of attention which saves us from those wanderings of the imagination, in which many bitter sorrows, as well as great evils, have their origin and food. It would be a comfort to me indeed, to hear that dear Harry was thoroughly attentive to his lessons, when he was about them, and then let him play as heartily as he will afterwards. I know this giving the whole mind to the object which we think it right to be engaged in, is more difficult to some than to others ; and I know too, that it requires an effort to keep the mind for any length of time to one point ; but the more he tries to do so, the easier it will become. I have no more taste for labour than he has, but I am sure I can obtain no comfortable rest without it. A word to the wise is sufficient. I was glad to hear of his garden being flourishing, and that he had so much pleasure in it.

Dear little Edmund ! I am glad he has “ a kite as high as his chin.” I should like to help him to fly it. I remember having a kite that I was very fond of flying, and could hardly hold the string in a high wind. I like to hear of his reading to dear grandmamma.

I wish I could give you an animated description of the country, and the scenes through which we pass ; but to do them justice I must put them down in a pocket-book as in a sketch-book ; for though at the time I think, what a good thing this would be to tell the children, yet like scenes in nature, strong as the impression is at the moment, I cannot recall acts and expressions that have amused me. *Hats* are very useful in this country ; they serve for stopping windows, blowing fires, and dusting the hearth, as well as being in spare time a covering for the head out-doors and in-doors. The roads are beyond anything you can suppose. We go down into holes, the shake of which is so great that I rise from my seat, and placing my back against the carriage, and my feet on my

dressing box, can endure almost anything; then sometimes, to adjust the balance, we have to move from one side of the carriage to the other. We can seldom have the glasses up, lest they should be broken by the branches of the trees, as most of our way is through the forest. Rattlesnakes are found here, but they seldom do any injury, always giving warning by the rattle before they bite. A Friend told me he met with one while ploughing, which frightened the horses so that they ran away; but he soon killed it. I saw the skin of one about five feet long; I think the same Friend had found a nest of thirteen.

At the Quarterly Meeting, there was a paper sent in from an absent representative, "The reason I do not attend is for lack of a suitable beast to ride on;" from another, "Could not get a suitable creature;" from another, "Could not contrive to bring my babe on the creature." Horses are generally called *creatures*; in Ireland the *populace* go by that name. A horse tied up is called "hitched up;" they are hitched up in numbers about the meeting-houses, which are in the midst of the wood. "Gear'd up" is harnessed. But in general there is much less peculiarity of expression than among the uneducated part of our [English] community. We have now three horses. Our guide, who has been long accustomed to drive a waggon, drives our carriage in waggon style, riding upon the wheel horse, and with a line—literally a rope attached to our third horse—contrives to get through mud-holes, sideling places and stumps, in a manner that would surprise you.

Oh these sylvan scenes! They bring to my mind the old chivalrous times when Europe was almost a forest; when knight and damsel, on prancing palfrey borne, wandered in quest of adventure. It is one thing to hear of it, and another to see what woodland life is. It is no pleasant thing, I can assure you, to be lost in a forest; though the forests of America are exempt from thieves and robbers, and very much so from wild beasts. Some wolves however, and bears, and I believe the panther, yet remain. Racoons abound, and are killed for their valuable skins. I do think I shall indeed prize the civilized part of the earth, when I may be

gladdened with a sight of it again; but I believe I shall never regret seeing the contrast to it which I have seen of late. We are in excellent health, which, considering the exposures we are subject to, is almost surprising. The cold is now intense; it has been with some difficulty that I have dressed. This is the most suffering part of the day, as when our clothes are on, the cold does not easily penetrate; but to dress in an atmosphere near zero is not very pleasant.

Your truly affectionate mother,

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

19th.—Attended the meeting for Ministers and Elders of White-lick Quarterly Meeting, in which I believe I wept like a child, and begged for help. The covering over the meeting was, I thought, sweet; at least my mind was more staid than for some time past. A sense of help from the sanctuary, in which I was ready to believe we must persevere through all the difficulties of the roads, and the pain of distance and absence, to visit the remote meetings of this Quarterly Meeting. In the evening we had a public meeting at Moorsville, a small town near, in which I spoke with considerable ease to myself, and felt peaceful afterwards. Lodged in the town, at the house of some Friends, who seemed much pleased to entertain us. Though a gleam of light had shone over the day, I do not think I slept at all in the night, and had some difficulty in keeping myself warm, there being many avenues to the external air; however, after breakfast, I felt revived. George, who is most pleasantly attentive and really seems to feel for me, brought the carriage, and I returned to our old lodgings, where I dressed myself a little neatly. I seldom see myself in a glass, and never was there less occasion for it.

The Quarterly Meeting was held to pretty good satisfaction, and Friends were very kind and affectionate. We crossed the river in a canoe (the ford being too deep,) made out of one large tree: spent a pleasant evening. I was glad to have my heart opened a little to the social enjoyment of Friends' company.

21st.—After being kindly welcomed by our friends [Joel Dixon's family] we went to the adjournment of the Quarterly Meeting, beginning with a meeting for worship, which was

refreshing ; very fervent were my petitions for preservation. In the meeting for discipline we had a remarkably nice visit from Jesse Arnott. Spent a pleasant evening ; Friends much interested about our going forward, and manifesting a really tender concern for our encountering the difficulties of their country. Their kindness on the breaking up of the Quarterly Meeting was quite striking, making me feel most unworthy of it.

22nd.—We proceeded five miles, through miserable roads ; however, I had a peaceful pleasant ride, and spent the evening in a sunshine of mind that was truly refreshing. The night was frosty, and the house very open ; but throwing my shawl over my head, I was not in immediate contact with the air.

23rd.—A meeting at Sugar Grove—one of those to be remembered with gratitude. The Friends, with tears in their eyes, desired our preservation, the difficulties of the road before us especially exciting their interest. Here we parted with our truly kind friends, the Dixons. Ten miles through a very difficult road brought us to Mill Creek, and my soul this day enjoyed remarkable rest and peace. Were it not for this, the difficulties of the way might well have dismayed us.

24th.—A remarkably interesting meeting at Danville, and unusually peaceful evening, in which I enjoyed social intercourse.

25th.—This day much sunk, but refreshed by the way, by the hospitable welcome of some new settlers (not Friends). Hospitality is a virtue I more and more prize, and we find it abound in this land.

26th.—Rose early, and went three miles to a Friend's house to breakfast, and with some effort, to Sugar Creek Meeting, which afforded refreshment to a very tried and weary soul ; then to Crawfordsville, where a meeting had been appointed for us with the people of the town. I came out of it with a glow of soul so sweet that I thought my work was surely done and I might enjoy myself ; so I began earnestly to write, but had to repent this self-indulgence and neglect of others.

27th.—A cold sorry night, the air coming in freely on all sides ; it seemed hardly safe to go over the prairies, and our drivers were well pleased when we concluded that it was best

to stay. Visited six families, and returned in a remarkably peaceful state of mind.

28th.—Visited more families.

30th.—Another meeting at Crawfordsville. A second meeting in a place is trying to my faith; but it ended in a peace which I trust marked it as no imaginary requiring.

1st of 12th mo.—A day of renewal of faith in the possession of a peace which the world cannot give.

6th.—A long ride over the prairies to Flint. The condition of the people, or, as they themselves term it, the manner in which they are *fixed*, is very poor. What would, in England, be thought of having no other light by which to see the food on the table, than what is admitted by the door being set open, with the thermometer at zero? Yet, through all, we are preserved in health.

8th.—Another long ride over the prairies, ended by our missing the way and having to leave the carriage and walk through deep snow to a miserable cabin, where we lodged. It might be right for us to be thus detained; for the next morning we visited, in a neighbouring cabin, a poor old woman, who bore the character among her neighbours of being “middling wicked.” She was very dirty; had a stern, dark, miserable countenance—was sitting by a log fire, muttering to herself—an opening in the wall, close beside her, admitted the cats and the cold air. My husband read to her the story of the Jew and his daughter,—the latter, on her death-bed, entreating her father to read the New Testament, and no more to speak against Jesus of Nazareth. The old woman was much affected, sat with her elbows on her knees, and shook her head with evident feeling. We afterwards addressed her, and I did not feel this visit to be among the fruitless acts of my life. She could not read, and evidently felt the privation. We left a New Testament with her daughter-in-law, who we hoped, might read it to her. Well, I thought, if this poor soul might be helped, our perils were worth encountering. After this, we proceeded to Thornton, and though very weary, had in the evening a meeting in the Presbyterian Chapel, which wonderfully refreshed me.

11th, *First-day*.—Another public meeting at Crawfordsville, an awful one to me. However, I believe that our

prayers were heard ; for this meeting, which cost me so much, proved one which drew the minds of the people more to their right centre than most we have held. Earnest had been my desire that I might be preserved in silence if I was either mistaken in appointing the meeting, or if it was right that our testimony to silence should be upheld throughout. We had, however, something to communicate, and my mind was delightfully relieved. The thermometer is 13 or 14 degrees below zero ; so you may imagine what this cold is, and be surprised to find that we are often sleeping in houses, on every side of which, we may see the sky through the holes in the logs.

12th.—Called on some of our Crawfordsville friends, who took leave of us with tears in their eyes. I believe there are some very serious people in this place, but was glad to get out of it, with the hope that I had no more labour there.

13th.—Went on to another meeting,—the weather was so unusually severe that few came to it. The cold is so intense that many have been frost-bitten, *i.e.* the flesh becomes so brittle that it may be broken off without sensation ; by applying snow, life returns to the part affected, and with it, inflammation. We are in no danger wrapped up as we are in the carriage, but I am rather afraid for our driver.

Nothing will do in this service but not counting our lives, or anything we may have a life in, dear unto ourselves ; yet I do hope that a day will arrive, even in this land, when the task of living in it may not be so hard. Were it not for some hours of decided sunshine in my soul, I could not support it ; and a few of these have been very bright.

14th and 15th.—Days too cold to venture over the prairies, the thermometer 25° below zero, in some places 27°. It is considered to be lower than it has been before known in this country. We were in a cabin not air-tight, the head of our bed about three yards from a large wood fire, covered with abundance of clothes (all most needful). If our hands or face were in the least exposed, the sensation was like that of having ice applied to them. Water froze within three feet of the fire, but wrapped in my cloak, bonnet, hood, veil, &c., &c., I am seldom thoroughly chilled.

16th.—The weather has now become more moderate. We

made several calls, my mind enjoying uncommon peace. We are in very good health, which truly is a favour. How often does my mind turn towards you in the remembrance of this time last year! What suffering have we passed through since then! And perhaps also, we have never been made more sensible of a peace which the world can neither give nor take away, and in which the remembrance of each other, and of those we dearly love, has something in it of that heaven in which there is no more separation.

17th.—Came over the prairies to Flint. A very cold day, and the wind blowing bitterly.

18th.—Attended the morning meeting of Friends, which was a time of close trial and conflict, but I felt peaceful after it. We dined at the house of our kind friend and companion for the last month, David Horner, and set off after it to La Fayette, where a meeting was appointed at *early candlelight*, according to the custom of the country. The road excellent most of the way, but coming to a half-frozen stream, we had to get out, and it was well we did, for the carriage again broke; but our old friend the rail was applied, and we reached the meeting, though rather past the time. It was a large gathering, in the Methodist Meeting-house, and I have no doubt it was a good meeting.

22nd.—Some visits in the morning, to satisfaction. It surely cannot be of ourselves, when we are led to describe correctly the state of individuals, almost without seeing them. Such encouragement that we are under Divine direction cheers me from time to time.

24th.—Made more calls, went some miles to a public meeting, and returned home after it with a mind and body restored by a sense of mercy and love being near.

25th.—* * * The people of Israel suffered formerly because they did not serve the Lord with joyfulness and gladness of heart. I am ready to reproach myself for not being a more cheerful servant; but then again, I am comforted by a knowledge that He who knows us altogether as we are, is touched with compassion for the deep conflicts which I pass through, and is at times graciously pleased to say—"Peace, be still." It may be right that I should pass through dispensations so remarkably proving to me my own weakness, in

order to bring me yet more fully to the acknowledgment that every good and perfect gift cometh from above.

26th, 27th, and 28th.—Visiting families, and holding two more public meetings, after which the clear sentence, "It is enough," was joyfully received: with it, on the—

29th—We were glad to go forward and cross the Wabash, fifteen miles, to a meeting appointed for us. A fatiguing ride, but I think we were helped; and the next morning, after many tears and close conflict, I gave up to visiting the families in the small settlement of Friends at Pine.

31st.—The dogs were howling all night at the wolves, and I awoke low enough. We visited the few remaining families, in which there was some life: and it was concluded that this last day of a year, not soon to be forgotten, in which bright beams of sunshine and dark clouds of the sky have been remarkably my portion, should be given to rest—so I take it in the carriage writing to you, as there is no window to give light enough in the house, or a table unoccupied; yet I am, perhaps, just now as happy in my fur cloak, with my cushion on my lap to write upon, as I have at times been in my own drawing-room. Well! this year is about to close: may the year to come (if it does come to us), through the tender mercy of the Shepherd of Israel, find us standing each day in our own allotment; and however suffering it may be, may He grant us to stand in the faith, and abide in the patience, that no murmuring voice may be heard; and if it seem good in his holy sight to give to some of us an easier path than we have of late had, and to bring us on our way rejoicing, may it renew our desires to be dedicated, body, soul and spirit, to his service, and enable us to ascribe the glory and praise to Him who ruleth over all!

been for above seventy years an inhabitant of that house ; everything in it of the same ancient character. She seemed like one very near the kingdom, and we had a sweet little sitting with her and her old servants. On taking leave, she expressed the comfort that our visits had been to her.

17th.—At three o'clock was an appointed public meeting, in which I was enabled, after a pretty long silence, to declare the truth, to the relief of my own mind. It must be something more than natural strength that could thus enable me to labour when truly I know myself weak without it.

CHAPTER X.

ESTABLISHES FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS IN NEW ENGLAND, NANTUCKET,
NEW BEDFORD—VISIT TO AN INDIAN SETTLEMENT—JONATHAN
BACKHOUSE'S RETURN AND LABOURS—MEETING WITH THE LEGIS-
LATURE.

FROM this time until the middle of the following year, her labours were confined chiefly within the limits of Sandwich Quarterly Meeting, of which Nantucket forms a part. Her mind was particularly attracted towards the little company of Friends residing on this Island, visiting them in their meetings and families again and again. Among those who were not members of her own Society, her labours were also abundant, and especially was she interested for a class in New England who had imbibed what were termed "New Light" views, paying religious visits to them in their own houses, and holding many meetings with them. The fruit of these labours was even then apparent, in settling the minds of many in sounder views of doctrine and practice.

But perhaps the most important feature of this visit was the establishment of the schools for instruction in the Scriptures (on the plan that had been adopted in Indiana). She used to have the children and their parents assembled in the Meeting-house, when she frequently addressed them in a solemn and impressive manner, on the vast importance of acquiring a thorough knowledge of that blessed volume, "which is able to make wise unto salvation through faith that is in Christ." Her concern on this subject was cordially united with by the Friends of the different Monthly Meetings

where they were introduced. Many of these schools have been kept up and have been productive of much good.

Of one of these occasions she writes thus :—

Nantucket, 22nd of 7th mo.—A day to be thankful for. Besides the morning and afternoon meetings, I had the children and young people assembled, and endeavoured to shew them the importance of becoming more acquainted with the Scriptures ; proposing at the same time the establishment of a school on a First-day. It was a time of interest, and, low as I was at the beginning of this day, I felt at the end of it that the Sun of Righteousness had arisen with healing on his wings.

The natural features of the island, whose inhabitants had so much interested her, are thus described in her journal :—

Nantucket is a desert of sand, with a few large ponds in it, around which there is some fertility of soil. The town is rich, loves itself, and well it is that it does, for no one else loves it.

The whale and cod fisheries are the principal trade, and the origin of the wealth of the place. The whales were first caught near the island, and boats were sufficient to search after them ; small vessels soon succeeded, and pursued them 100 miles from the shore. The voyage gradually extended as the whales fled from their pursuers, and now they make voyages into the Pacific and Southern Oceans, which occasion them absences of three or four years from their families, and a bad effect such separation seems to have on most concerned in it. The young people, and generally speaking the inhabitants, are more than commonly good-looking, and I think intelligent also. I have no doubt our Society there was at one time in a very flourishing state, and what was wanting in temporals the inhabitants made up in spirituals ; but unless better days arise, the city that is and has been full of people

will most likely sit solitary and be, like her land, a barren waste. But why any place flourishes and why it declines is often difficult to ascertain; perhaps it is more in the disposition of the inhabitants than from local advantages, and that disposition often takes its rise from some leading individuals; so that we may see how even the five faithful men may save a city, and more than five I trust there are in this. I cannot but believe that the more equal distribution of the good things of this world in this country than in our own tends to its general prosperity and happiness—less of *ennui* on the one hand, or of inordinate labour on the other. The almost total absence of extreme poverty, excepting in the great cities, or in consequence of gross misconduct, is certainly a relief to be felt. It is indeed a fine and magnificent country. When we contemplate its almost inexhaustible resources,—its noble streams, carrying with such facility the wealth and industry of one part to another, its freedom from taxation, the great fertility of the soil in many parts, the coal, the salt, and the iron in others, the very rapid increase of population, and with it the astonishing growth and increase of their cities—truly we may say, it is a land of wonders!

To ———

New Bedford, 11th of 9th mo., 1832.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

Thy letter has particularly interested my best feelings. I crave thy enlargement in the love and power of the gospel. It has long been my persuasion that nothing but faithfulness can set thee free from thy many cumbers, and give thee the aboundings of that love and peace that alone can delight thee. I am not jealous of the integrity of thy heart as far as thou knowest it thyself; but who can know it? May all thy fears of going before thy Guide be tried by Him who alone can show unto man what his thought is. Is it not in John Churchman's journal that a very good lesson is given to those who have long been servants in the Master's family—that the gentlest pointing of his finger manifests his will as

distinctly to these as his loudest commands to those who are unaccustomed to his voice?

* * * * *

Since my beloved husband left me, I have been favoured with a very agreeable companion in E. Kirkbride, whose early habits, natural temperament, and religious experience, render her peculiarly congenial to my taste. This is indeed a favour, when we have to be so much and intimately together. During this time, I have had as deep plunges as perhaps I ever had in my life, and as close service, till I almost despaired of life. This has been principally in visiting the families of Friends in Nantucket and New Bedford. The detention has been very great, but I believe not more than has been required; yet a long tarriance in any one place is peculiarly trying, though Friends are very kind. I have been sometimes ready to envy Paul his own hired house.

New Bedford, 12th of 9th mo., 1832.

We have visited the families in this place, and have had some deeply interesting meetings, at which most of those who had formerly been members were present. I believe I may say that out of weakness I was made strong. Friends are very kind, and so are those who once were Friends. I am often very weary, but on Second-day morning I felt sweetly refreshed. The day before had been truly exercising—a very large public meeting in the evening, to which I had especially invited those who had formerly been members, and who had lost their right of membership. Many came who had not attended a meeting for some years past. It was, I believe, a solemn occasion. I expect that it will be my duty to have more intercourse with them before I leave, partly perhaps in a social way.

Amid her various labours of love for the souls of men, the aborigines of this country were not forgotten. A visit to one of their settlements on Martha's Vineyard, is thus described by E. P. Kirkbride :—

“ On Sixth-day morning we set out for an Indian Settlement,

and after riding twenty miles (part of the road rougher than anything I had seen before), stopped at an Indian hut for refreshment; but everything around looked so uninviting that we were not a little pleased to see their minister arrive with a cordial invitation to repair to his abode, adding that he had full unity with all the faithful servants of the Lord. A large number of Indians assembled in the evening. H. C. Backhouse addressed them very appropriately, and then their pastor set his seal to her communication, hoping the audience would profit by what they had heard. After he took his seat, an Indian (whose health is fast declining), in the most soothing and melodious voice poured forth the grateful feelings of his heart, expressing his thankfulness that she had been commissioned by the Lord to come among them. He said that his days on earth were nearly ended,—that soon his spirit would return to God, and be united to the just of every people and every tongue,—that there is much of suffering in the world, and that he had no wish to stay here; but he hoped his brethren would treasure up the counsel they had heard, for his heart told him that it came from God.”

After an absence of seven months, Jonathan Backhouse returned to America early in the Twelfth month,* with certificates from Friends, empowering him to hold meetings separately, as well as in conjunction with his wife.

They now frequently separated, J. Backhouse visiting the more distant and less accessible districts. Several weeks of this winter were spent in the north-eastern

* His passage of more than six weeks had been very stormy, not unattended with danger. In the midst of one of the fearful gales they encountered, “I was,” he writes, “favoured to feel very quiet, though our situation was fearful.” At another time, when the sea was running very high, he went on deck, and, secured by a rope, gave himself up to the enjoyment of the awful and magnificent scene. * * * When the weather permitted, Jonathan Backhouse assembled the cabin and steerage passengers for reading and worship.

parts of New England, where to a large body of Friends in a remote quarter his company and religious labours were peculiarly acceptable.

Whilst in the neighbourhood of Sandwich, H. C. Backhouse and E. P. Kirkbride experienced a remarkable preservation, which is recorded by the latter several years after, as follows :—

“ Your mother had felt drawn to spend the night in the house of an old Friend, who lived by herself, and who was not at all in the habit of entertaining visitors. The chamber which she introduced us into was very cold, and as the chimney was boarded in, we asked her if we could have a pan of coals placed on the hearth, to which she replied in the affirmative, and accordingly a very large vessel was put in the room, and replenished again and again with charcoal ; so that when we retired for the night, we both expressed surprise that she had succeeded in making that icy apartment so very comfortable. We soon fell asleep, being no doubt overcome at once by the impure atmosphere, till I was aroused by your dear mother’s exclamation that she was fainting.

“ I sprang out of bed, found my way to the washing-stand in the dark, and filled a glass with water ; but before I could reach her I fell upon the floor wholly insensible. In a few moments, no doubt, the vital spark in both of us would have been completely extinguished, as it would have been impossible to revive in that foul air ; but the unslumbering Shepherd of Israel was watching over us, and in tender mercy averted so awful a catastrophe. The noise I made in falling awoke our aged hostess, and taking her light in her hand, she came up to our chamber door, to know what was the matter ; but finding all was silent, she thought, as she afterwards said, ‘ My friends are asleep, and I will not disturb them,’ and attempted to go to the attic where her servant slept, to see if the noise proceeded from thence ; but before she had gone far her steps were arrested, and, as she said herself, she felt ‘ *constrained* to return to our room,’ where on opening the door she found us in the state I have

described, entirely insensible. The admission of fresh air into the room soon restored us to consciousness ; but it was several days before we were able to travel, and I think the whole of this memorable circumstance was blessed to our aged and awe-stricken friend. A few days afterwards we heard of three little children in the neighbourhood, who were placed in a room with a charcoal furnace, and perished in a very few hours."

Second Month 19th.—With our kind friends the Rogers', and two others, we set off for a meeting appointed at Hingham. We made one or two interesting calls on their afflicted neighbours, and arrived just in time for the meeting at two o'clock. I felt much wearied, and on entering a very large meeting-house (the first erected, it is said, in the United States), I did truly feel I had no strength of my own: I was afraid my fears would have almost overwhelmed me. After some time of silence, I was strengthened to rise with the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart," and to show forth from Scripture that nothing but the Christian dispensation would bring about this purity. It was a Unitarian Meeting-house. I did not know how the doctrine could be borne. The audience were very kind to me afterwards, and none more than the minister, who seemed quite affected. Afterwards, a lady and clergyman called upon us, and pleasantly cautioned me against speaking too loud and straining my voice.

20th.—I remembered the advice of my Hingham friends, and took real pains with the modulation of my voice, greatly to the satisfaction of my friends. I believe it was truly a good meeting, and I felt very peaceful after it, and had such a night's rest as I have not had for many a long night, and rose truly refreshed. The sun seemed to shine on mind and body.

23rd.—A meeting at Quincy, at two o'clock, in an elegantly fitted-up Unitarian meeting-house. An intelligent audience appeared satisfied with the truths proclaimed.

Boston, 26th.—I was ushered into the State House by Hezekiah Barnard, and placed in the Speaker's chair, before 1,000 people; I felt it not a little, even to tears; but I

was helped through, and many expressed their satisfaction afterwards.*

1st of 3rd mo.—Meeting at Lynn—very low—just faith enough to appoint a public meeting for the afternoon, which renewed my trust, and I had peace afterwards.

6th.—A very pleasant ride on a beautiful afternoon in an open sleigh. Lodged at a comfortable inn at Newburyport, and lost the sweet peace I had all the afternoon, by not speaking to some young men sitting round a fire, just before we went to bed.

Salem, 31st.—A very solemn meeting to me. I believe I was enabled to tell the people the truth of their states.

1st of 4th mo.—We took a pleasant ride to Nahant. The evening was fine, the scenery of rock and water good to the eye, I was pleased to see others enjoy it; but, unworthy as I

* *In allusion to these meetings E. P. Kirkbride writes :—*

“Called on an Episcopalian minister, who came to see us soon after our arrival. His wife had some acquaintance among Friends, and both were cordially polite to us. Your mother gave them very sweet encouragement, and they were much affected by it. On taking leave he said :—‘ Would you were going to remain among us, and could make all Quincy such Friends as yourselves !’ His wife observed to us, she ‘ felt rejoiced that Christ had once at least been preached within those Unitarian walls ;’ adding, ‘ I shall never forget your visit here.’ Your mother wishing for a meeting with the Legislative body, now in Boston, and Friends uniting with her in it, her proposition was sent in, in writing, unanimously voted for, and on the evening of Second-day she had a truly favoured opportunity, not only with the members, but also with their wives. Many expressed their satisfaction afterwards, and some proposed that they should return a vote of thanks. One man, who had been speaking rather lightly of the meeting on the day before, recalled what he had said, observing, he was confident that ‘ no one there could help feeling the stillness and solemnity.’ We returned to Lynn, and there commenced the work of visiting the families of Friends. Your mother has a large proportion of this kind of service, and an old Friend remarked, he did not wonder that her Master kept her to it, she was so eminently qualified an instrument. A call we made a day or two ago corroborates the truth of this remark. We went into the house entire strangers, and when about to go, your mother having said some very close and striking things, the man begged leave to ask, in Scripture words, a single question :—‘ Sayest thou this of thyself, or did another tell it thee of me ?’ Being assured that she had no outward knowledge of them, that even their very name was yet unknown to her,—he answered, ‘ Well ! I am satisfied ; the visit is satisfactory.’”

am, I have yet no meat but to do my Master's will. Made a visit or two afterwards, while my dear husband had a public meeting, which brought a little light and peace.

3rd.—A meeting with the Friends at Lynn, for which I ought to be reverently thankful, and trust that He will not utterly forsake me. I was favoured to relieve my mind, and the power of truth opened our hearts toward each other.

Jonathan and Hannah C. Backhouse again separated for a short time; the former to attend the approaching Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, the latter to continue her labours in New England, under the kind and indulgent care of William and Anna Jenkins

13th.—Made a few visits. Moses Brown, in his ninety-fifth year, went with us.

17th.—Took a pleasant country ride with dear A. Jenkins. Went to the school in the evening, and gave the children a lecture on the Bible to stimulate them to study it: some comfort to me.

11th of 5th mo.—Attended a meeting appointed by Elizabeth Wing, a truly substantial Friend, of few words and much spiritual depth.

12th.—Meetings at Smithfield and Uxbridge. The day ended peacefully: I desire to be thankful for this calm.

13th.—Again yielded to visiting families, with less conflict than usual. Suffice it then perhaps to say, for the remainder of this week, that we visited family after family, and had four or five public meetings in the evenings, in a populous cotton-spinning neighbourhood. The Friends received us kindly, and the people heard us, I suspect, gladly; for they were very attentive. We lodged at several different houses; for our labours were spread over many square miles.

At Luke Aldridge's and Waldo Earl's, very agreeable resting-places. On First-day there was a large and general assemblage; but I felt it best to leave the meeting to my dear husband, and went off to a small one at Meudon, where some poor souls, I believe, were comforted. During these visits we have had the valuable company of Mary Allen, a minister, a woman of judgment, talent, and principle. Had a pretty good meeting among Friends, and another at a town near.

No wonder that I am kept so poor, for if a gleam of light and comfort comes across my mind, it so renovates the whole frame, that I am ready to think all things possible. I was marvellously helped through this meeting, and the people seemed remarkably ready to receive the word spoken. Next morning made a few calls, and my dear husband joined us in the evening.

6th mo.—Went to Providence to attend the funeral of Dr. Toby's wife. A large number of the inhabitants were present, and a solemn meeting it was. Pleasant to find ourselves at William Jenkins', and enjoy their company and the comforts of their house, after some days spent in almost Indiana fashion. How the things here make me turn my mind to my own dear home! A piece of well-cooked wholesome meat is an indulgence you are not yet fully aware of.

Home *people* and home *things*, like the flesh-pots of Egypt, do not soon lose their charms: how often I think of them and dream of them! perhaps go further! Had I not a companion to whom I am really attached, this travel would have sometimes seemed to me almost insupportable.

Second-day.—A meeting at Freetown, and most comfortably lodged at David Shove's. I have not seen a house since we have been in America, the order of which so much reminded me of my dear mother's—a place for everything and everything in its place, and uncommonly nice,—temporals and spirituals remarkably combined. Mary Shove and her agreeable husband went with us the next morning, to Taunton, where we had a meeting with a few scattered Friends and their neighbours, and in the evening a very large one. At Fall river we attended a meeting appointed by John Warren, a Friend from the eastern part of New England. It was a treat to me to hear him and remain silent. Satisfied with proposing to the Friends the holding of a First-day school, in which John Warren very much united. Went on next day to Tiverton, at another meeting of his. Came to Edward Wing's too weary for much exertion, and now with a broken axletree, we are kept on the road, affording the opportunity I have long wished for to write up this journal. Now I may describe the general features of the country we have been in, which is truly beautiful,—wood, water, hill and dale, under a beautifully clear atmosphere, have formed scenery in which

my eye has delighted, whilst my heart has been sad. The river that runs to Providence through Smithfield has many falls, and these are made use of to turn mill after mill for the spinning and weaving of cotton; so that the country is peopled by many manufacturers, an interesting class of people, whose ears are open to hear every new thing, and their understandings to examine them. I am glad of beauty anywhere—much I have seen and loved: but when may I retire to my own spot of earth, and my own *internal* dominion—to cultivate, and I trust enjoy it?

26th.—At George Howland's: Susan and myself occupied in making a clear statement of the plan of the [First-day] schools, and of the questions to be used in it. A book of directions, and questions such as Friends can fully approve, is much wanted, and I was glad to leave the carrying out of the plan in the hands of a valuable Friend, who is interested in the subject.*

28th.—An interesting call from the people whom it was my principal object to see at New Bedford.

1st of 7th mo.—We passed yesterday pretty comfortably. I reminded my old friends, among whom I have laboured, that darkness had gradually overspread the Christian world by looking to man, and that the seed of this error had early taken root, which called for the reproof of the Apostle,—“I am of Paul, I of Apollos,” &c. * * * *

J. and H. C. Backhouse now quitted this scene of prolonged and arduous labour, and turned towards Canada. Arrived at New York, the latter writes:—

New York, 3rd.—At the Monthly Meeting, I ventured into the men's meeting, to propose the First-day school being under the care of a committee of the Monthly Meeting. * * * * O may I be preserved, moving only in my right allotment, in advocating a means of Scriptural instruction, which I cannot doubt has at different times had the Divine sanction upon it!

* The compilation here referred to was made and printed in Philadelphia in 1834, under the title of “Scriptural Questions for the use of Schools.”

CHAPTER XI.

VOYAGE UP THE HUDSON RIVER—ENTERS CANADA—YONGE STREET,
YORK—MEETING WITH THE GARRISON—E. P. KIRKBRIDE'S ILL-
NESS—NORWICH—SETTLEMENT OF DIFFERENCES.

9th of 7th mo.—Henry Hull's wife took us eight miles, a hilly and beautiful ride, to the Friends' school at Nine Partners,—the Ackworth of New York Yearly Meeting,—it was a committee meeting. I examined the children in their knowledge of Scripture, which was very deficient. A few weeks ago *three whole* copies of Scriptures were all that were to be found in the institution; lately, at the instigation of a Friend, five more have been introduced. Surely the duty of being acquainted with the Scriptures has not stood in the place it ought, and the neglect of those writings which testify of Jesus, that "He is the Christ, the son of the living God," has laid the foundation in a great degree for the unsound doctrines which have been so lamentably prevalent in this country. I think the feeling in a district thus poisoned is something similar to being in a slave State—the oppression of the enemy under a different form. We lodged under the agreeable roof of Isaac and Anna Thorn, and after breakfast, in a very solemn manner, he supplicated for us and for our children, and our safe return to them.

14th.—A very large meeting at Troy, altogether one to be thankful for; many spoke affectionately to us afterwards.

Lansingburgh. 15th.—Another public meeting, which left me poor, and how many I made rich, questionable. My dear husband had also a meeting at a village, close by.

FROM JONATHAN BACKHOUSE.

Lansingburgh, 16th of 7th mo., 1833.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

Whilst on our voyage from New York to Albany I longed for you to enjoy the magnificent scenery which the Hudson river discloses to view. It is a noble stream of one or two miles in width, running through a deep valley; lofty banks ornamented with wood, neat farm-houses, gentlemen's seats, and pleasant villages interspersed; the cliffs in some places bold and precipitous, and for five or six miles the basaltic rocks are almost perpendicular; they are 594 feet high, and are called the Balustrades. We left New York on the 4th, came forty-five miles by water to Peekskill, had a meeting there that evening, and on Sixth-day we proceeded by steam-boat to Poughkeepsie, forty miles further; passing through what are termed the Highlands, mountains close to the river, rising boldly from the margin to 1,500 feet in height.

The tide flows 160 miles from the sea to Albany. This city is the capital of New York State, the seat of government,—a fine town containing 20,000 inhabitants. The City Hall is a noble building.

We return to the journal:—

17th.—Rose early and went to the Springs [Saratoga], the pleasantest mineral water I ever tasted, highly saline and impregnated with fixed air. * * * * It is curious to see the water springing up out of a conical rock about three feet high.*

18th.—A beautiful ride to a meeting six miles off; the

* From E. P. Kirkbride:—"We spent a day or two at Saratoga Springs, and had a large and memorable meeting there. Some Jews were present. Before leaving, your dearest mother took a few tracts into the drawing-room, saying she wished to give them to the Jews. I was afraid they would not be well received; but they appeared quite pleased with the attention: indeed there was so great a demand for them, she very soon got rid of all she had."

Motts and other Friends kindly accompanied us. The poor Friends appeared very glad to see us: they are left few in number, their meetings having been so desolated by Hicksism.

A long ride to John's Town, where a meeting of many hundreds was at an hour's notice assembled.

21st.—Attended the small meeting of Friends at Utica, and a time of refreshment it proved to *me*, and I believe to the little flock.*

25th.—A cordial reception, and a meeting in the Presbyterian meeting-house at Auburn, proved a confirmation of faith that was at a low ebb.

27th.—Visited the prison at Auburn. The prisoners, 700 or 800, at breakfast. Afterwards went to see them work. The order and excellence of the regulations were very interesting. Finding no opportunity for religious communication could be had with them in the week, too hastily gave it up, and went on to Scipio; but my mind was so burdened that we returned to Auburn, and next morning, at half-past six, after they had breakfasted, had a very interesting opportunity with them. Then went to our two appointed meetings near Scipio, which were got through comfortably; many Hicksites present, and many Gospel truths declared. Lodged at the very comfortable abode of Humphrey Howland.

29th.—Called on an interesting family, great botanists, who had many flowers in their garden, and on Susannah Marriot, an English maiden dame of very good repute for sense, benevolence, and sound faith. * * * *

We are truly in a magnificent country, the energy of its inhabitants marked by rapid improvements, and already excellent towns and villages prove that no tithes, no war debts to pay, and no feudal tenures, are a marvellous relief to the land. One thing I often remark,—that the courteousness of the mass of the inhabitants is greatly superior to that of the English, less noisy speaking, fewer vulgar tones and accents.

4th of 8th mo.—Inexpressibly fearful of another meeting appointed at Ithaca this evening; my faith renewed, and my

* Of this meeting E. P. K. writes:—"Your dearest mother dwelt with unusual power and clearness on doctrinal points, and we were told afterwards that a Hicksite minister who had been zealously promulgating their views was present."

body with it strengthened in a meeting with some nice Friends and others at Hector, and in the evening a very large meeting at Ithaca, and one of the most satisfactory I have often had. The Baptist minister afterwards publicly asked, if we would not have another meeting and religious opportunity in his family, which my husband declined. Verily I think the world is fast acknowledging our principles, or they would not listen so attentively. In a few places they refuse women's preaching; yet it is but rarely they do so; the ministers are too dependent upon the people, and the people receive it [women's preaching] willingly.

6th.—Rode to Farmington; a hard day's work; some exercise of mind and travelling many miles over a bad road. A violent thunderstorm, in which a tree was struck half-a-mile from the place where we took shelter.

7th.—A large meeting in the morning in the Friends' Meeting-house, many Friends and others present. I was helped out of much weariness to preach the Gospel. Kindly entertained at Asa Smith's.

8th.—Caleb Macumber, an interesting and original character, and admirable minister, was with us: his kindness and sympathy have been truly valuable to me. He is a man of strong natural sense and full of pithy anecdotes; roughness itself in exterior; under other circumstances, Johnson or Parr would not have outdone him. A Friend of his meeting said he frequently speaks, but he never knew two sermons at all similar. I thought of my dear father, whom he was not wholly unlike in countenance. Speaking of ministry and his own experience, he said, "I should be ready to question its authority if the same thing occurred again;" but all are not to expect that newness of idea is always to accompany newness of life.

12th.—At Rochester, a very large meeting in the Methodist Meeting-house. Hardly alive, from fatigue; but the meeting, I believe, not injured by it.

14th.—Went on to Hartas Hedley's at Wheatland, one of the most agreeable Friends' meetings I have been at.

17th.—Another large meeting at Rochester. If I had more satisfactorily taken leave of our kind young hosts, I think I should have left Rochester with a light heart.

23rd.—Arrived at Niagara just before sunset, and in time

for a view of the Falls from the Table rock, and by moonlight also.*

24th.—Seeing the Falls all day from both sides.

29th.—Rose early and arrived in time for the Select Meeting in Yonge Street. In bed the rest of the day: found a kind and helpful friend in Margaret Wright.

1st of 9th mo., *First-day*.—Too ill to go to meeting. I somewhat enjoyed the rest from labour; yet illness with poor accommodation at such a distance from home is no small trial.

2nd.—Made one call in the evening. Had the children together for the sake of Bible instruction.

3rd.—Took leave of our kind friends, made a call or two on our way, and came to Whitchurch. Attended their meeting: felt very weak and poorly, but had the children together on Bible instruction in the evening.

8th.—A morning of trial: my heart is sore: some little refreshment in the meeting with Friends. Afterwards went to David's Town, to visit a people that had separated from Friends under David Wilson, whose principles and practices appear to be of the worst kind. Several hundreds came to the meeting.

11th.—Made more visits, one on David Wilson. Thought of what Paul said to Elymas, and partly repeated it. Came to James Pearson's pretty peacefully.

12th.—Attended the Monthly Meeting, perhaps I may say had some good service therein, particularly about establishing First-day schools.

* *Of this occasion her companion writes:—*

"On our way to Canada we spent a few days at the falls of Niagara, and I shall not soon forget the lively interest which thy dear mother manifested in this truly sublime and wonderful spectacle; it seemed so adapted to the depth and breadth of her capacious and powerful understanding. But she was not idle even here. Several meetings for worship were held with the motley groups who frequent these spots of interest: some of them were favoured seasons. She had no idea of pleasure in opposition to duty; but when she could combine the two things, as in the present instance, no one could have a keener relish for innocent enjoyment.

Looking habitually through nature up to nature's God, the language of her spirit seemed to be—

"Thus wondrous fair,
Thyself how wondrous then."

15th.—Two good meetings ; one with the Friends of Yonge Street, and another, a full one, with the people. A bright gleam afterwards, but paying a visit in the impatience to get done brought a cloud over my mind and was too much for my strength.

23rd.—Fourteen miles of very rough travel, and a most beautifully fine day we had for it ; but felt it a close trial to be thus sent into the woods and again to have to put up my curtain in a log cabin.

24th.—Left my dear husband at York [now more generally known by the name of Toronto], to attend meetings in the neighbourhood. Before we parted I felt bound on bended knee to beg preservation, craving that if for the sake of the souls of men we were to be separated, we might walk worthy of our high vocation. These are trials, but all must again and again be given up.

* * * * *

27th.—An interesting reading meeting with some young men Friends. The reading of the day, Samuel Neale's journal in America, suited my poor tried soul. In the afternoon, another meeting in the Methodist meeting-house, much more relieving than the last ; but it is a place in which there seems much in array against vital religion. Afterwards went to see some poor children of the neighbourhood, among whom the young men hope to establish a First-day school.

York, 29th.—Yesterday was a trial of faith [alluding to her concern for holding a meeting with the soldiers of the garrison]. The commanding officer gave me leave to have a meeting with as many of the garrison as wished to come, and was himself present. It was truly an awful engagement but it ended to my relief. The Commander afterwards expressed his satisfaction, as did many of the officers and their wives. I endeavoured to make no more of my feelings than I could help, but this engagement did cost me something. To preach Christianity faithfully among soldiers and not offend did seem difficult ; but I may thankfully say I was helped to do it. We returned from the barracks about six o'clock, and after tea Isaac Hammer spent an hour or two very pleasantly with us.

29th.—Took the steam-boat to Hamilton ; but my mind, though not sorely distressed as it had sometimes been on

similar occasions, had not sufficient evidence of being right, thoroughly to enjoy the interesting letters from home which had been put into my hands upon going on board. A little more patience, and I believe I should have had a very peaceful release.

31st.—Quite ill in the morning—a very severe headach—low in mind. Ventured to appoint a meeting in the evening, which was satisfactory, and my poor soul was cheered.

4th of 11th mo.—A long ride over very bad roads in the dark, to a house in which the accommodation was very low ; for, oh ! to sleep in a small room—men, women, and children—is oppressive ; especially when body, soul, and spirit seem all in like condition.

6th.—Turned back six miles to hold a meeting at Levi Wilson's, which was a large and very satisfactory one, bringing some light and peace into my mind, encouraging to do what my hands find to do.

8th.—Went to a meeting appointed near ; night dark and rainy ; my mind has not often been more enlarged on gospel truths, nor have I felt more ability to declare them.

12th.—In the afternoon had several children collected, who took much interest about the First-day school.

The following are extracts from letters written at this time :—

TO HER SON HENRY.

We are again going from log-cabin to log-cabin, and seeing multitudes of unlettered children. We have felt unusually interested about them, in a little meeting near this place, in which I think there must be a hundred, in not much more than ten families. *You* have indeed great advantages : most of these poor children can barely read intelligibly, and are very ignorant of the Scriptures. They are many of them very good-looking, with fine curly hair and bright black eyes ; hands as brown as an Indian's, feet bare, and of the same complexion. I am persuaded there is a labour for the mind that as much conduces to its health, as labour for the body ; but there may be too much, which only makes it weak. I have always desired

for thee, my dear child, that thou mayest be industrious, but I have never wished thee to overwork thyself. Some can bear more personal exertion than others; and so it is with the mind: if we do our share according to our abilities, it is all that can be expected of us, and we need not fret ourselves because those of stronger power can do more; for surely, though learning is desirable, well-regulated dispositions of mind are more so.

TO THE SAME.

I am glad you are so comfortable at school, and have such a kind master and mistress. Dost thou ever bring her any flowers out of thy garden? Little attentions of that kind are pleasing, and show gratitude for greater kindnesses. I have always liked the story of Fido, in *Evenings at Home*. Little things may often bring very important consequences. "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the man was lost,"—so poor Richard says. We must be careful of little things; it is the pence that make the pound. So I hope thou wilt begin by doing right in little things, and greater will follow. I consider dress to be a little thing, and yet our appearance altogether has a decided effect on the mind and character. If we attend too much to it, it makes us trifling, and if too little, disorderly and disagreeable; so I hope thou wilt keep the happy medium.

TO HER YOUNGEST SON.

Norwich, 12th of 11th mo., 1833.

* * * * I am glad grandmamma gave thee a plane. I used to be very fond of using carpenter's tools, and I should like my little son (though I suppose he has grown a tall boy now), to be able to use them well. We never can tell what may be our allotment in life, and knowledge of all kinds we one time or other generally find a use for. I should like thee to read the story of the gentleman and the basket-maker, in *Sandford and Merton*; I have sometimes been reminded of it since I came into this country, or rather the rougher parts of it. In *Philadelphia* and the

great towns we live much as we do in England ; but here we had much better know how to *cut down* a tree than to *draw* it most beautifully.

Dear “papa” left us two weeks ago, and I have not heard if he attended Carolina Yearly Meeting. I hope he may be back again shortly. I think of you night and day, and do feel it a very, very long absence ; but I believe it my duty yet to be here ; so if we all try to do right, I hope some day we may all be happy together again. We travel over very rough roads ; but if we remain much longer in this part of the country, we hope to have sleighing, which will make it much easier to get along, but I should be glad to be excused from spending a winter in Canada. I do not like Canada so well as the United States, though they are much alike ; yet there does not seem quite the same energy among the inhabitants, and more poor-looking people in the great towns, in consequence of the numbers of Irish that come over in great wretchedness.

We have met some Indians on the road with their blankets on their shoulders. I missed seeing those Indians who have been under the care of Peter Jones ; but I held a meeting in the log-house of his father, who has obtained a large tract of land by marrying four Indian wives. * * * *

Farewell, my very dear child. I am glad to hear that thou art a good boy, and I hope thou wilt continue to be so.

Thy very affectionate mother,

H. C BACKHOUSE.

TO HER DAUGHTERS.

I am pleased you like attending the Yearly Meeting : let us take home all that belongs to us, and leave the rest. * * * *

I advise you not to perplex yourselves about the various views of right and wrong in things not immediately your own business : study to be quiet and to mind that, and then, after much experience, your senses may be exercised to discern between good and evil in things relating to others. But it is generally safest, especially in early life, to form no judgment on things that do not especially concern us.

To — —.

* * * * Though much suffering has been my portion in this land, I have to acknowledge many mercies; and many hours in which the truths and joys of Christianity have been sealed more deeply on my mind than at any other period of my life. Domestic life appears to be sometimes almost too great a comfort to be allowed in this world; so long separated from it, I may forget that *it* also has its toils, trials, and temptations. * * * *

It is very trying to me to be so unusually detained from place to place; it brings mind and body low, I can assure you; but I feel so peaceful after my day's work this evening, that I am again willing to cast myself, my cares, and all that is dearest to me, on Him, who we may surely acknowledge has cared for us, and leave our times in his hands, trusting that He will be pleased to order all things rightly. It is no small trial to be again without your dear father; but I have often thought that if we are not separated *now*, he will have to come back and finish his work when mine is over. If we follow in faith we must not regard anything before the voice of our Master, trusting that He will not put upon us a burden which He will not enable us to bear.

To return to the journal.

13th.—The Monthly Meeting [of Norwich]. In that for discipline my school business was introduced. Wearied as I am with a tale so often told, the manner of its reception and the feeling that accompanies it sometimes surprises me. Perhaps these schools may be the most lasting fruit of my toils! I also mentioned my view of visiting families, which was very cordially received.

24th, *First-day*.—A good meeting in the morning and one in the evening at the Methodist meeting-house. My soul enjoyed light and peace this day.

1st of 12th mo.—Paid a visit to the school, which was cheering, and the children said their lessons with spirit.

Leaving Norwich, they travelled in waggons to

Burford. Here H. C. Backhouse parted with her kind companion and elder, James Brown, his health not permitting him to bear the hardships and difficulties they had to encounter.

4th.—A small meeting with the Indians at Captain Brant's* an Indian chief. Afterwards decided to hold another meeting at Brantford, which was a comfortable one, bringing light and peace into my poor soul that had had little of it many days. Too hastily appointed a meeting at Mount Pleasant.

5th.—This meeting one of the most trying to my deeply-tried mind. After sitting some time in silence I ventured to kneel down; but this not relieving me, I yielded to a previous suggestion to break up the meeting and appoint one for the evening. It was a close trial: possibly I might have spoken and finished with the place, bad or good, but I have a dread of going too far and not preaching in the *life*. Oh, that I might be able to hit the mark in this most important office of a gospel minister, and know the time of silence as well as that of speech!† In the evening many came.

9th.—Ready to faint under the trial and exercise of the day, and as dear E. K. was too ill to accompany me, I took a woman who was sewing at the inn with me in our waggon. It was a meeting which very much relieved my mind, and brought that ray of light and peace into my soul, for the love of which great are the hardships and trials I endure.

10th.—My mind not being free from the place we were in, we remained another day. The dirt of the house (an inn)

* Captain Brant was chief of the Mohicans, and his mother Queen of the tribe. She had in her possession a service of plate given to her ancestors by our Queen Anne, which she took great pleasure in showing to her guests.

† *From a letter written about this time to her mother :—*

“Feeling the imperfection of my own works, I comfort myself in believing that there are few if any who are much engaged, who do not sometimes miss their way either in going too far or in holding too much back; and I have sometimes thought in the solemn duty of prayer, we may not be the least easily misled by mistaking the good will, which perhaps the sensible influence of good brings into the heart, for a commission vocally to approach the throne of grace.”

was not little, and the provisions so bad that we could hardly find food enough to support our strength. Dear E. K. well enough to sit up, and together we looked over our clothes, mended many a tatter, and put on many a string.

The meeting this evening pretty well attended, and I have no doubt was a favoured one. It was rather trying to me to begin with the words "Wine is a mocker," &c.

11th.—Glad to leave our disagreeable inn. We went on six miles to Vittoria, where a meeting had been appointed the day before. We were at a more comfortable inn, and had an eatable dinner. My dear friend ventured out to the meeting, which was a very large, and I believe a good one; renewing my faith that it must be the Lord's, not my doing, and therefore only let me suffer till it is his will to say, "It is enough."

15th.—Dear E. K. very ill. It did seem a fearful responsibility, thus exposing her delicate frame. With our blankets and sheets I got a good bed made up in a room with a loom in it. I left her for a meeting, which was largely attended, and a good one I believe it was.

17th.—Travelled fifteen miles through the snow. Glad we were to have something to smooth the jolts, which the day before had been almost intolerable. However we arrived at the end of the day at a dirty tavern, where it was determined that John Palmer and George should go on to Norwich for a covered sleigh, and send some friends to us.

18th.—Left to ourselves in this poor place; however with one comfort—a fire and a room to ourselves; and way rather remarkably opening, we had a considerable meeting in the evening at our inn.

24th.—Weather very stormy, and feeling unwell, determined to stay the day. In the morning I catechised the children. I believe a little pains bestowed is of great value to these inhabitants of the wilderness, who are so largely partaking of the consequences of the fall. The children seemed much pleased with the instruction, and at least a good copy of the scriptures will, I hope, be the consequence of our visit—they had not a whole one.

25th.—Oh how I longed to spend this day in some accordance with my inclinations! but the past must not

interfere with the present. Press onwards, and then I hope we shall enter into the rest the soul so often pants for in this scene of labour and of pain. After taking leave of our kind friends, travelled over a rough road to Jeremiah Moore's, who received us very kindly. A large company of young people were there. As there was an opening for a meeting, we embraced it, and hoped it might be profitable to some. In the morning a number of young people were gathered together, and I introduced Scripture instruction among them, with which they seemed much pleased. Afterwards had a very good sitting in the family, which is an interesting one—the only remnant of a small meeting who had not gone off with the Hicksites. Among the young there seemed real sensibility.

7th of 1st mo.—Went to Catfish, to an evening meeting; the weather very stormy; hard to leave dear E. K. so poorly; but she encouraged me to do it, and the night being very dark, I lodged there. Truly I felt my faith was tried in going without any female companion. I was inexpressibly low, both mind and body, before meeting; but afterwards had one of those blessed gleams of light and peace that allayed all my fears for myself and others, and gave me the hope of preservation and final deliverance out of all our sore privations, dangers, and difficulties.

9th.—Went twenty miles with a female Friend and child, whom I picked up, to a meeting in the woods. After my long ride, kindly received by some Methodists, who gave us tea and buckwheat cake. A little food coming in this way is often more refreshing to a poor weary traveller than the daintiest morsel to the rich and full: this was my dinner. We then went to the meeting, which I believe was an authorised one. The poor inhabitants of the very wilderness seemed quite tender-hearted towards me. Here also I found a *ci-devant* Friend. I felt interested for him, for the heart of a Friend seemed in him. His wife looked of the careless daughters—little to help him; but I might be mistaken. I took leave of my Methodist friends, who wished me well.

12th.—A large satisfactory meeting in the Methodist meeting-house, on the road to London. Dined with a young man who lived with John Budge, in Cornwall, and knew my Cornish friends.

13th.—Went to John Moore's, and called on a family where a young woman was fast going in consumption. Although I had for some time past been desiring to see her, I hesitated, knowing her to be of a strong Hicksite family; but now the opportunity offering I thought I must embrace it, and on sending a message to say if it would be agreeable I would call on her, I found the poor girl had been so desirous of seeing me that her parents had been thinking of sending for me. We had a precious opportunity together; her countenance was quite animated when I came into the room, and I have not often been more sensible of a holy influence than over the spirit of that young woman.

16th.—Left the Widdifields', where for two weeks we had received much kindness.

20th.—Went to see the prisoners in the gaol in the morning, and to a meeting in the evening a few miles off.

21st.—Took leave of John Palmer, who had been most kindly with us for many weeks past, and a true help and comfort.

23rd.—With a burdened mind, we went on to Oxford, thirty miles, to a meeting I had ventured to appoint there. Here we met Adam Stover, who had come from Norwich to fill John Palmer's place, and afterwards Justice Wilson, his wife and daughter, kindly came out to see us. The meeting was a pretty good one, but I felt the time was not ripe for it.

24th.—A trying night, going back was so before me, and now the opportunity offering; employing A. S. and T. W. in giving notice for meetings, one with the coloured people again, and another on the way back. I felt pretty peaceful. Dined at the inn in London, and should have done more wisely had I followed a secret check that was given to stay there all night.

25th.—Went further on than last time in the black settlement called Wilberforce; had a much more satisfactory meeting, many more were present, and I became better acquainted with the state of things among them: felt a ray of peace after it.

26th.—Remarkably stormy day, wind and snow in abundance. But, a meeting being appointed at Westminster, twelve miles off, we went and found the house nearly full.

6th of 2nd mo.—Came back to Norwich. Pleasant to be among our friends again.

9th.—The neighbours invited to our meeting in the morning, and a good one it was. Saw a few First-day scholars, and attended a meeting in the woods, the log school-house crowded.

13th.—Much discourse on differences. Had an interview with the opposite parties, which ended comfortably.

17th.—Not easy without seeing some Friends together, in reference to the sad question of boundary lines. Way opened for it, and I had a very satisfactory conference with the few Friends collected, who signed the paper that I hope in time may settle all their differences.

This wish was fulfilled, and it seems that H. C. Backhouse's mediation was the means of settling a long-existing difference among Friends of this place, relative to the boundary lines of different properties.

19th.—We returned to the Stover's, and read a package of sixteen letters, a good account of our dear family, but felt much the intelligence of the death of my dear cousin Rachel Pease. There are few whose friendship I have valued more for a long course of years.

2nd of 3rd mo.—Took tea at John Hill's, and heard his wife relate an interesting story of the preservation of herself and her father's family in the midst of a very severe famine. When their stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and a poor little half-starved pig, which was their only remaining means of support, had been killed, all hope of relief seemed to be lost. Then occurred a most remarkable circumstance: every morning a pigeon came and settled upon the paling in front of the house; this they shot, and it formed their only provision for the whole day. For fourteen days their wants were supplied in the same manner by the daily arrival of another pigeon, always perching on the same spot. In the spring, after the melting of the snow, there was a most plentiful supply of strawberries, larger than had ever been

known before. She touchingly described her father's visits as he went round every night after they were in bed, and kissed each of his children, expecting nothing but death.

To ———

Stamford, 14th of 3rd mo., 1834.

I have as usual been very industrious, in no large tract of country; however, I have come on rather faster than usual, and must do so to get to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. I have held some very interesting meetings, and received many marks of kindness from others besides Friends.

We were the other day in a Mennonist settlement: these people live very much to themselves, and are esteemed in their neighbourhood as honest, respectable people. They bear a testimony against oaths and war. I felt the idea of this meeting not a little, and sat in it some time in great fear; but it was, I think, comfortably got through. An old elder, whose countenance and appearance was very like that of a Friend, told me he was glad I came, he hoped I should do them good. * * * *

I was interested in reading last evening, for the first time, the alterations in our Queries and Advices. I cannot but think in the main it is a great improvement in the style and manner of the thing, but I was glad to see the substance so much the same.

The journal continues—

16th, *First-day*.—Meeting at Queenstown in the morning, and at Stamford in the evening, both interesting. Took tea with Dr. Mewburn, a brother of Francis Mewburn, where we met some of the gentry of the neighbourhood. Being First-day evening, the Doctor proposed reading the Bible, inviting me to service afterwards. These are trying positions, but it was in accordance with my feelings, and it proved a satisfactory termination to the day's labour.

21st.—Had the comfort of again meeting my dear husband, and having our anxieties respecting each other set at rest.

Jonathan Backhouse had been spending some weeks in Ohio and Indiana, attending meetings which he and his wife had not visited in the winter of 1830-31. He travelled principally on horseback, over roads which the hard frozen mud often rendered difficult and almost dangerous ; but his courage and perseverance were not easily daunted. In crossing the Ohio when it was covered with floating masses of ice, he describes being landed on one of them, and having to step from one to another until he reached the opposite shore. He held many meetings among Friends and others ; one at Columbus, Ohio, where the legislature was sitting, was, he writes, a “ favoured occasion.”

In the course of this journey, he writes as follows :—

I am truly glad the slavery question has so far satisfactorily issued ; I hope nothing will interrupt its progress and operation, till all shall be set free. The more slavery is known the more it will appear in its true and horrible colours. * * * * I see enough to make me thankful that our country has so energetically pursued the subject, till they have brought it to the verge of final extinction. The other day, walking on the banks of a little brook that runs into Ohio, [in Virginia], I came up with a group of slaves encamped, and a quarter of a mile further, with 200 men, women and children, who had been bought, and were waiting a steam-boat to take them into Missouri, to find a market. The men were chained to each other, and the women looked wretched ; the children many of them seemed most unconscious of the sorrows that awaited them. I longed to say a word of comfort to them, I did to some of them, and also spoke to their master ; but I found him very difficult to approach on the subject, and all that seemed left for me to do was to express the desire I felt that he might so remember to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly, that in a day to come nothing might rise in condemnation against him. He seemed a little softened, and we parted under kind feelings ;

but oh, the darkness that covers the land, and the gross darkness the hearts of the people on this affecting subject! May He who can turn the heart as the water brook, so arise and subdue all things to Himself, that every bond may be broken, and the oppressed set free.

To return to the Journal.—

22nd.—Dear E. K. so ill with the exposure yesterday, that I left her in bed and took tea with a friend in the town who had been very kind to my dear husband and interested himself much about our meeting: indeed he and John Hill had gone through perils, in consequence of the state of the roads and the difficulties of crossing the river, in order to accomplish it.

23rd.—A formidable day to me; the sitting with the little company of Friends at the widow Evans', who possibly most of them had but little of their profession left, was reviving, and in the evening the meeting was very large, and I believe to many satisfactory; though, perhaps, I was more encouraged from what I heard than from what I felt.

2nd of 4th mo.—Took leave of our friends; had the comfort of believing that our visit, with all its blunders, had been a refreshment to them, and went on to Shelby, over a road more than commonly bad. Rather late at the week-day meeting there, but some I hope were helped by the visit. Had a meeting in the town. Trying to flesh and blood to be out on bad roads in a dark night. William Haines drove me in his waggon, and we reached our home in safety.

3rd.—Went on towards Rochester. Left Rochester with a peaceful mind, and with fine weather and tolerable roads we arrived just in time for a meeting appointed at Farmington, twenty miles off, in the afternoon. What I expressed was so pointed almost at an individual, that I was fearful of being mistaken; but a Friend afterwards came to me and said it was what they wanted.

9th.—By great exertion reached Scipio just as Friends were in the act of appointing representatives. I was most kindly welcomed by them, and we had a nice refreshing time

together. Nobody can tell how undeserving I feel of such a welcome.

10th.—Quarterly Meeting interesting and pleasant, but marred by the false calculations of others that we could not get to the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting without leaving before the usual meeting for worship next day. My mind did not seem prepared to leave, and reason struggled against faith for some time. At last, yielding to my feelings, we lodged at Augustus Howland's and ventured to the meeting next morning, and amply repaid I was. Oh, the difference between a light heart and a burdened one! We then proceeded, helped by our kind friends the Howlands to Skineatilis to an appointed meeting in the Methodist meeting-house. I was afraid that my strength would have given way after a hard travel over very rough roads, but it was renewed, and we had a large meeting with the inhabitants, which I did not regret holding.

Here ended the visit to Canada, which was, perhaps, the most trying part of the American journey. The habits of the people in a newly-settled country, the want of accommodation, and sometimes even of proper food, amounted often to real hardship; but the absence of mental cultivation was perhaps the greatest privation. Meetings were held night after night, and, persevering over roads that seemed almost impassable, and in weather which it was thought dangerous to encounter, she would go forth in faith, when the eager gatherings, the attentive listening, and the warm shake of the hand afterwards, shewed how cordially the Gospel message was received by these poor inhabitants of the wilderness. Thus heart-gladdened, she went on her way rejoicing; and her companion has graphically described how she watched for her return from these expeditions, and how delightful it was to her to hear the jingling sound of the sleigh-bells and to welcome the beaming countenance of her beloved friend.

"Surely," writes E. P. Gurney, "there is no stronger evidence of the transforming power of Divine grace having made her what she was, than that which is furnished by the remarkable manner in which she was brought, in submission to the cross of Christ, to renounce those high feelings which belong to the 'wild nature,' and in this childlike state yield her whole heart to love and sympathy ; so that the theme of her after life was, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill to men,' loving the Lord her God with all the strength of her naturally powerful affections, and her neighbour as herself I well remember," continues E. P. Gurney, "being gently corrected by her once for saying (when exposed in our journey together to constant intercourse with fresh persons) that I did long to get out of the way of human beings, I was so tired of seeing new faces every day. She first smiled at my naughtiness, and then directed my attention to that beautiful description of our Saviour, under the character of Wisdom, in the eighth chapter of Proverbs. I can even now, at the distance of eighteen years, see her countenance beaming with pleasure as I read the latter part. 'Then I was by Him as one brought up with Him, and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before Him, rejoicing in the habitable parts of the earth, and my delights were with the sons of men.'"

CHAPTER XII.

MEETS HER HUSBAND AT ALBANY—PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING—
 JONATHAN BACKHOUSE ATTENDS THAT FOR VIRGINIA—HOPE OF
 RETURN HOME DISAPPOINTED—INDIANA YEARLY MEETING—NORTH
 CAROLINA—JONATHAN BACKHOUSE RETURNS TO ENGLAND—SOUTH
 CAROLINA—TENNESSEE—KENTUCKY—CINCINNATI—OHIO YEARLY
 MEETING—LIBERATION—TAKES LEAVE OF HER FRIENDS IN PHILA-
 DELPHIA—VOYAGE HOME—ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

16th.—We arrived at Albany about three o'clock at a large inn, and asking if a gentleman of the name of Backhouse* was there, soon found my dear husband had just arrived before us. It was very pleasant to meet thus opportunely; and leaving George and the horses to come by another conveyance, we took the steam-boat to New York. The beautiful north river was soon hid by the shades of night, and we, placed in our berths to exist till morning. Forgetfulness overtook me, a comfort I could greatly crave in any watery passage. The fogs of the morning disappointed us, and prevented our taking the boat to Philadelphia early in the morning. The road from Syracuse (called the Cherry Valley road,) runs through some of the most beautiful parts of the State of New York. The land mostly in cultivation, sufficiently interspersed with the old forests of the country to give its mountains and valleys a magnificent appearance. I was particularly pleased with the little lake Canadaigua and the town near it that bears the same name. Indeed, the upper part of the State of New York will, I believe, soon vie in the beauty and magnificence, both of art and nature, with anything in the world. All seems flourishing about it, and the sense of progression gives to all the scenes of this country great animation.

Philadelphia, 26th. — This is probably the last Yearly Meeting I shall ever attend in this interesting city, which, if my lot were to be cast in any other part of the world than where it has been, I should prefer for a residence.

* In the interval between their last meeting and the present, Jonathan Backhouse had been travelling in Canada.

Leaving his wife in Philadelphia, Jonathan Backhouse, in company with Israel Morris and several other Friends, proceeded to Summerton, where the Yearly Meeting for Virginia was held.*

“On the First-day previous,” he writes “the multitude was so large that the meeting for worship was held under the shade of two large oaks close by. Towards the close, I turned round and addressed a large company of coloured people. The Friends here, though few, hold a very important place as advocates of the free coloured people. One of the worst features of slavery is the sale of the children, which is a very frequent occurrence, torn from their parents and sent into the Southern States, where probably they are never seen or heard of more by each other. They sell them, too, by weight,—six or eight dollars per pound! It is horrible to think of; yet I hope the day is drawing near when Virginia may become a *Free State*, and an increasing conviction prevails of the system being repugnant to the Gospel, though I fear not to a degree that can justify the hope that the time is at hand when every bond shall be broken, and every captive set free.”

Jonathan Backhouse rejoined his wife at New York, when they attended the Yearly Meeting there.

TO HER MOTHER.

New York, 28th of 5th mo., 1834.

I expect we shall receive our certificates from the meeting to-morrow: the kindness and love of Friends is sweet, I desire not in any way to be caught by it. All that I seem most to crave now, is, that our path may be directed by that wisdom that is without the partiality induced by the bias of natural feelings. I am now in a position very difficult to escape from them. I desire to be satisfied as to the time of embarking, and to come home, feeling that it is my place to be there, or I know I could be no good or comfort to any one; but though I trust the time is approaching, I do not

* This Yearly Meeting is now merged in that held at Baltimore.

wish to set my heart upon it until it comes. The dear children's letters are very pressing, and all the wise counsellors think the time for return draws near; but there is One wiser than Daniel, and as it was by His counsel we came, so I trust it may be by His permission, if not command, we may return.

TO AMELIA OPIE.

New York, 2nd of 6th mo., 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thou canst hardly suppose the gratification thy truly kind attentions have given to me, and to many others also; the likenesses of those so dear to me, are valuable indeed; the mark of increasing maturity came very home to me, and truly the cry "Come back! come back!"* reached the inmost recesses of my heart, in the dawns too of faith and hope that the restoration of these precious gifts at the hands of Him from whom they were received, and for whose sake we believe they were left, is, at no remote, though not yet defined period, in reserve for us. To be restored to you all again in peace, is a hoped for (though I acknowledge an unmerited) mercy, for if one taste be given of those glories that shall hereafter be revealed, the sufferings of moments past are not worthy to be compared to them; and seeing how frailty, shortsightedness, and impatience were stamped upon them, we acknowledge that we are not worthy even that our lives should be given us for a prey, much less that the calming influences of the Holy Spirit should speak the language, "She has done what she could;" but as this language is not yet fully and intelligibly heard, that it may be yet patiently waited for is the daily desire of my heart.

19th of 7th mo.—I do trust, after so much of public life, some time of domestic comfort may be allowed us for the renovation of bodily and mental strength, and the right ordering of our worldly affairs; for I never was more persuaded that there is a time to keep silence as well as a time to speak, and that if this time be missed, the growth in grace is greatly

* Referring to the device on the seal—a guinea fowl crying "Come back."

injured, and that it is as difficult for those accustomed to speak, to discern this time, as it is for those not accustomed to it to know when to speak.

After attending the Yearly Meetings of New York and of New England, and holding several meetings in the latter province, Jonathan Backhouse returned to Virginia, whilst his wife visited several Quarterly Meetings in the State of New York. They worked hard during an intensely hot season, hoping that they might be permitted, after four years of arduous labour in America, to return to their home and family. But when the time, to which they had looked as the termination of their labours had arrived, they believed that further service was yet required at their hands. Again they surrendered all as a living sacrifice to their God, exhibiting in this, as well as on many other deeply proving occasions, the character ascribed to Levi in the blessings of Moses,—Deut. xxxiii. 8–11.

Exhausted by what she had gone through in coming to this decision, a little repose was now needful for H. C. Backhouse; and whilst her husband went forward to attend the Yearly Meeting of Ohio, she remained a few days at Bedford Springs, under the kind care of her friend Marmaduke Cope, and then, with restored health, travelled towards Indiana, with the view of attending the Yearly Meeting, Jonathan Backhouse joining her on the way.

On their arrival at Richmond they found a new trial awaiting them, in consequence of reports that had preceded them affecting the soundness of their views on some important points. On a full investigation of these charges they were of course found to be wholly groundless, and they were accordingly received by Friends of that Yearly Meeting with the utmost cordiality; all barriers were broken down, and they were enabled, in

the demonstration of the Spirit, to bear living testimonies to the truth as it is in Jesus. Alluding to these circumstances, H. C. Backhouse writes—

Though a jealousy was spread over the minds of many Friends on our account, all seemed done away in the end; and the affection manifested by hundreds on our taking leave at the close of the Yearly Meeting was very humbling and affecting. The most grateful speech to me was from a dear valuable friend, who came to the carriage after I had taken leave of her, saying, with tears in her eyes, “I do believe when thou gettest home all thy bonds will be burst.” This brought joy into my heart; for often have I been ready to fear this would never be my blessed experience.*

** Writing to J. and H. C. Backhouse's children, a Friend says:—*
“When I look at the benefits likely to result to our beloved Society from the labours of your parents, I feel thankful that they have been sent amongst us, and trust that their many trials and humiliations in the service of their Lord will to them be ‘an evident token for good,’ and that in time to come those who have reaped the benefit of their labours will arise and call them blessed. In the dissemination of Scriptural knowledge among the poor and ignorant in an especial manner—although their efforts have not been confined to those classes—their works will long be remembered with gratitude; their sympathies have been awakened peculiarly towards those who seemed to be forgotten, and the abodes of the unlettered and the needy have been visited and cheered, not only by their munificence in administering to their earthly wants, but in offering to their sin-sick souls the knowledge of a Saviour and a Redeemer, and placing within their reach the means of Bible instruction. It is not difficult to account for the ignorance prevailing in Canada, and in many parts of the United States, among the members of our religious Society. In newly settled countries, to obtain food and raiment is the primary object; schooling is very difficult, and the time even of children too important in daily business to admit of their being allowed to devote much time to books. People in remote situations generally, I believe, continue poor, or if otherwise, they have lost the taste and value for learning, in their strenuous efforts to obtain a living, and thus generation after generation, ignorance is perpetuated almost insensibly, after the causes which first produced it, have ceased to exist. To dispel this cloud which rested on many portions of the vineyard where your precious parents have been led, has been their peculiar business both as ministers and

Leaving Indiana, they steamed down the Ohio, and then, by a road cut for more than 100 miles on the sides of the Alleghany mountains, through scenery of rich magnificence, they entered North Carolina.

Greensborough, 31st of 10th mo., 1834.

* * * * We are surrounded with many blessings, and we ought to consider it one of the greatest that we are esteemed worthy to suffer in a cause that has eternal life for its end and object; but that the hour of suffering may pass from us is not an unhallowed desire, if it be accompanied with resignation. We have now been travelling some hundreds of miles through slave States. The distress of seeing these poor creatures on the road, just bought up by the slave-dealers, separated from the nearest relations of life, never more, in all probability, to be heard of again by them, is unspeakably great, although I believe there are many, especially the domestic slaves, well treated, and that even a pious care is often extended over them; yet the system is horrible. They are kept in as much ignorance and degradation as possible. Could you see what I see, and hear what I hear, you would not wonder that we are called to suffer as we do. No one that has not seen it *can* tell what slavery is.

TO JANE GURNEY.

Deep River, North Carolina, 14th of 11th mo., 1834.

I have been desiring to write to thee this last week, but great weariness of body and close engagement have prevented me. The Yearly Meeting ended comfortably, and we received the most cordial welcome from all. Nathan Hunt was very kind and fatherly, and expressed his belief that my coming here was on my journey heavenward. Nothing short of such a belief (in another form of words) would have

as members of our Society; they have endeavoured to diffuse, wherever they have been, gospel light; and whilst they have suffered, I doubt not, keenly in passing through a thirsty land, yet I do hope and believe they have been refreshed from season to season in watering others."

induced me to come. The desire of being again with you in peace, is almost continually with me so that I have found it more than usually hard work getting along without a murmuring spirit, but when my own mind sinks and I am ready to question the rectitude of all my steps, the encouragement of Friends is poured in upon me. Since the Yearly Meeting we have attended a Quarterly Meeting, and had a Friends' Meeting laid out for every day for two weeks after. This I thought a bold stroke, but so far it has answered. The meetings lie at no great distance, but more than one in the day is too much for me. My dear husband has left us to attend other meetings; we expect to meet him again at Nathan Hunt's next week. Last evening we had a great treat in being in the company of a sweet Friend, ninety-two years old, convinced of Friends' principles, or persuaded to embrace them, by Rachel Wilson. She is in perfect health of body—faculties remarkably bright, except the sense of hearing, which is considerably impaired—she spins and knits, and sews a great deal, never liking to be idle—she is a woman of excellent understanding, extremely neat in her person, and apparently in the enjoyment of perfect peace. Her description of her own state was that she felt “as easy as a little child,”—has not a pain by day, and sleeps well all night. If the end of all my labours might be such a state, surely it must be enough! This Friend has brought up a large family, and had her share of affliction in an intemperate husband; but it is said she was always in good humour with him. Towards the end of his life he reformed, and died a member of our society. It was sweet to me to see the delight she appeared to be to the household. She was living in her daughter's house, and the pride and pleasure of her grandchildren as well as children, who considered their house blessed by her presence.

Raleigh, 8th of 12th mo., 1834.

MY DEARLY BELOVED CHILDREN,

* * * * I met your dear father unexpectedly at Raleigh, the capital of this State. Here were assembled the

Governor, Senate and Commons, two Friends also, appointed by North Carolina Yearly Meeting, to present a petition for the repeal of the laws that prohibited slaves being taught to read or allowed to preach. On the way we had a meeting, in a place where there is a college, and badly indeed did some of the students behave. The history of Elisha and the boys came into my mind, and I regretted not relating it to them; however the meeting ended better than might have at first been expected. Next day we came to Raleigh, and had a very large public meeting on First-day evening, in the Presbyterian meeting-house. The meeting was so unsettled, and there was so much coughing to make us speak, that remembering the dissatisfaction I had felt for not reproving the young men [on the previous evening], I ventured to rise, and reminded them of the injunction to the disciples "not to throw pearls before swine," &c., and that gospel truths were not to be given to unprepared minds. This I did as delicately as I could; and soon after, your father knelt down, and we had a meeting that relieved my mind more than usual. The next evening, I had one with the members of the Legislature exclusively, and though I might, with more composure, have made more of the opportunity, I found I had not displeased them. They were perhaps surprised that nothing offensive was said by such known opposers of slavery, though the subject was strongly alluded to.

The yoke of slavery, instead of being made increasingly easy, is harder and harder; laws are making yet more severe, and they are determined to keep the blacks in as much degradation as they can, falsely believing it is the only way to preserve their power. I have thought continually since I have been in North Carolina, and seen something of the deplorable condition of these human beings, and *heard* very much more,—that "the measure of the iniquities" of the white people was rapidly filling up; and judgments are already evidently pouring on the State: the inhabitants leaving it in numbers, those possessing slaves going principally to Kentucky and Alabama—those that feel its iniquity, to Ohio and Indiana. *There* Friends flock in abundance, and I cannot suppose they will remain here many years longer, unless a change takes place that does not look probable at present.

A blight evidently rests upon this part of the country; instead of improvement everything is going backward,—houses in wretched repair, meeting-houses in the most uncomfortable condition,—not a pane of glass—light as it may be with an open door or shutter. * * * *

The families in New Garden Monthly Meeting, Deep River and Springfield, were now visited.

16th of 1st mo., 1835.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

Thy deeply interesting letter from Southend I have received this day; and reading it just before meeting, (not my usual habit), it did not make me less serious than usual, or less desirous of drawing near to Him who has been wisdom and strength to those who have desired to follow his guidance, in every age of the world. Hitherto, I have had no reason to doubt that our protracted stay has been rightly ordered; though I have never been more solicitous for ourselves as ministers, for the claims of our family and friends, and for the cause of righteousness, lest it should suffer in any way through our mistakes. I do feel it a very important thing that we should time our return well. If the church with you wants us, it can only be as we return to it in the best ordering; it may have been best, for our own sakes, to have been absent these last few years, and when I return, it will be with sincere desires that discretion may preserve us.

The account of the state of society in England has been very interesting to me, and I look with great solicitude to the transactions of the Yearly Meeting. I do trust Friends will examine things on the broad foundation of unchangeable truth, which first brought us to be a people, and not be led away with the cry of ancient doctrines and ancient principles; thus, when Moses was extolled by the Jews, he was not in truth believed in. I suppose many disputes have arisen as to the place the Scriptures should hold, and some are very jealous of Barclay's expression of their being a secondary rule. I cannot but wish he had never used it, as it has

caused so many disputes. "First and Second," seem to me to have nothing to do with the question. "These are they which testify of me," said our Lord.

The snow has rendered travelling almost impracticable these last few days. The cold has been intense in America; in the northern States the mercury has frozen in the tubes, and here the thermometer has been below zero for several days. From want of stoves or fires in the meeting-houses, and the very open state of the dwelling-houses, I do not think that in any winter we have found the cold more trying.*

29th. — I have just been at meeting, and laid before Friends my prospect of visiting the families of the place (there are about sixty). I have since enjoyed more quietude and peace of mind than I have partaken of for some time. The future I must leave, and be thankful for the present.

* FROM A FRIEND IN CAROLINA.

"The labours of your beloved parents have been very acceptable to us, and more abundant and general than those of any Friends that ever visited us from Europe, since my remembrance. They have attended not only the meetings of Friends generally in these parts, but had many meetings with those of other societies, and your dear mother has visited many families in several Quarterly Meetings.

Notwithstanding the difference of climate, of manners, and customs, and the great difference and generally inferior style of living in this Southern country from what your parents have been accustomed to, they have accommodated themselves to all these circumstances, with much Christian simplicity and magnanimity, which has been an additional satisfaction to us, and rendered their labours easier, and themselves so much more useful.

I have rarely seen a Friend whom I have loved more than your dear father; and the sweetness and weight of spirit of your dear mother has often been refreshing to me: both in meetings and in families, in silence and in gospel communication, the weight of their exercise, and their abundant labours in this country, and especially in this neighbourhood, have been inexpressibly relieving to my mind. Although they have been so long in America, and their vessels so often filled with the precious oil of the Heavenly kingdom, or with the honey from the living rock, and poured out and diffused amongst us, they still have access to the inexhaustible fountain, they are as fresh and green as ever, in the blessed truth, and in the love and power of the religion of Jesus."

FROM JONATHAN BACKHOUSE.

2nd of 2nd mo., 1835.

The houses in this State are generally poor, we lodged in one lately which had not a glass window in it, nothing but an opening with a window shutter, and if some of them were once glazed, so many squares are now out that you might almost as well be without them altogether. Now that the weather has become cold it is very trying, and when *very* cold we either sit almost in darkness, or leave the door open. The climate is certainly mild, but it sometimes feels rather hard fare ; yet we have no cause to complain, for we are preserved in health, though sickness abounds.

23rd. — Our engagements in North Carolina have been protracted beyond what I anticipated, but they have in their winding up left a sweet and clear evidence of a peaceful release from this part of the heritage.

Feeling no further call for service in America, it seemed best for Jonathan Backhouse to return home, leaving his wife to complete her engagements, “which,” she says, “have been so evidently owned that I dare not yet break off.” They parted at Charleston, South Carolina, from whence she writes :—

18th of 4th mo. 1835.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

The path of duty has ever been a deeply proving one, and something of the feelings of Abraham have surely attended my mind in giving up my beloved husband, thyself and children, for a continuance of a few months longer in this part of the world.

This setting up of my conviction of right in opposition to thine, has cost me as deep searching of heart, as I believe it is possible for me to pass through. But I never could see a clear conclusion to the visit till after the next Ohio Yearly Meeting. The suffering it has cost me is only fully known to the Searcher of hearts, and if I perish it must surely be

at his footstool. My dear husband's mind seems clear as to returning, but I hope the separation will not be long. The Ohio Yearly Meeting is, I trust, the boundary of my mission.

Farewell! my dearest mother. I still trust the Shepherd of Israel will keep that which is committed to Him in his own peace; and commending thee my precious mother, my husband, and children to his protection,

I am thy truly affectionate child,

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

After Jonathan Backhouse's departure two or three meetings were held at Charleston, another at George Town, H. C. Backhouse and her companion then retraced their steps through North Carolina,* spending a few days more in the animating company of their venerable friend Nathan Hunt.

* FROM E. P. KIRKBRIDE TO J. G. AND A. BACKHOUSE.

The manners in the South and North are very different. Instead of rushing out the moment they are told the meeting is over, the people crowd around us to shake hands, in such a way that it is difficult to reach the door; the children climbing over pews and benches in order to get near enough to say "good evening," and the poor blacks smiling and curtsying, look overjoyed when your beloved mamma puts out her hand and makes the kind inquiry, "*How art thou?*"

A lady who, with true southern hospitality, received us at her mansion some weeks since, because the inns were full, observed to me, "The Northern people don't know anything of slavery at all; they think it means perpetual bondage *merely*, but of the *depth* of degradation that *that* word involves they have no conception. If they had any just idea of it, I am sure they would use every effort to put an end to such iniquity." This, I believe, is very much the case; things at a distance we can hardly realize, and know not what to credit of the tales we hear. A nice slave came to me the other day, to tell me what "great joy" your mother's meetings were to "colour people." "Why me," she says, "dat minnit me look on Missis's face, me *sure* she here for *good*; den when her colour come and go so quick, she hab a berry angel on her countenance." Her husband gave us a most touching history of their life of bondage, his broken manner adding to the interest. He said, "Me got religion many years ago, and den me sing and pray, and colour people come about to hear; but one day Massa

Springfield, 13th of 5th mo., 1835.

Well, dears, I do trust that the Autumn will bring us all together again, in a peace the world cannot give; and yet even this great blessing we must only crave in the will of Him who alone knows when even those who love Him most are able to receive it. That it is a blessing not at our command, I never more abundantly experienced than during the past years of my life; for a few moments I have enjoyed it to a degree that assured me, by an evidence past the possibility of a doubt, of the realities and unspeakable glories of the Gospel, that our belief in the joys of the blessed, was no cunningly devised fable, but solid substantial truth. * * * * *

Very closely have I endeavoured to examine whether it was my place to be at the Yearly Meeting in London this year. Rumours of unsettlement in religious opinion amongst us have reached us from many quarters, so that I have looked with feelings of deep interest to this occasion; but, however

tell me, 'Tom.' Me say, 'Here Sir.' Den Massa he say, 'Tom, you no quit exhortin, me sell you strait away.' Den me leave off long time; but Christmas come, and me so full of tanks me heart runs over; den me begin to sing and pray again, and Massa right soon sen me word, 'Be still;' but me is much happy, me keep on. Den Massa send forme, an order me bout *tirty* lashes; and he say 'Now Tom you pray no more.' But me say, 'Yes Sir, but me *must* pray: me serb you allays, you my early Massa; but when you tell me not to serb my hebenly Massa, den me *dare* not bey you.' Massa grow berry mad: he say 'You sall hab *tirty* lashes more if you no promise quit such troublin noise;' but me keep tell him no—me feel it right to pray—me sorry disoblige him, but me forced do what right. Massa grow madder; till he say, 'Go out my sight forebber. Here, take Tom away, and sell he to de highest bidder.' Den me beg Linna (Belinda) may be sole well as myself, and Massa he say 'Yes; go along away out of my sight all at belong to you; I nebbber want to look at you again.' Den overseer put we on de table, and he sell we bote, and now us got good places, tanks to my gracious Massa. New Massa is a Jew, dat me no like so well; but den he berry kind, and nebbber sturbs me when me sing and pray."

Poor Tom! I have not done him justice, certainly; but truly I did think that something of the spirit of the holy martyrs rested on this poor, ignorant, but honest-hearted follower of the Lamb.

outwardly it may appear desirable to myself or my friends that I should be there, if it be not in the ordering of Him whose wisdom is far above ours, it might be of deplorable consequence to myself, and, as far as my influence extends, to the church. Never was there a time when we had more need to dwell near the Fountain of all good, that we may distinguish between that which serves God and that which serves Him not. For you, my dear children, and for myself, I crave a meek and quiet spirit, and whenever you feel this is injured either in conversation—whatever be the subject of it—or by action, I believe the reproofs of instruction will be near at hand, to convince you this is not of Him who was meek and lowly of heart. It may be you will fall in company with those who make the subject of religious opinions a matter of conversation, with comments on ministers and ministry very freely offered; the less you join in it, the better it will suit my taste and judgment, though I do not wish you to go blindfold through the world—nor is there any occasion for it—yet these things should be weighed in a manner and under an influence which is too rarely to be found in common conversation, and it is I believe seldom the place for it.

From North Carolina, H. C. Backhouse passed through Tennessee and Kentucky, slave-holding States. Often was she attracted to the dwellings of the large slaveholders, and, although on entering them she sometimes met with a cool reception, not a single instance is remembered in which the hearts of the visited were not evidently softened by her ministrations; and not unfrequently, judging by their looks, they thought they had been entertaining “an angel unawares.” Thus was she enabled in various ways, by the qualifying power of the Holy Spirit, to promote the coming of that glorious day when “the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.”

The day so earnestly longed for had now arrived ; her firm belief that a clear dismissal would, if faith and patience were abode in, be in the right time granted, was at length realized.

After attending the Yearly Meeting of Ohio,* she felt that her bonds were burst ; “and my mind,” she says, “is most mercifully clear as to its being now time for me to leave America, and I have had some sweet moments of entire peace of mind, in which the prospect of being soon with you has been an almost overwhelm-

** The following address was taken down from memory after a meeting held by H. C. Backhouse, at Columbus, Ohio, in the Seventh month :—*

“Striking, indeed, must the contrast have been between the humble shepherd from the land of Canaan and the mighty monarch of the Egyptian throne, when he appeared before him as a suppliant beggar, driven by want and famine from his home. Pharaoh was in the midst of pomp and power, his empire was indeed a mighty one ; but Jacob was a follower of Him whose kingdom, we are told, is *not of this world*, and as he stood before this earthly potentate, he told his simple story in these words :—‘Few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage.’ Great was the contrast in their situation *then*.

“Strikingly different their allotment *now*. The house of Pharaoh has gone down for ever. The splendid ruins of his mighty kingdom serve as a monument to mark the frailty and the pride of man, as well as to proclaim in fearful characters the power and majesty of Israel’s God—confirming, too, the truth of prophecy ; for are we not, my friends, expressly told ‘Egypt shall be the basest of the kingdoms,’—‘that there shall be no prince in all the land of Egypt ?’ Truly the sceptre has departed from her ; her chariots, and her horsemen, pomp and noise, pride and mighty power, where are they now ? Ruins of temples, pyramids, and kingly tombs, alone proclaim her ancient glory and vast magnificence.

“But, oh ! my friends, the house of Jacob shall endure for ever ; for the inspired volume has declared that of the royal seed of David, Shiloh came, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and of the increase of whose government and peace there *is no end*. And most assuredly I do believe, that equally different at the present day are those who dwell in *spiritual* Egypt, whose treasures are in earth and earthly things, who, worshipping the god of this world find him a hard and cruel taskmaster, from the spiritual of Jacob, the true and faithful Israel of God, who bow before the King immortal and invisible,

ing delight." She returned by way of Baltimore to Philadelphia, where she took leave of Friends, to many of whom she had become closely attached in gospel fellowship.

There was one from whom she had to part, on quitting America, who had become to her both as a daughter and a sister in the truth, and from whom it was a trial of no ordinary magnitude to separate. The natural and spiritual friendship which had so remarkably sprung up between herself and E. P. Kirkbride had been cemented

the alone wise God our Saviour, those who are learning *hourly* of Him whose yoke is easy and whose burden light, and thus obtaining rest unto their souls. As marked the difference at this very day as when the land of Egypt was involved in *darkness* (a *darkness* to be felt), and there was light in *all the tents of Israel*. And, oh! my friends, it is a solemn truth, that the multitude have ever hasted to do evil; a chosen few have in all ages formed the Church of Christ, and when we stand before his awful bar, where by his *holy law* we shall be tried, vain will be it for *any one* of us to plead the *customs* of a *world* that lies in wickedness.

"Let us, then, put the question to our hearts; it is an awful one, my friends—a very awful one indeed, to every one of us—Had we been living in the day when the dear Son of God took flesh and dwelt among men, should we have been among the *few* who left their nets at his command and followed Him, or of the multitude, who, when He rode in triumph to Jerusalem, cried out indeed 'Hosannah in the highest,' but who when the tide of popular opinion changed, were just as ready to raise the cry, 'Crucify him! crucify him!' 'We will have no king but Cæsar?' He came unto his own, and his *own* received Him not; but to as many as did receive Him, to *them* gave He power to become the sons of God. Then, oh! my friends, let us take heed that we be found of God's own Israel, that our allotment may not be among the kings and princes, captains and mighty men, whose empire being only of this world, with all its pomps, must crumble into dust: for these the apostle saw, without the Holy City, calling upon the mountains and the rocks to fall on them and hide them from the wrath of God and of the Lamb; whereas the seed of Jacob and the house of David, those who had worshipped Him whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and whose dominion shall endure for ever, were seen within the New Jerusalem, the Holy City, clothed in white robes and with palms in their hands, ascribing unto God and to the Lamb, glory and honour, thanksgiving and power, might, majesty, and dominion, world without end. Amen."

by more than three years of almost unbroken companionship in the midst of suffering and conflict. Although now parted for a time, yet were they permitted again to share not only many a grief and many a toil during the few remaining years of their joint pilgrimage, but also to enjoy much of social happiness together.

In company with her friend Anna Thorn, who was about to pay a religious visit to England, H. C. Backhouse sailed from New York on the 8th of Tenth month, and, after a passage of eighteen days (rapid at a time, when no steamers had yet crossed the Atlantic), she landed at Liverpool, where she was greeted on the Quay by her husband and daughters, after a separation of more than five years from the latter : to whom it was an unspeakable joy to behold her so unchanged by the vicissitudes and the many new interests of her American life.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEATH OF HER SISTER BARCLAY—STATE OF THE SOCIETY—HER SON HENRY'S DEATH—YEARLY MEETING OF 1836—VISITS SCOTLAND, &c.—REMARKS ON KEEPING ANNIVERSARIES—CONCERN FOR NORFOLK—LETTERS—VISITS BRIGHOUSE MONTHLY MEETING.

ON her arrival on English ground, H. C. Backhouse first heard of the death of her beloved sister Elizabeth, the wife of Robert Barclay of Leyton, tidings which she received with calmness, being evidently not unprepared for the event.

TO EMMA PEASE.

Liverpool, 26th of 10th mo., 1835.

MY DEAREST EMMA,

It is a great comfort to be once more with my dear husband and daughters, and with a mind so peaceful as to hush any feeling of regret that my absence from home has prevented all further intercourse with a precious and dearly beloved sister. When I looked towards her, particularly on the voyage, I felt I had nothing to do but to love her; now she is removed from the deep sufferings of her day, and rests, I believe, where in a few more fleeting days or years, I trust, we shall all rest together, on the bosom of Him where even in time we have found it sweet to repose.

The events of the next few months will be best described by her own pen, in letters written some time after to her friends in America.

To ———.

Polam, 4th mo., 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * I staid a few days at Liverpool, but shortly left it and attended the funeral of Thomas Richardson of Sunderland, a valuable brother-in-law ; which gave me the opportunity of being a few hours with the Friends of our neighbourhood before I went forward to see my dear mother and sons, whom it was a great comfort to find so well, and that Divine regard had evidently been richly extended towards them. It was deeply interesting being with them, and with the acquaintances of my childhood in that part of the country. I also spent some little time with the family at Leyton, near London, which was very affecting ; yet it was a comfort to see my dear brother and the children bearing their affliction in a very exemplary manner, and the order that was evidently the fruit of much pious care remarkably continuing among them. Thomas Shillitoe appeared to be declining, but was very kind and affectionate, and so I can truly say were all I met with. We had a pleasant visit at Dykes Alexander's of Ipswich, on our way to London, and we were also with Sarah Grubb, at Sudbury,—a relieving visit, I believe, to both of us. I could not but observe, in most places, an eye turned upon me to see what I was ; and many have been glad to find that my views are the same as when I was allowed to go to America. These are troublous times, there can be no manner of doubt. I thought it my duty to attend the Quarterly Meeting of Lancashire on our return home : there is dissimilarity of view, and still greater of feeling, subsisting there, which probably must lead to some leaving the society, as their attempts to change its views will no doubt prove unsuccessful. It is a great trial, not only of the principles but virtue of Friends, and I fear more for their virtue than their principles. To defend a right cause in a right spirit, in religious controversy, is probably one of the hardest lessons for the human mind. I have had to think of the saying, " Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." * * * *

The ensuing Yearly Meeting will most likely be a very important one ; perhaps no engagement of my life ever

appeared more awful than that of attending it. I desire to avoid party feeling, and questions that do but gender strifes, and to keep close to a refuge which has never yet failed me. Were it not for this refuge, for myself, and for the society generally, nothing but dismay could be ours. Oh, may the hands be hallowed that support the ark! I have more fear that this may be wanting than on any other ground; for I am persuaded that the principles professed by our early Friends, as manifested in the public documents of the Society, will bear the strictest investigation; and though the writings of individuals are probably not faultless, yet as a whole, they bear the most unequivocal testimony to the faith of the Apostles, a belief in the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the baptism into whose name can alone make members of the Church militant or triumphant.

We have been now several weeks comfortably settled at home, and do indeed feel it a privilege to be with our family and near relations. * * * *

To ———.*

* * * * Thy animated zeal to so late a period of life, in the things that concern the welfare of our Society, and the good of mankind generally; is peculiarly cheering and instructive, and I have no doubt leads thee, in thy retired moments, to seek help for others as well as for thyself, from the Helper of Israel, through whose strength and wisdom the kingdom of the dear Son of God can alone be exalted on earth, and the delusions of the subtle adversary of all good be discovered and defeated. Never was there a day when we had need more earnestly to seek this wisdom and this strength; for surely the adversary has come up to the very gates of the city, and is besieging her not in one quarter only, but in all. However, fearful as the signs of the times are, her King is yet in the midst of her, and does not forsake the poor of his people, his humble and depending little ones. These we know will have the victory, though their faith and patience may be closely tried,—though they may have many conflicts and grievous threatenings to endure:

* Probably Abigail Barker.

the horse and his rider shall still be cast into the sea by the power of Israel's God. Who are of Israel, and who are not, can only be fully known to the Searcher of hearts, and must be left to his judgment. * * * * But I must own that I look for suffering not wholly from this quarter, but almost as much from unhallowed and indiscriminating zeal in defending a good cause, a cause that must not be measured by the confines of our Society, and which I can consider to be nothing else than the whole truth as it is in Jesus, independent of party or sect. This was the station that I always believed that admirable man George Fox took, and which has ever been taken by his true followers, since his day to the present time, and which we must continue to take, if we are to stand as a religious Society in this day of close searching. * * *

But I may now take leave of a subject, with which—though it is of too general interest and too much importance to be disregarded—I like to occupy my mind as little as possible, wishing to keep myself clear from anything like bias or party feeling. Our immediate circle of near connexions, and I trust, our Meeting also, are as free from these troubles as could be expected in such a general state of inquiry. * * * *

But not long was she thus permitted to enjoy the delights of home. Accompanied by her husband and daughters, she again left it to go to Sunderland, Newcastle, and Shields. Various meetings and families were visited in the course of this journey, during which her ministry was often such as to leave no common impression on those who heard it. Her engagements were now almost unremitting : one duty accomplished, others followed in quick succession, and a field of labour once entered upon unexpectedly enlarged as she proceeded in the work. Perhaps it is not strange, that, both to herself and to her friends, it seemed at times hardly possible that such a continual sacrifice of domestic comfort could be required of her ; and in the conflict of mind which these questionings involved it was not always easy to her to discern where her duty really lay, earnest

as were her desires to do *only* that which was right. For this she was ready to make any sacrifice,—to encounter any difficulty; but it might be, that the obscurity of vision, the conflict of soul, was a permitted means to keep humble this devoted follower of her Lord. The dispensation was humiliating, and the sufferings endured in these questionings excited the close sympathy of her friends, but, perhaps, could only be fully known (as she often expressed it,) to the Searcher of hearts. Often when the trial was most severe were her services more especially owned: many of these occasions were times of refreshment, followed by a delicious calm, in which her beaming smile bespoke the tranquil happiness of her own mind, and diffused it to those around. But we must follow her again in her trials, and a great one now succeeded. Her eldest surviving son Henry, never a very strong child, was taken ill at school in the spring of the year: his indisposition occasioned uneasiness, but did not excite alarm. J. and H. C. Backhouse were at Kendal, attending the Quarterly Meeting, and had begun a visit to the families of that place, when an express arrived, informing them that their son's illness had assumed an alarming character. The following letters describe the close:—

TO E. P. KIRKBRIDE.

Tottenham, near London, 10th of 4th mo., 1836.

MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND,

How often hast thou been in my mind in this day of affliction, when we have had to pass through the very deep trial of parting with our beloved eldest son, just as we were hoping, that, in a few months' time, we should take him from school to live with us at home! But it is ordered otherwise, and no doubt wisely and most mercifully; for I think we may say, that, with the eye of faith, we have seen him

admitted, through redeeming love, into his glorious home in the mansions of eternal blessedness. This morning we took our last leave of the remains; heavenly serenity, and a smile of unutterable peace, were marked on the countenance. The peace of God seemed poured upon us, in which my dear husband bowed the knee and returned thanks. After a pause, his master gave us a description of this dear child, which brought additional light and peace into my soul.* We soon after left the room, not quite so quietly taking the last look as I should have liked, but with very little apparent emotion. But to keep to the truth, the very truth, and nothing but the truth, in every scene and circumstance of life, with the various temptations that abound in them all, is perhaps not easily attained, or rather requires a continual watchfulness in which even disciples are wanting.

And now I will endeavour to detail some of the events

** The following letter received a short time afterwards, from the Superintendent of Grove House School, gives an interesting description of the character of his late pupil.*

* * * * On his first coming to Tottenham, there was nothing conspicuous in his conduct beyond the manifestation of a sweet, amiable, and docile disposition. There were however clear indications that the good seed was sown in his heart, which afterwards more evidently produced fruit to the praise of the Heavenly Husbandman, and, we trust, to the benefit of those by whom he was surrounded. I think I never witnessed a more striking instance of genuine simplicity of heart than that exhibited in the conduct of your child. He was possessed of excellent abilities, and had attained considerable proficiency in many departments of his education, yet I never observed any indication of self-estimation; his humility and unobtrusiveness were quite characteristic, and will I believe be long and instructively remembered by those who had intimate opportunity of ascertaining that they were based on that conviction of utter unworthiness, which the operation of Christian principle can alone impart.

I have many times expressed my belief that the first object of his desire was to walk in the fear of the Lord; this was evinced by its unfailing accompaniments, tenderness of conscience and susceptibility, of heart, which he possessed in no ordinary degree. There was an evident growth in seriousness and stability during the last two or three years of his life. It is comforting and animating to recur

preparatory to the close. My dear husband, who had gone to him upon the first alarm, was led to believe that the case was one of general delicacy only, which might continue for months ; so he left him and joined me on the 5th of this month, at Lancaster, where I was pursuing my religious engagements with an unusual sense of acceptance in the service. We attended Westmoreland Quarterly Meeting, held at Kendal on the 7th, and spent First-day there ; but on Third-day evening, the intelligence reached us that the dear child had suddenly become much worse ; we set off, travelled all night and two days, and got to the school about six o'clock on Fifth-day ; found he was yet alive, and that my dear girls had arrived an hour or two before us.

I was soon taken into the room to behold the stamp of death on the countenance ; but he had been expecting us, and it was evidently a comfort to him to see us. He told me that his cousins Elizabeth Fry and Samuel Gurney had been to see him that morning. The former had supplicated for him, and afterwards asked him if he felt peace and reconciliation through Jesus Christ ; I understood his answer was, " That is a close question." The evening passed in a state of great restlessness and violent sickness. It was a bitter cup, but my God was near, and marvellously supported me with his peace and presence, so as to remove almost all natural excitement, and enable me once or twice to say a word or two with

to his diligent and regular perusal of the Holy Scriptures, and the lively interest that he manifested in their contents. It was his regular practice to spend portions of every day in religious retirement. I have repeatedly, unconsciously to himself, noticed him withdrawn from his amusements or recreations for this purpose : and I cannot doubt it was specially blessed to him ; a sweet solemnity was often depicted on his countenance, on his return from these opportunities. In his ordinary intercourse were beautifully blended innocent cheerfulness and a watchfulness not to offend with his tongue. His uniform gentleness and kindness were conspicuous.

I am desirous of abstaining from anything approaching to eulogy or exaggerated statement. His life was a practical evidence that his heart was renewed by divine grace, and that it was imbued with the love of his Saviour.

Your friend, sincerely,

THOMAS BINNS.

regard to his sufferings, and my confidence that he would soon be removed from them into glory. He asked us to read: I chose the 23rd Psalm, and then spoke of our God being with him in the valley of the shadow of death, anointing his head with oil, and causing his cup to flow over with everlasting praises to the Lord God and the Lamb. I thought he was comforted, and he requested more reading. * * *

The assurance of my soul increased, that our Lord and Master would take him to glory. * * * At half-past three o'clock on Seventh day, the scene closed.

On First-day morning, we retired into the sitting-room, and read the 15th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, and never were so rejoicingly brought home to me the bright hopes and glorious truths it contains; so we employed the two meeting hours under, I believe I may say, a canopy of Divine love that humbled our souls, and was as the precious ointment poured forth to the healing of our wounds. In the evening, we assembled in the dining-room with all the school-boys. It was a solemn time, and I trust may be remembered by the family and dear children to their benefit.

* * * * *

The sense of the great loss to us of so precious a child seemed to increase upon me as I returned to the school-gates, just at the hour I had entered them a week before. I believe I may say a flood of heavenly consolation overflowed my soul part of the remainder of the evening,—a draught of the river of pleasure for evermore.

Tottenham, 18th of 4th mo., 1836.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

* * * * * It is a very great loss, but I have been remarkably favoured with the persuasion of my dear child being safely landed in his heavenly inheritance, and that the few years that stand between us will soon be passed; not that the earth and its many remaining treasures are not now thoroughly prized, and even at this moment of grief enjoyed by me. I believe I never before knew so much of that faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, and

the evidence of things not seen. And what are things hoped for? Surely the communion of saints is one; a re-union of the living that have lived to God. And what is this evidence of things not seen, but that peace and joy that cover the heart and animate it with some faint sense of the estate of the blessed. But truly, when I return to the feelings of that tabernacle in which we now dwell, my mind aches under the vacuum; and sorrow, in the remembrance of things that are sweet and past, covers my soul. * * * *

After this, H. C. Backhouse went to her mother's, at the Grove, and remained there until the Yearly Meeting, which she attended, and in which, with Christian boldness and discretion, she steadfastly maintained the principles and practices of our religious Society, which were at that time attacked by many, especially with reference to Gospel ministry and spiritual worship. A few meetings were held on her way home; that at Belper, near Derby, was a memorable one. She had spoken with great power and earnestness on the divinity of our Saviour. It was afterwards ascertained that this meeting had been attended by several Unitarians of considerable influence among the manufacturing population of the neighbourhood. To this succeeded a time of rest in the quiet enjoyment of her home.

In the Seventh month, she returned her certificate, and again asked for one to attend the Half-year's meeting at Aberdeen, and to hold meetings on the coast, and in the neighbourhood of Darlington. Her husband was liberated to accompany her, but was prevented doing so by a slight attack of paralysis; in consequence of which, she undertook the journey without him, and accomplished the service satisfactorily, having for her helper and companion her beloved friend Eliza Kirkbride, who had most seasonably just arrived from America, on a visit to her. In the

Twelfth month of the same year, H. C. Backhouse accompanied her friend Mary Fell in her religious service in some meetings within Durham Quarterly Meeting. This engagement prevented her being with her mother at the Grove at the time of the anniversary of her father's death, when her company would have been especially desirable to her dear surviving parent. In reference to this circumstance she makes the following instructive remarks in a letter to her :—

So again I have to remember language that I believe I may in humility apply to myself: "When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou art old another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." How often have I striven, for many years past, to spend the 25th as I could desire! But all my striving has been in vain, and circumstances the very opposite to my inclinations have almost invariably been my allotment, bringing me home to the root of the matter,—that, in accordance with the principles of Friends, days and times are not to be observed; things belonging to that eternity where there is no night—having nothing to do with time and its measurements. So I have ever experimentally found that the most sacred feelings of the mind, arising from love to God and man, appear almost wholly independent of the things of this world. Nevertheless, I am fully aware that natural temperament may have much to do with sensibility to associations, and that it varies in different individuals. I believe thou hast the power of feeling it much more than myself, and that in the recurrence of this season of the year thou claimest our tenderest sympathies, which we can truly say (little as I often express them) thou hast at all times. * * * *

TO MARIA FOX.

Norwich, 3rd of 1st mo., 1837.

MY BELOVED COUSIN,

I wish I had now thy last kind and interesting letter by me to read over again, that this might be more of

an answer to it ; but having the opportunity, it is very pleasant to me to avail myself of it, to have a little intercourse with thee. How especially should I enjoy to have thee by me this cold day, when the fireside is so agreeable, and would be rendered doubly so by thy presence ; for I have a very old and old-fashioned affection for thee, which began in early days, when we did not well understand its origin ; but now when so many years of our lives have past, in which I believe we may say the principal business of them has been that of endeavouring to become acquainted with the law of love and to live under it, happily I do not find my affectionate regard towards thee in any degree diminished, but feeling more assured of its permanence and stability, I can rejoice that we are yet permitted to sympathize with each other in the trials and consolations attendant on our pilgrimage : in both of these we have surely participated in large measure. Our visible trials have not been few, but I believe we shall both be ready to acknowledge that our more hidden ones have had as much in them of that burning which, we may without presumption believe, is caused by the fire of the Lord's jealousy. Oh ! these minds of ours, what suffering they have to pass through before the dross and tin and reprobate silver shall be purely purged away ! In this reprobate silver I have sometimes included unhallowed religious performances—silver they are called, though reprobate—and as such by the law, not fit to bear the image of the King ; but the author of all lies and counterfeits has power to put something so like the right stamp upon it, that it deceives the superficial observer, and can hardly be detected but by its wanting weight. So it is evidently a day in our religious Society, when we stand greatly in need of well-poised balances, first for the trial of ourselves and our deeds, and then no doubt as a Church ; but we must remember that *unerring* balances are only in the hand of Him who cannot err. Yet in the confidence that He still visits us as a people with his Spirit, and that *that* Spirit is a spirit of judgment, I trust we may be preserved from the use of that reprobate silver, with which, for so many centuries past, the arch-enemy of souls has corrupted professing Christendom, and out of which corruption, I believe the Society of Friends, or those among

them who have been faithful to their principles, have been made instrumental (and are yet designed to be made instrumental) in bringing it. But the mystery of iniquity is great, as well as the mystery of godliness. Well, it seems as if the destroyer was endeavouring to lay us waste by his most subtle machinations. May we be clear of all railing accusations even against his emissaries, only adopting the language of the Archangel, "The Lord rebuke thee!" I am sometimes almost as much afraid of myself and my friends as of those to whom I cannot feel united, lest in our creaturely zeal for the truth we should be giving it a wound when we are not aware of it. And yet I do believe there must be a time when rightly prepared Friends will be called into action, to prevent those principles and practices which constitute us a separate religious Society being trampled upon by a wasting, desolating spirit. This, were it suffered to effect its purposes, would destroy a community that has enjoyed much of the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and has certainly brought many very important Scripture truths to light, under what we can make no doubt has been the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit.

But I have no thought that this will ever be the case, unless we virtually or absolutely deny Him whom we have ever acknowledged to be alone worthy to be the Ruler of his people, having given Himself for them. I would rather believe that (though it is a time of close sifting, and many may be driven from us), those who remain will be brought to a more perfect knowledge of Christian truth, and that humility in which there is a willingness to act up to it; so that, though our numbers may be sorrowfully lessened, we shall lose nothing in weight and true excellency. Yet, well may we exclaim with the Prophet, "Who shall abide the day of the Lord? Who shall stand when he appeareth?" * *

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

Early in 1837, H. C. Backhouse applied to her Monthly Meeting for liberty to pay a religious visit to parts of Norfolk, and the adjacent counties. It did not appear to Friends that the time was come for this

engagement, and it was accordingly deferred. Whilst the permission to remain at home was in one sense not unwelcome, there was no small degree of humiliation accompanying it, and the burden could not be wholly laid aside. On this occasion she writes :—

I have been more afraid of bringing any discredit upon the society by my blunders than of any suffering they may lead me into. Certainly some close self-examination has been the result, and my conclusion is that, if the dispensation be rightly abode under, it may do me good and was no doubt desirable. I do not mean by being rightly abode under that I should be low or discouraged beyond measure, for this I believe was not designed by it, but that a time of more rest from religious engagements, leaving me leisure to improve my own mind and fulfil my domestic duties, might be my best present allotment. Indeed I am glad of the rest, though at the expense of some humiliation, which however may be the best part of it ; so that I hope you will not blame our meeting, or think we have suffered beyond what we really have by its decision.

To ———

Polam Hill, 7th of 3rd mo., 1837.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * Thou mayst ask what makes me so sober—truly I cannot account for the depression that is so often my portion. I could desire to be a little more cheerful than I frequently feel myself to be, for the sake of those that surround me, and yet I believe these feelings are given in mercy, and for that preservation in poverty of spirit which is also in itself a mercy. Still there may be secondary causes (not less in all-wise ordering), which in some degree may be the occasion of it,—a succession of events giving me continually to feel the precarious tenure on which I hold so many precious ties to earth as I yet possess,—the natural constitution of my body, with the exertions that it has passed through, produce a languor in which the mind is apt to

fall back upon itself, and see things darkened by the veil of the flesh. Not that I am in ill health, but I seldom pass a day without feelings of weariness and dulness, which are in themselves painful. Still perhaps I do not sufficiently cultivate the virtue of thankfulness, and petition enough for that excellent gift that "hopeth all things, believeth all things," &c. I am not aware that the general state of things in our religious Society has any especial effect on my mind. I have always been of the opinion that we have nothing to do with the public but by commission, and that when that commission is over we may leave others, and should leave others, to their own Judge and Master. Still, I sometimes think that before commission there is a preparation for it, and that if all were smother with us than it now assuredly is, there might be a more general and individual feeling of rejoicing; but I think we must be careful not to give the character of prophetic sorrow to every casual feeling of mental depression that we cannot well account for. It is a day of close sifting, and I believe we must endeavour to be humble enough to learn even from our enemies; and enemies poor old-fashioned Quakerism assuredly has, but I do not fear for it. If faithfulness be but the girdle of her loins, truth will be seen to be her buckler; but if pride—spiritual pride—creeps in for ourselves or our profession, no strength is given to wear that buckler, which can alone be worn in humility. * * *

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

In the Fourth Month, with a certificate for holding meetings in going and returning from London Yearly Meeting, she accomplished part of the service that yet lay upon her mind. Public meetings were held in Norfolk, and among her old friends and relatives she was also frequently engaged in private religious opportunities, of a striking and instructive character. In the autumn, H. C. Backhouse went into Brighthouse Monthly Meeting, and united with her beloved friend Mary Fell in visiting the families of Friends in the different meetings. In part of the

engagement she was joined by her husband, and together they held many meetings in this populous district.

Whilst they were in the neighbourhood of Bradford, the sudden death (by a fall from his horse) of a medical man of considerable practice, created a great sensation among the inhabitants. A large concourse attended the interment, which took place in the Friends' burying-ground, and one who was present on the occasion supplies an outline of that part of the discourse in which she was led to plead with those who deny the truths of Christianity. It is rarely desirable to attempt a delineation of the kind; but this sketch is not only instructive in its matter, but may perhaps not unsuitably furnish some idea of the manner in which she was not unfrequently led to handle deep and difficult subjects in the authority of the truth.

“The utmost point to which the infidel can go is the employment of all his faculties in endeavouring to disprove and disbelieve the existence of a supreme Being. I doubt whether there be such a thing as absolute unbelief. Voltaire himself, and those about him, were terrified at the approach of death. What does this terror indicate but a trembling unbelief? The devils also believe and tremble, and the present occasion is one which calls on those who dare to deny the Lord Jesus to ask themselves, ‘Were I, like this poor man, while riding on my horse, to be struck with death in a moment, would I rather be a disciple of Jesus, (little as I know about it, or much as I know about it,) or a disciple of Voltaire?’ But he will say, ‘I cannot understand how the death of an obscure individual, almost 2,000 years ago, can affect the state of any one at the present day.’ Canst thou understand the mysterious union between soul and body—why thou dost live at the present time, and move and think and reason? Thou who hast most deeply studied the philosophy of mind and the frame of the human body canst not answer these questions. But the man of science has discovered, and

knows beyond a doubt, that nothing in matter is lost ; that, though dispersed, it exists in other forms ; and shall that which is of infinitely greater value than the body—the human soul—be lost ? But he may say that there is not argument sufficient on the side of the believer in Divine revelation. Find then, in any science, a chain of argument more close and satisfactory than that which proves the authenticity of the sacred volume. Only He who knows the end from the beginning could possibly have been its author. Then believe what is written. But I believe it is not in the intellect of man that infidelity has its seat, it is in the corrupt heart of man. It is because our deeds would be condemned if brought to the light of the Gospel, that we will not believe it.” &c.

In some of these public meetings the evidence of prophecy in support of the Gospel was powerfully brought into view by her in addressing unbelievers—a class but too numerous at all times in the manufacturing districts, and more especially so in periods of commercial depression.

Leeds, 9th of 11th mo., 1837.

MY BELOVED CHILD,

I little looked for such a string of questions as thy last letter contained, and would wish to answer them more fully than I fear I shall at present have the opportunity for doing. But, before I attempt to do so, I shall tell thee that I like thou shouldst always be very open and free with me, which will be the way for thee to benefit by my experience ; for, unless I am a very fool indeed, fifty years' experience must have taught more lessons than thirteen; and I have heard a saying that those who benefit by the experience of others are happy,—those who benefit by their own are wise,—and those who benefit by neither are fools. Now I wish thee to be very happy, and I believe thou wilt be in the way of being so, and *wise* too, if thou wilt have the humility to benefit by the experience of thy parents, and not wait to benefit by thy own ; for, though in the end thou mightst be taught

wisdom, it will be at the expense of much suffering and loss of time, which would be avoided if "thou wilt hear the instruction of thy father, and if thou forsakest not the law of thy mother;" and I have no hesitation in saying "they will be as an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck."—Prov. vi. i. This I hope may be thy blessed experience.

How often have I remembered what was said of Abraham, "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him." Here is no reasoning with or entreating his children that Abraham was commended for, but simply *commanding*, and it appears they obeyed; and the God of Abraham was the God of Isaac, and the blessing of the Lord descended from one generation to another, on all that were faithful to Him. Now most assuredly believing that it has been in obedience to the law of our God, that thy dear father and myself have conformed to the language and dress of Friends, and to other important views in which Friends have differed from other religious professors, and by which they became a separate society, we cannot do otherwise than command our children after us, to do those things which we believe to be in conformity with the will of God, and which will bear the closest test they can be put to by the letter and general scope and spirit of the scriptures. But we believe it not necessary for a child to make all this examination before he is obedient to his parents in doing those things which they consider this law commands. This is not consistent with that government in which all things are regulated with perfect wisdom. We must first obey, and afterwards we may be favoured to see the reason for the commandment. If thou wert to be always asking the reason why every lesson is given thee and not begin to learn it till thou knew, very little indeed wouldst thou ever attain; and so it is in the best knowledge, as well as in that knowledge that belongs to the things of this world. So then, dear child, thou must remember that when thou departest from the well-known principles of Friends, thou art violating the command of thy parents, and therefore one of the command-

ments,—the first with a promise attached to it, “Honour thy father and thy mother,” &c. Well, I humbly hope thou wilt not be persuaded to do so, and then, at some suitable time, when I trust we may enjoy being together, I might read some book with thee explanatory of the views and principles of Friends, and might then be able to answer any observations thou mightst make upon them. I do long more than I can say for such hours to arrive, but in the mean time I desire we may both try to be patient, and endeavour day by day to be faithful in our various allotments, asking for a daily supply of that heavenly nourishment which alone can strengthen the soul to resist the temptations and overcome the difficulties that are to be found in every day of our lives.

We expect to leave Leeds on Second-day, but what further detention we may have in this large Monthly Meeting we do not yet know. I trust I may be liberated before thy vacation, but I always desire to check anxiety about the future, and leave it to the ordering of Him who alone knows what is best for us. Do write to me again soon, and tell me if thou likest and understandest this letter.

Bradford, 4th of 1st mo., 1838.

MY DEARLY BELOVED CHILDREN,

* * * * Well, dears! there is nothing like faithfulness, either for this life or for the promise of, and inheritance in that which is to come, and, with all its costliness, I hope we may be enabled to persevere in it, giving to it (to the end of our career) all that we have, even children, lands and houses. Farewell, dears!—May a merciful Father restore us to our children, even in a measure of that joy in which Abraham received his son, as in a figure, from the dead! But his time must be waited for, or the sacrifice is not a whole burnt-offering. And still more may you, my dearly beloved children, know and serve the God of your fathers, with a perfect heart and an upright mind.

Yours most affectionately,

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

The visit to Leeds and Bradford was completed in

the beginning of this year. In allusion to the return of her certificate, H. C. Backhouse writes :—

I informed the meeting that I had had 400 sittings, [religious visits to individuals and families,] and between thirty and forty public meetings—that the Lord had helped us, and that I had not often remembered on any previous occasion feeling a larger measure of the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel, for which I desired to be humbly and reverently thankful to the Author of all our sure mercies.

TO MARIA FOX.

Polam Hill, 24th of 1st mo., 1838.

MY DEAR MARIA,

* * * * Now I have the comfort to say I am resting at home, and hope to do so till I can no longer find rest in it, and if ever and whenever this is not to be the case, I leave to that to-morrow, for which it is declared we should take no [anxious] thought. It is an inexpressible comfort to be now at home, with a remarkably unclouded mind for *me*; not that I can say, that nothing but perfect sunshine has been my allotment since my return, about two weeks ago; for I find if I am not faithful in my day's work, even at home, these clouds will arise; but I do not know when I have returned from any field of labour with a stronger evidence that it was in the right time, and that the offering, if such it may be called, had been accepted. * * * *

How I do wish that all would speak who are called to do so, and that none of us may speak but when called, and then neither too much nor too little, and we may wish all this without expecting perfection either in ourselves or others. It is a day when deep heart-searchings ought to be ours, without giving way to unprofitable discouragement, either for ourselves, our friends, or the church. That the dulness of our formal silences is to be broken, no wonder; but if broken by the activity of man, we shall only substitute empty talk for empty silence; and yet I do assuredly believe that there has been much of empty silence among us, for want of faithfulness in abiding under those baptisms that would prepare,

and that hand that would work in us a willingness, both to do and suffer His will, and which would have qualified many, I believe, to speak in a way that would contribute to give life to silence, and to make it a school of preparation both for prayer and praise, mental and vocal. I am almost ready to think our lamp as a society must go out, if the dumb be not made to speak; and truly it is something for one to make this acknowledgment, who perhaps thinks herself as little indebted to words as most, and whose natural taste for them thou knowest is not very great. * * *

TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

2nd mo., 1838.

I have thought of thee with so much lively interest, that I do not like any longer to withhold the expression of it. Would I could converse with thee; for then I could say many things that it might not be best to put on paper, though I have no secrets about the things we might converse on: and yet if things are written, and that perhaps not always clearly, they get so misinterpreted in this age of critical dissection, that I am afraid lest, to use a strong expression, I should give any occasion to the adversary to blaspheme. However, powerful and insidious as he is, the comfort always is, his power is a limited one, and limited not by ourselves, but by Him whom we desire to serve, and therefore I do believe, if I may be allowed the expressive language of the old school, if we patiently wait for the arising of his power, we shall always eventually know the schemes of the enemy defeated, and the victory given us, through Jesus Christ, whose power remains the same at the present day as it was in that day when it was declared that even the devils were subject unto him. I believe the deeper our experience in things spiritual, the more we shall be made aware, not only of a present God, but of an enemy ever seeking to destroy the works of his creation, spiritually as well as naturally, and the injunction to resist him, steadfast in the faith, may be felt to be most obligatory by those who have known some victory granted them over the world and the flesh. Surely, I believe it may be said, he has set his foot

among us, and has been discerned by the spiritually-minded in the midst of the children of the Highest. How many he has wounded, how many he has prevailed over, and how many have resisted him steadfast in the faith, can only be fully known to the great Head of his own Church, with whom all judgments respecting individuals, as to their allegiance to Him, must be left. But, as a church united together by the acknowledgment of the fundamental truths of Christianity, and the recognition of the apostolic doctrine of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—the one great and incomprehensible Jehovah—yet holding peculiar views as to the thorough working out of this doctrine in the maxims and practice of civil and religious life, it has never appeared to me that we can differ from these peculiar views of Friends, in regard to the working out of these great truths, and yet be rightly in connexion with them. That many who have been educated among us do widely differ from the practices and principles of our ancestors we can make no doubt, and that they differ so variously, that it would, I believe, be found difficult to find any two among them who think alike, or who dissent in the same degree and manner from us; so that there seems little bond of union among them. Some, unhesitatingly upbraiding the Society with holding most anti-christian principles, are still so inconsistent with themselves, as to wish to be retained as members, and dislike being dealt with, because they confess that, with all the errors with which we are charged, they cannot find any other people to whom they can unite themselves.

These things, my dear friend, I can now say from knowledge: I came from your country, as I believe thou well knowest, as far from receiving any bias from party, as it was possible to do, and I was received by many for a time with great jealousy. It has since been my lot to labour much among my friends, and certainly wherever I have found this spirit that has rent and divided us, I have been greatly pained, and in many instances have I felt it when no knowledge from without informed me of the state of things. The form which it assumes is wholly different from [it might even have been said, opposite to] Hicksism; but its scattering effect from the true fold not in my apprehension very different,

possibly more insidious. And yet mistake me not in supposing, that, of those that remain among us, there are not some who may be exposed to opposite temptations, and some who fall by the many temptations that are common to the Church in every age. But one evil is no apology for another, nor will evil of ever so opposite a nature subdue its antagonist evil. All we have to do, or can do, at this time or at any other, is to seek to mind our own business, which I believe is in great mercy yet made known to the simple-minded, and in doing which they are often permitted to know sweet unity of spirit with those who are in the one faith, dwell in the one Lord, and submit to be baptized by the one baptism. That through all the weakness of flesh and spirit such are still preserved among us, and that they are yet, generally speaking, those in authority in our church, I believe we may gratefully acknowledge to be the case among us. * * * *

To E—— S——.

Polam Hill, 5th of 3rd mo., 1838.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

* * * I have received a letter from dear ——, which was deeply interesting to me. Her account of thy services, and thine of thy dear husband's, gladdened my heart, though they at the same time introduced me into much tender feeling for you both. Now is your day to show yourselves valiant in fight; and though it has, and no doubt will, cost you many sacrifices, fear not, nor be dismayed. The battle is not yours, but His, who gives to his soldiers the wages of eternal life; so be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of your Lord. * *

I think thou hast my sympathy full as much as thy dear husband, who will probably be so much occupied with his business as to have little time to groan under any thing but his work. But thou wilt have to ponder that of each day, and find perhaps, in thy solitary sittings in thy own house, and the wakeful hours of the night, that much of passive suffering as well as active duty may be thy present allotment. One word of caution for every state. Even the state of

preparation for service, as well as service itself, has its temptations, and it may be that one temptation, in a state of suffering and privation, is to look too gloomily upon ourselves, and upon the church. That "hoping all things," is an ingredient in that most excellent charity, we are told by very high authority; but no doubt it is an exercise of faith to believe that from seeming evil He still educes good. After all, the burden of my song toward thee is, Be of good cheer; and being of good cheer, use thy gifts, and even be willing to stir them up; so shall peace be in thy borders, and prosperity in thy palaces. * * * *

For a few weeks after her return from Leeds, Bradford, &c., H. C. Backhouse remained peacefully at home. She subsequently held some very interesting meetings, chiefly in the populous districts of the Collieries.

TO MARIA FOX.

Newcastle, 16th of 3rd mo., 1838.

MY BELOVED COUSIN,

* * * * I had a delightful rest of a month, without any minute or certificate, after our return from Brighouse, and truly did I enjoy home engagements, with all my family about me. At the Monthly Meeting in the next month I obtained a minute for holding public meetings in our neighbourhood. They did not take me much from home till the last week, in which I have had one almost every evening. I do not remember often to have had such close provings of soul. * * * *

Surely nothing is a more wide-wasting evil than preaching out of the life, and probably doing so was the origin of that apostacy, the weight of which is strongly to be felt over our land, a darkness to be felt in a very especial manner in our Cathedral cities, perhaps in none more so than that of Durham. Oh, may I be preserved from this evil! * * *

CHAPTER XIV.

MEETINGS WITH THE NOBILITY—WITH THE JEWS—NORFOLK—SHE COMPLETES HER ENGAGEMENT IN LONDON AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD—HOLDS MEETINGS IN THE EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE—IN COMPANY WITH HER HUSBAND VISITS CUMBERLAND AND NORTHUMBERLAND—SCOTLAND—JONATHAN BACKHOUSE'S ILLNESS AT MONTROSE—THEIR RETURN HOME—SHE DELIVERS UP HER CERTIFICATE.

In the course of her extensive journeys in England and Scotland, H. C. Backhouse's mind was often deeply exercised on behalf of those who held prominent stations in society, and whose influence in their respective neighbourhoods, and in the country at large, was considerable.

She would often in writing convey her interest for them, and, if way opened for it, more fully relieve her mind by a personal interview, in which she expressed her sympathy in the cares and responsibilities belonging to their station, accompanied with earnest desires for their present and everlasting welfare, setting forth at the same time, in impressive language, the blessings that would follow, not only to themselves, but to the multitudes over whom their influence extended, upon a faithful obedience to their divine Master—the happiness that would be their portion on earth—the crown of glory which, for the sake of their Holy Redeemer, would be eternally theirs.

At her request two meetings were held successively

at the Meeting-house in Westminster, especially for the nobility, many of whom attended them.

At Cambridge was held a memorable meeting, which was attended by many of the Collegians. In this service she had the efficient companionship of her friend and fellow-labourer, William Forster.

Towards the close of the year she commenced, in company with her husband and her friend Mary Fell, a visit to the families of Devonshire House Monthly Meeting, and it was during this period that she was enabled to carry into effect a concern which had long rested on her mind, to hold meetings with the Jews, a large number of whom occupy the district between Bishopsgate Street and Whitechapel. Many were the meetings which she held with them. They willingly responded to the invitation, and listened attentively when the faith of Abraham and the object of that faith—the glorious truths of the gospel—were unflinchingly proclaimed. In one of her letters she says :—

Last evening we had an interesting meeting with the Jews, who were invited to Devonshire House, and a respectable assembly we had—preaching to them out of Moses and the Prophets, and rehearsing the blessings and curses on their keeping the law of the Lord or departing from it, and declaring to them concerning Him of whom Moses and the Prophets did write.

After a succession of these meetings, it was remarked that many of the Jews continued for a few years the practice of attending Devonshire House meeting, on First-day afternoons.

Whilst paying a visit to her mother, she again held meetings in the neighbourhood of Norwich. Towards the little remnant of Friends in her native city and

county she felt peculiar interest and the tie of old associations ; visited many of them in their families, and in their meetings she was often strikingly engaged.

After a long suspension of her journal it was now re-commenced, and the following are extracts from it during her visit to Norfolk :—

27th of 1st mo.—Attended the funeral of ———. The feeling of awful tenderness at the grave very strong. The meeting was a deeply interesting one ; some of my old acquaintance and relations there, who are never seen at meeting but on such occasions. It was a day of mercy to my soul, and I did not feel it less so in being allowed a peaceful rest in the afternoon than in being able to declare the whole counsel of God in the morning.

31st.—Visited families, on a very cold day, in the country ; dined at a farm-house, and deplored the effects of drinking and smoking, to which I believe may be traced the fall, both civil and religious, of many in this county, who thought little harm of a social pipe and glass.

3rd of 2nd mo.—Meeting with the Friends of Tivetshall in the morning ; an afternoon meeting in the same Meeting-house, crowded with neighbours ; and another more so in the evening, at a Methodist Meeting-house at Dickleborough : a day of favour to my own soul, in which strength was afforded to mind and body.

4th.—Visiting families, and another call on John Oldershaw. I had not felt satisfied with myself, so called again in fear ; but it answered well, and he took leave of me most affectionately. I had known him in early life, whilst visiting the Kerrichs' at Harleston, as the clergyman of the place. He is now above eighty years old, and archdeacon ; but he listened to a woman's preaching, and expressed himself comforted by it. Meeting at Harleston in the evening, satisfactory, though not large.

Came to the Grove before they expected me, and spent a most sweet comfortable evening with my dear mother alone. These are seasons of refreshment. Part of our employment this evening reading Thomas Shillitoe's journal. The ex-

ample of his faith in Divine direction has been very useful to me, and has tended to reconcile the minds of some in regard to my movements.

A visit to the families of Friends, within the compass of Southwark Monthly Meeting, was that which seemed next in order, and she accordingly returned to London, with a view of entering upon this service. She laid the matter before Southwark Meeting, and the proposal being cordially united with, the visit was commenced. But that heavenly oil, without which there can be no true anointing for service, seemed stayed ; and, humiliating as it was to her, both naturally and spiritually, she convened some of the Friends of that meeting, and, with the child-like humility and simplicity of a true disciple, told them that she believed she had mistaken the time for entering on this religious engagement, and that her peace was concerned in proceeding no further in it.

She then returned into Norfolk, and completed, to her own relief and the satisfaction of her friends, the service in which she had been engaged before returning to London.

Early in the Third month she resumed her labours in London, with a visit to the families of Friends in the Monthly Meetings of Gracechurch Street and Peel. Her faith was confirmed by the manifest opening which there was for her gospel labours in this direction, and by the coincidence that her retirement from the field of labour in Southwark had made way for the performance of a like service in that quarter by another Friend in the ministry ; which would have been interfered with, or wholly prevented, had she proceeded with hers, as originally intended.

The following extracts refer to some portion of these engagements :—

6th of 3rd mo.—Went to Gracechurch Street Monthly Meeting, where I confessed my mistake about Southwark, and asked their leave to proceed with the families in Gracechurch Street, which was cordially given, and I felt peaceful.

14th.—A very interesting day at Uxbridge, at the funeral of John Fell. In the evening, a crowded public meeting: believe it was a good one.

17th.—A comfortable meeting. Some visits afterwards with Jacob Post. My J. B. engaged rather strikingly in a family to whom the words that were spoken were peculiarly applicable.

This Spring she attended the Yearly Meeting in Dublin. In describing her service in one of the meetings there, she says :—

I was engaged in ministry during the last part of it, to the considerable relief of my own mind,—the man Christ Jesus brought into view, which in some communications I had thought too much left out.

Of the London Yearly Meeting of this year she writes :—

I could not but feel the position I occupied, and earnestly did I desire I might be rightly exercised and directed in it. I believe there has been more of a covering of love over this Yearly Meeting than I remember since I returned from America.

9th. of 6th mo.—At Peel, two excellent meetings, the last a public one. A day of much exertion, the body ready to faint under it.

16th.—At Plaistow meeting, under no small weight of exercise, but remarkably strengthened to throw it off.

Polam, 22nd.—Reached home to tea with all our family, which I felt a mercy.

24th.—Quietly going on with household affairs.

30th.—A silent meeting in the morning; in the evening our neighbours were invited, and a solid good meeting I think it was.

Sunderland, 3rd of 7th mo. [where she had been attending the Quarterly Meeting].—Longed to go home, but was fearful of doing so in impatience; so after a season concluded not to alter our first prospect, but to stay over Fifth-day. Made several calls, and after supper, at Ashburne, had an interesting time in encouraging the young people to faithfulness.

4th.—A very good searching meeting at Sunderland; rather a conflicting time afterwards, as I did not feel clear to go away, but thought I must next day call upon ———, a baronet of the neighbourhood. I felt it not a little, having to go and see people of whom I knew nothing; however, my dear husband went with me, and after walking some time on the cliff, during which my mind was quieted, we found them at home, and were received very politely. I hope I did my duty by encouraging them to be faithful.

7th.—Two meetings in Newcastle, in which I spoke at some length; in the evening the neighbours were invited. Though very much exhausted in body by this day's work, I was easy in mind.

8th.—Proceeded to Morpeth to see Bolam, [a prisoner in the county gaol, accused of murder.]

9th.—Again visited the gaol, and the governor collected the prisoners for us in the chapel: much was said to them, and they appeared to feel it.

11th.—At home. The meeting in the morning one in which I should have liked to keep silence; but I believe faith did better for me than my wisdom.

21st.—In the afternoon, a public meeting in the school-room at Dalton; altogether a peaceful day.

24th.—The wedding of my niece Lucy B. Backhouse;* a beautiful sample of order externally, and much internal comfort.

30th.—A memorable time after breakfast. I was very low, and got some relief in prayer for us and dear Edmund [leaving home for school].

5th of 8th mo.—Paid a religious visit to ———, [a cele-

* To John Mounsey.

brated boxer,] in the morning, and in the evening went to Wakefield, and had a good meeting with the railroad men. Several other satisfactory public meetings in this neighbourhood.

16th.—Went to the meeting at Leeds, where I was heartily welcomed by Friends, and had a sweet meeting with them: my soul refreshed.

4th of 9th mo.—* * * * My unusual path of faith most deeply trying to myself and often to my friends; but sometimes am I given to feel that I have a Counsellor better than the best of men, and Him I must follow.

8th.—Off at seven o'clock for Osmotherly. The neighbours invited to the afternoon meeting, which proved a good one; and then, with a little of that living water which refreshes soul and body, drove on, as soon as we could, to our meeting at Smeaton, in a barn. It was really a favoured one, and we returned home, I trust, with renewed faith, and thankful for the mercies of the day.

Then followed several visits to country places, where the people were many of them poor and neglected; often the most favoured meetings were amongst this class, and in one or two places, where the people had a character for ignorance and vice, the door seemed remarkably open.

In these journeys H. C. Backhouse was generally accompanied by one of her daughters, and, besides the willing assistance which was rendered by Friends of the parts she visited, in her faithful servant John Hall she often found an efficient helper.*

* It was rarely indeed that John Hall was disposed to complain; he had so much respect for his mistress, and for the cause in which she was engaged, that his part of the work—which often involved no small exertion both to himself and his horses—was usually rendered with cheerful alacrity. On one occasion, when, after more than usual toil, he had been a little inclined to murmur, he was, as he afterwards remarked, so “refreshed” by the meeting which followed, that he thought he could not again be “put out,” by anything belonging to the work, which he felt “was indeed a good one.”

22nd.—At meeting with our friends in our own room at the inn at Redcar, in the morning ; a public one at Coatham in the afternoon, and at Redcar, in the Methodist Meeting-house, in the evening. A day of much favour.

29th.—At Whitby meeting in the morning ; a public meeting at Sleights in the afternoon, and one at Egton in the evening.

7th of 10th mo.—* * * * I do not think I set a sufficient watch on the door of my lips.

8th.————— spoke to me very seriously about our much going out. Felt it a good deal.

9th.—Yet thought it right to persevere, and went to Long Newton. A good meeting.

To ———

12th of 10th mo., 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It was no small comfort to me to receive thy letter of the Seventh month 30th ; the time since I heard from thee before had been so long, and I had written to thee twice in it, that I almost concluded thou must have become quite alienated from us. I was glad indeed to find by thy letter it was not so, and that thou yet retained the affection for us that we so much valued when we were together. From what we had to experience when among you, I think I am in some degree prepared to sympathize with you in the false views some may take of you ; but as the opinion of man makes no real alteration in our state, I have always believed it best no further to regard it than as one of the means which are often made use of to lead into close self-examination, in which we may crave for that spirit of meekness and humility through which we may be prepared to receive every lesson that the Spirit of Truth may teach us. Thus evil report, rightly made use of, has a strong influence in bringing us before the Throne of Grace, that mercy-seat near which we are enlightened in the knowledge of the most hidden recesses of the heart, and, being contrited at the sight of manifold infirmities, are brought to taste of the

forgiveness and purification that belong to the extension of that mercy alone. So have many servants of the Lord Jesus, in every age of the world, been brightened in the furnace of affliction, and evil report has been so changed into good report, that the supposed murderer has been thought a God* as well as he that was thought a God stoned†. But possibly the real state of the heart is as much proved by good report; the mortal who can so receive it as to give all the glory to Him to whom alone it belongs, must indeed be filled with the Spirit, and abide in the spirit of Him who was meek and lowly of heart; but when good report is not thus received, a fall is the sure consequence; and I cannot but fear that this has been the real cause of the stumbling of some whom in days past we have thought very well of,—I believe deservedly. So it often appears to me as if everything within and without cries out that we stand in jeopardy every hour; but then we may remember that help is laid on One who is mighty to save and to deliver, &c.; that He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and that through Him the victory may be obtained; so that, though we may fear always, we never need despair, but may commit ourselves, under the most trying circumstances of life, to Him who judges righteously, and who we know will render unto every man according to his deeds. I rather long to know the result of your last Yearly Meeting, and whether you have been comforted in any of its decisions, or felt its spirit helpful in pouring a little balm into your tried souls.

I can hardly suppose any position more trying than one to which I have at times been exposed, when I have known that individuals have been very jealous of, if not disapproving, my ministry; but it seems to me all we have to do in such circumstances is to keep very close to the gift, and to be as faithful to it as we possibly can, both in doing and in suffering, leaving the result in the hands of Him from whom we believe it has been received. I did not like to hear of thy having been so long silent in the ministry. Hast thou not closed thy own mouth at times, by meditating on the things of man, rather than keeping thy whole attention exclusively fixed on

* Acts xxviii. 4-6.

† Acts xiv. 11-19.

the things of God? Now, if we do in the secret of our hearts halt a little, those who are on the watch for our halting will quickly discover it, and, truth being partly on their side, they will be sure to make the most of it; and when we are found fault with by those who have a little truth on their side, though they may give expression to a great deal more than there really is, we feel much more acutely, and are much more apt to resent it and be soured by it, than when there is no truth at all in their feeling towards us. So it is we must look straight forward, and then I believe we shall be helped along; for when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him, (*i. e.* in His own time). Thou seest I have spoken very plainly, indeed have told all my mind as I have gone along.

Thy letter mentions thy husband's being out on a journey into the western parts of your country. I could venture to hope it was not on a voyage of discovery to see where you might move from your present position. I do think you had need be especially guarded under your present circumstances not to move but under the most clear pointings of the Divine finger; indeed I can hardly suppose it to be right for you to do so, until by patience and forbearance, and the ordering of Him in whose hands are the hearts of all the children of men, you are on those comfortable terms with the Friends where you now live that you once were. How I should rejoice to hear this was the case, and I cannot despair of it if you patiently and meekly bear all the torments of that discipline that Wisdom is said in the Apocrypha to give her children.—Ecclesiasticus iv. 16, 18. Well, thou mayst say this is hard to bear, especially when it comes through those who, we conjecture, know little of the matter; but the scourge in the hand of the master knows nothing of injury, real or supposed, for which it is made the instrument of inflicting suffering. And so if we could view our fellow-mortals when made instruments of giving us suffering, I believe it would tend greatly to the advancement of that dispensation which has for its object glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will to men.

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

Seaton, 13th.—Meeting in my brother Edward's parlour in the morning; at Hartlepool in the afternoon, and at Seaton in the evening, in the Methodist Meeting-house. A day of no small favour, particularly the last meeting.

19th.—Monthly Meeting. Went quietly to it, with earnest desires that I might be rightly directed; which prayer, now in returning from it, has I believe been heard. Much interesting preaching; afterwards I requested Friends to stop, and obtained another minute, [for holding meetings in her own neighbourhood,] which was very cordially granted; and my own mind is very peaceful. Thanks to Him who does not forsake those who trust in Him, though He often permits their faith to be closely tried.

24th.—A sweet afternoon with my dear mother, instead of going to the afternoon meeting, and then she went with me to Piercebridge, where we had an excellent meeting. The consolations of the gospel abounded afterwards.

2nd of 12th mo.—My dear mother left us. Had an interesting leave-taking at Southend. Something remarkably sweet and complete in this visit.

7th.—A meeting at Heighington in the evening, crowded, and many words were not wanting; but my mind was not relieved, perhaps owing to the fear of appearing in supplication after so many words; so perhaps I lost patience, and, with it, bread.

To ———

Darlington, 5th of 12th mo., 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

There was one subject thou touched upon in thy kind note, about which I have since thought a good deal. "I hope," thou sayest, "zeal will not go before knowledge in the Teetotal cause—I think I see harm to the cause of Christianity in it." I believe unsanctified zeal, even in the cause of Christianity itself, defeats its own object; but a cause being pursued in a wrong manner, is no argument at all against the cause itself; and I am willing to confess that the more I know of the workings of total abstinence from all fermented liquors, the more I value the principle, and see

the great advantages that must flow from it—and on the other hand, I can see no disadvantages from pursuing it. If I like to drink nothing but water, milk, tea, and coffee, and find I am no worse, but rather the better; I do not see on what principle I can injure any one, and if I sit at the head of my table doing so, there is a silent preaching against intemperance, which may not well please my neighbour; but which surely need not prohibit him from taking as much as his conscience approves for the benefit of health; and I suppose for indulgence in drinking thou wouldst not plead. I cannot but see that had all the masters and mistresses of families, who would not think moderate drinking an evil, been teetotallers, it would have made a wonderful difference in some families with whom we have been acquainted; and many a bitter cup would have been spared. Perhaps there could hardly be found a prisoner, who may not trace to drinking the beginning or consummation of his vicious courses. How the cause of Christianity can possibly suffer from people not taking fermented liquors, I cannot conceive; but that it suffers prodigiously under their doing so, I am absolutely certain.

13th.—At Thirsk. One of those nights when the blast of the terrible one was truly felt—a night of wrestling, so many fears of being deluded, and so longing to get home. Isabel Casson very kind to me. My conflict resulted in the appointment of a meeting in a village this afternoon. Rested in the morning, and had a remarkable meeting in the evening in the coach-house of a widow lady. The day ended in great peace, and I had a good night's rest.

15th.—At Thirsk this morning, full of peace, and a good meeting with Friends.

16th.—Returned home,—a treat to get there.

At this time J. and H. C. Backhouse obtained the concurrence of their Monthly Meeting for a religious visit in Scotland, to which Cumberland and Northumberland were subsequently added.

17th.—Rose peaceful after a very good night's rest. At meeting, Scotland came fresh before me. I allowed the meeting to break up, but afterwards convened Friends, and with my dear husband, was sweetly liberated. A day of much peace. Went into the men's meeting.

18th.—Rather ruffled by too much personal exertion on things that do not signify.

19th.—A peaceful comfortable meeting.

TO MARY JAMES LECKEY.

Polam Hill, 14th of 12th mo., 1839.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

* * * * I have always desired thy faithfulness in this as well as every other matter, and do desire that the discourager may never be suffered to hinder the good work, which he is apt to succeed in doing, I believe, in many instances, making thereby room for unauthorized offerings. I do hope your troubles,* which possibly have originated in self-righteousness, have abated, though many under them have suffered great loss. I never could be sorry, for the general good of the Church, that this spirit has so rapidly led to extremes, and thereby shown itself so distinctly. Such proceedings in the will and wisdom of man, under the garb of self-denial and great spirituality, are only a stratagem of the enemy to prevent the eye from being kept single to Him who guides his servants into all truth by that way which He trod, who was himself the friend of publicans and sinners, and through whose cross—and not our own—we are redeemed from all iniquity; the world is crucified to us and we unto the world. Then, as to the duty of cross-bearing and Christian self-denial. I have never approved the expression of “taking up the cross” when applied exclusively to external acts. I do believe that the taking up of the cross, under the guidance of the Spirit, does frequently lead to those external

* Allusion is here made to the trials, to which, on a comparatively small scale, and for a short time, Friends, especially in the south of Ireland, were subjected, by a ranting spirit in some who made a high profession of spirituality.

acts which mark before men our desire to be the disciples of Christ; but that is a very different thing from calling these acts the cross, and thus confounding cause and effect. I am not fond of dwelling on nice distinctions, but I have seen so much error arise (apparently) from the want of keeping to the form of sound words, or Scripture terms, that I think it peculiarly desirable for those engaged in the ministry to be very careful to avoid adopting any phraseology that can be doubtful, when every clear meaning may be conveyed in clear terms. The state of society everywhere demands that we should be careful in these respects. I feel much interested for the Friends in Ireland, who, from our first acquaintance, have shown us so much kindness. That thou mournest over the low state of things I do not wonder; but if thou dost thy best, thou must not be careful for anything, in the consoling belief that He who has given himself for his Church loves her more than we can possibly do, and cares for her to an extent that we cannot possibly comprehend. * * * *

In the year 1840, laborious engagements and important events rapidly succeeded each other. During the spring J. and H. C. Backhouse were engaged in visiting the meetings of Friends, and holding numerous meetings of a more public character in Cumberland and Northumberland. They found a very open door in that district, and diligently did they labour in the work to which they were called, devoting to it unsparingly their time and their substance.

The following letters and extracts relate to this period :—

Cockermouth, 31st of 12th mo., 1839.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

* * * * I have shed many tears this week from earnest longings to be with my children, and to spend this week with them; but it has always seemed as if my days could not be marked by spending them as I would naturally choose. Greatly in the cross I have turned out,

and many deep plunges I have had ; but I could not doubt it was right my being at the Quarterly Meeting at Wigton, and I have always seemed in my place in every meeting I have had ; but what has cost me the most thoughtfulness and conflict, has been the belief that it might be right to attend Kendal Quarterly Meeting, which I expect to venture upon to-morrow.

I think thou wilt feel for me in it in many ways, for it renews very painful remembrances.* Thou wilt pity me in the sacrifice of so much home comfort, and crave my preservation. Whether we go forward into Scotland, after the Quarterly Meeting at Newcastle, we have not yet determined. The pain of thus leaving my family has, indeed, been severe ; but I trust we may be cared for. * * * *

TO HER CHILDREN.

Morpeth, 1st of 1st mo., 1840.

I have had a time of much suffering and close trial of faith, which has ended in going on with the work in these parts. After you left us, my heart was sad indeed, but I managed to get through dinner at the ————s', and, after an hour's rest—if rest it might be called—in all the pain of separation from you, we rode to Morpeth, where my heart continued sad, and so went to meeting. As soon as it was over, a pleasing-looking young woman called and said, that though she feared it was an intrusion, she could not be satisfied without coming to speak to us. She had felt so comforted by the meeting,—it had been a great relief to her mind ; she had loved our people ever since she was a child, and though she had never before seen Friends but in the shops and streets, nor ever attended one of their meetings, yet she had been impressed with the idea that *that* people was her people. She believed that such a language as this might be addressed to me : “ If thou wilt care for my flock, I

* It was while engaged in attending the Quarterly Meeting at this place, in 1836, that she was summoned to attend the death-bed of her son H. G. Backhouse. (*See p. 195.*)

will care for thy children." I have at last given you up, and trust that the Shepherd of Israel may himself be near to do you good.

Newbiggin, 13th of 1st mo., 1840.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED CHILDREN,

You have been with me night and day, and never, since the hour I first laid you to my bosom, do I think my whole soul has felt so knit to you; then I received an infant babe, but now it seems your souls as well as bodies are my especial care, with the fondest interest of maternal love, in the double sense of natural and spiritual mother. How I do crave you may be nourished by the sincere milk of the word, which I may pray for, but cannot give!

Irvington, 18th of 2nd mo., 1840.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

* * * * We have met with many seriously-minded people, and the willingness to come to the meetings which we have appointed in this neighbourhood has been great; the houses have been crowded, and I believe it may be truly said the meetings have been favoured ones. For some time past we have had one every evening, and, as thou mayst suppose, I have often been, and am almost always, very weary; but I get just round enough again, by sleep and food, to go on; and when we are to stop, and where, I know not. My dear husband does not go to all the meetings, which I am glad of, as I am sure the exertion would be too much for him; but if he is content to take the business moderately, I see it rather does him good than otherwise. * * * *

This engagement was resumed after the Yearly Meeting. Many public meetings were held in Northumberland, and then, with their whole family, J. and H. C. Backhouse crossed the border. Meetings were held at Coldstream, Jedburgh, Peebles, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, and other places. After one at Montrose, in which

Jonathan Backhouse had been largely engaged in ministry, he was seized with a severe attack of paralysis, and for some days his life appeared in danger ; he was, however, permitted to recover a considerable degree of health, although the full use of his limbs never returned. His wife records of this period that “a sense of heavenly peace rested upon their little party in the sick chamber.”

Before quitting Montrose, H. C. Backhouse felt bound to the performance of some further service in that part of Scotland. Whilst absent on some of these engagements, she wrote as follows :—

TO JONATHAN BACKHOUSE.

Cupar, Fife, 14th of 10th mo., 1840.

MY DEAREST,

Thy sweet letter, with dear Ann's addition, so like yourselves, I have received, together with the enclosures. Everything does truly call us home, and I trust a kind and gentle Master will allow us shortly to live there. The meeting I had last night was so remarkably owned, after twenty-four hours of as much mental suffering as I have often passed through, that I cannot distrust the feelings that induced me, greatly in the cross, to leave you. I have had a good refreshing night's rest, and the aspiration of my heart in the morning that way might be made, if possible, towards home, I trust will be answered. Every natural thing does indeed seem to call for it, and I trust no impediment may arise to our at least being at Wooler on First-day, leaving Edinburgh on Sixth-day.

The journey home was safely accomplished, and with grateful hearts the little party assembled once more in their own dwelling, though under a chastened feeling caused by the feebleness and impaired power of its beloved and honoured head.

On the 3rd of Eleventh month, H. C. Backhouse delivered up her certificate in something like these words :—

It was in weakness, in fear, and in much trembling, that I asked for this certificate, and I can truly say that since that time (now nearly twelve months ago), this has been my almost constant state. Never, I think, in any previous year of my life, have I passed through so much suffering, and never has all natural strength been more prostrated at the foot of the cross ; but I may acknowledge there have also been seasons of abounding consolation, when there has been a foretaste of that glory which the redeemed partake of.

About one hundred public meetings were held in Cumberland, and a great many in Scotland. In almost all of them I had the company of my beloved husband, until we came to Montrose, where, after a large and very satisfactory meeting, than in which I think I never heard him more excellent, he was seized with a stroke which nearly proved fatal. Such a sense of peace was given, even at the time, as marked the presence of my God, and it was continued during the whole of this illness at Montrose. The Lord was indeed very near to my beloved husband, making all his bed in his sickness, and supporting by his strength those nearest and dearest to him. When he became better, I left him for a night or two at a time, to attend some meetings in the neighbourhood, but it was always very painful to me, and sometimes the conflict between nature and grace was more than I knew how to bear.

Some of these meetings were remarkably owned, and I believe, if patience had had a more perfect work, our return might have been delayed a few days longer, and a few more meetings been held on the coast ; but the pressure of circumstances seemed to call us home, and, after having mused much upon the subject, and whether I should give up my certificate, I thought of our Saviour at the grave of Lazarus, and believed that He who wept over it would take compassion on my infirmities.

Scotland is a very interesting country ; they are a very considering people, and at this time there is much questioning

in regard to a hireling ministry. Truly the fields are ripe unto harvest. I have sometimes thought whether there was not too much amongst us, as individuals and as a Society, of saying, "There are four months and then cometh harvest." Oh! that the rising generation may be devoted to the service of their Lord, and with more faith and more patience, preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

CHAPTER XV.

DEATH OF HER MOTHER—LETTERS—SERVICES IN THE EAST RIDING OF
YORKSHIRE—HER HUSBAND'S DEATH—HIS CHARACTER.

BEFORE the close of the year, H. C. Backhouse was again engaged in religious service in Scotland, accompanied by her beloved friend E. P. Kirkbride.

In the Second Month, 1841, she was summoned to attend the dying bed of her beloved mother, Jane Gurney.

Of the latter it may truly be said, notwithstanding the many blessings with which she was surrounded, that such was her sensitive nature that the path of her pilgrimage was often weary, and she had drunk deep of the cup of sorrow. The death of her husband, and seven out of her nine children, most of them in mature life—left her bereaved and heart-stricken ; yet was it evident that each successive trial accomplished the purpose for which it was sent, and was received by her with growing submission to the Hand that dispensed it. Her house was the sheltered home of her daughter's children, not only during the long journey of their parents in America, but also in their frequent absence on other religious errands. Neither was she forgetful of the apostolic injunction to entertain strangers, and many were the gospel messengers who shared her hospitality and Christian kindness. Her love for her friends, and her practical interest in their welfare, became increasingly conspicuous in her declining years. She reached the

advanced age of eighty-two, with but little failure of either bodily or mental power. Her evening was calm and peaceful, and her sun set in brightness.

Of this event H. C. Backhouse writes thus :—

TO JONATHAN BACKHOUSE.

Grove, 22nd of 2nd mo., 1841.

It has been a great mercy to us that we were strengthened to leave you at the time we did, as it enabled us to arrive just at the seasonable hour. When my dearest mother had aroused from the unconscious state she had been in most of the night, and evidently received no small consolation from the knowledge that dear Jane and myself were beside her, she pressed my lips earnestly, and in an accent I shall never forget, she said "*Dear Hannah!*" She appeared to be in great suffering. I told her I believed it was the forerunner of unutterable joy, on which she remarked that "all was clear before her." I said the Lord was with her, and I believed the language to her was, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." We thought she answered, "It is all of mercy;" at least the word "mercy" was several times repeated, and then "forgiveness;" on which I said, "The people that dwell therein are forgiven their iniquity." Shortly afterward she exclaimed, "Now open the pearl gates," two or three times repeating it. She then appeared to be in considerable suffering for several hours, and afterwards fell into a sleep of perfect tranquillity, and, drawing her breath shorter and shorter, made no doubt, a glorious entrance into one of those mansions her Lord had prepared for her. It was a most triumphant escape from the sufferings of time into the joys of eternity. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, the city of the living God." A feeling of heavenly peace clothed our spirits as we stood around her bed, which I trust was not interrupted by a few words from myself; and afterwards dear J. J. Gurney, in supplication, brought all the members of our family, both those that are gone and those that remain, before the throne of grace in a very sweet manner.

It would be impossible for such a scene to abound with more consolations. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

TO ELIZABETH DUDLEY.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

I do feel something like shame at thy truly welcome and acceptable letter having remained so long unanswered. I could make a number of apologies for it; but I had rather simply say I am sorry it has not been done, lest thou might possibly have thought we had not truly valued thy kindness and attention. We can sincerely respond to the language, "Ye are in our hearts;" for very often have I thought of thee, and often mentioned thy name. I rejoice in thy labours, and have no doubt of their being blessed to hundreds and thousands. How many places in the kingdom mayst thou find where the voice of a Friend has not been heard for thirty years, and many where it has not been heard at all! Numbers in our society think, I believe, that our principles are well-known, but the more I have been able to know of the fact, the more I am certain that they are very little known, and I question if one in a thousand of the population of Great Britain and Ireland have any distinct notion of them—surely not even *that* proportion. I think the society might take a little more pains than it has done in the distribution of books treating on its principles, by placing them in the public libraries of the kingdom. The more I look into them the stronger is my conviction of their importance.

TO CATHERINE GURNEY.

Devonshire-square, 26th of 5th mo., 1841.

MY DEAR CATHERINE,

The touch of sympathy for me in thy letter was most truly grateful. I am thankful that I have been enabled to rejoice with those who rejoice, and trust I shall increas-

ingly be able to do so ; but I had no idea, on coming up to this Yearly Meeting, how much my spirits would have been affected. The change of circumstances is so great to me since last year, and the contrast with the state of others seems to bring them home with double force ; but the fashion of this world passes away, and if we may be but favoured to have a hiding-place in Him—the Rock—all the passing storms and sunshine of life, except as they have been found to minister to our attachment to Him, will soon be found less than nothing and vanity. Though I have had many low ones, I have had some sweet hours during this Yearly Meeting, when the spirits of those we have both dearly loved have been very livingly before me, and in their rest, and in looking towards it, I have rejoiced in tears. My precious mother has been continually before me ; thy feelings at her loss seem to have bound me yet closer to thee.

Trusting that all the joys or sorrows of time we may yet have to pass through, may be uniting us still closer in that love that changes not,

I am thy truly affectionate cousin,

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

To ———

Polam Hill, 11th of 6th mo., 1841.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

Many times have my thoughts turned towards you since we parted, and especially so since you gave up coming to London. * * *

We remained a week at home, a week of preparation and some rest. Finding my dear husband better than when we left him, I had no hesitation about going to London, and, as far as regarded him, left home with an easy mind ; but my spirit was low and burdened, which I found increasingly the case during the first few days of the Yearly Meeting, and it continued to be so, though I had full persuasion that it was my place to be there, and never felt best help nearer than in those religious engagements into which I believed myself called. * * * Truly I have often thought of

thee in reference to the exercise of that "gift" that I believe has been bestowed upon thee: my desire thou well knowest is that thou mayst "fulfil it." I was afraid when in Ireland, that of later times thou hadst been under much discouragement respecting it. My view is that thou simply abide with the gift, and not think of the opinions of others concerning it, and above all, compare it not with the gift of any other; for as no two members of the body have the same office, so there must be a diversity in the gifts to enable us to fill our respective offices. It is only as we are faithful to our individual charge, that we are ourselves kept in life and health, and are able to edify the body. Thy offerings have been very acceptable to me, but if they do not always bring that evidence into thy mind afterwards which gives the sense of acquittal, I wish thou wouldst examine whether it may not have been from giving way to fear in the exercise of the gift and thereby hindering that possession of the soul in patience, in which He our Lord is made unto us mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance. * * * *

However, I again repeat, keep close to thy own gift, and do not think thou hast received none, because after the exercise of it thou dost not feel that satisfaction thou couldst desire, but rather let it lead thee into a close examination in what way the earth of the vessel may have hindered the flowing of the pure water of life.

TO MARIA FOX.

Leamington, 25th of 6th mo., 1841.

MY DEAR MARIA,

* * * * But what with the state of my body run down from previous exertions, and my changed situation, in attending a Yearly Meeting, without a parent, a husband, or a child, and with other things that closely tried my feelings, I think I was hardly ever more continually under depression. However, in the midst of tears and sufferings, I was favoured to take a part in the labour of the meetings with more satisfaction to my own mind, and I believe more

to the comfort of my friends, than on any former occasion. The course of time had placed me on the foremost seat, a seat that I had seen vacated again and again, and closely was it brought home to me, especially whilst the testimonies were being read, how short must be the remainder of *my* course; but with this thought and the remembrance of my dear mother's closing hour, a glance was given me of that kingdom of rest and peace which stamped the words of the apostle, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

The following letter refers to the marriage of Joseph John Gurney with Eliza Paul Kirkbride, who had for some time been a much-valued inmate in the family at Polam.

TO ELIZABETH FRY.

Polam Hill, 25th of 10th mo., 1841.

MY BELOVED COUSIN,

* * * * The day of the 21st passed off with as much of entire and solid satisfaction as any, I think, I can remember. A beautiful crown bestowed by the Father of mercies as a reward of many years of faithful service—a little earnest of that crown which, we trust, will, when days are over, be worn by the dear united ones, and by those who have been made partakers of their joy. I have deeply felt parting with her, but acknowledge it good and wholesome for us that she has her own natural home, and feel very peaceful under the separation.

Thy very affectionate cousin,

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

To ———

Polam Hill, 27th of 10th mo., 1841.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

* * * * Life does not want objects, yet what object can be pursued with comfort, but under some sense of Divine approbation? Thou often complaineest of

poverty ; thou surely canst not, I think, know much more of it than I have done ; but there is such a thing as joy, peace and praise—an inheritance in light ; and may we never by any discouragement of the enemy lose our part in it, not a part of our own procuring, but reserved for us by Him who upholdeth all things by the word of his power. I do apprehend, as I always have done, that thou art designed to speak well of his excellent name, and I would have thee fully patient as well as faithful in the exercise of thy gift ; for, for want of patience I believe in many of us it is often marred, the subject not clearly developed, the end too soon come at ; and surely, though to study the Scriptures *for the sake of using them in preaching* could not befit our principles, yet I am increasingly persuaded, that by the mind being attentively fixed upon their sacred contents oftener than the day, a store of gold is obtained, ready to be coined at the king's command.

I do feel much interested in thy progress every way. I do not mean to make preaching and real religious progress the same thing ; I am sure I know they often stand distinct the one from the other ; on the other hand, " Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

TO MARIA FOX.

Polam Hill, 6th of 11th mo., 1841.

MY BELOVED COUSIN,

* * * * My dear husband continues very much in the same state, though in looking back for a length of time we see more of a return to his former habits. He now almost regularly gets to meeting on First and Fifth-day mornings. We spend our evenings very pleasantly together, and my dear husband enjoys being read to ; his mind is preserved in peace in the midst of much remaining activity.

My dear girls and I read the Old Testament together, for a short time after breakfast. What a comfort in life is the Bible ! The capability of enjoying it is one of our greatest blessings, and is truly a gift ; yet, like many other gifts, to be sought after by using all diligence to keep the heart and mind upon it.

To ———

17th of 11th mo., 1841.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

* * * * Thy letter was very interesting to me, and demands some explanation of my half-told views, which, like other half-told things, are very apt to create misapprehension. I am an enemy to costume for the sake of costume; but I am also persuaded that if we bear a consistent testimony against that which springs from vanity, decking the person with ornaments, and changeable suits of apparel, and changing for the sake of the fashion, we must fall into a very simple manner of dressing, and that very much of a uniform one, with the exception of those real improvements that tend both to ease and health, and which have nothing to do with conformity to the world for the sake of conformity. In following such a line of conduct, it is self-evident that we must differ from the majority. But as truth and righteousness have never yet been supposed to be with the multitude, common usage is no argument for the Christian; and if we differ from others by a consistent testimony against ornament and change of fashion, we must become singular, and it is this singularity which marks us as Friends; and what we think founded on right principles for ourselves must also be so for our children.

This is the reasonable view I take of our peculiarity of dress. Simplicity and absence of ornament is undoubtedly a Christian requirement; but the Church may have requireing in one state of mankind that might not be necessary for her in another. Were the world not to lie in wickedness, as we know it does, there would be no need for the protection that the mark of being a Friend is now known to be, both to our young men and young women. * * * *

I am sure I would not lay any bonds upon our dear young people, but those of the gospel; but I do believe that the more submissive they are to these, the more they will value the principles and peculiar practices of the Society.

We now enter on another year of diligent service in

the cause of her Divine Master ; a year also marked by sore bereavement. From her journal for this period a few particulars may be extracted.

1st of 1st mo., 1842.—Returned from York, after more than a two weeks' absence in Yorkshire, with dear Ann : kept on in faith from day to day. Patience much tried, but it had not its perfect work.

2nd.—A day of heaviness of heart, in the midst of so much blessing : some fervent desires after righteousness.

7th of 2nd mo.—Went to Newcastle ; fixed with George Richardson to go forward with me to Scotland ; rode with him to Edinburgh.

12th.—Returned home by myself.

22nd.—Went to the Monthly Meeting at Stockton with my dear husband and family, and obtained a certificate for the East Riding of Yorkshire.

23rd.—Left home early ; attended York Monthly Meeting ; went on with Mary Hustler and Henry Tuke to York.*

25th and 26th.—Visiting families.

27th, First-day.—Good meeting ; in the evening a public one.

29th.—Visiting families.

3rd of 3rd mo.—Monthly Meeting at Hull—evidently in my right place ; and in the evening a meeting in the Sailors' Chapel, an old vessel ; then saw my way to go home for a few hours.

5th.—Went to Leamington, found the scene had closed as we expected, the morning before. [Alluding to the death of a beloved nephew, Robert Barclay, jun.]

6th, First-day.—In the morning with the mourners ; in the afternoon at Warwick Meeting.

11th.—Assembled in the dining-room at Leyton, (previously to the interment) a very sweet occasion. I was favoured in supplication at the grave,—an excellent meeting afterwards.

* Both these Friends were, in different ways, amongst her most faithful and devoted helpers in this part of her course.

17th.—Quarterly Meeting at Lincoln, and public meeting afterwards.

21st.—Visiting families, and a public meeting.

24th.—Small meeting at Hatfield in the morning; a large and very satisfactory one at Epworth in the evening.

30th.—Visiting families, and capital public meeting; a happy conclusion to my labours at present.

31st.—Happy and peaceful arrival at home, with dear Mary Hustler.

5th of 4th mo.—Our own Quarterly Meeting a very comfortable one; and enjoyed Friends' company afterwards.

13th.—The thought of going out before Yearly Meeting distressing and perplexing.

19th.—Concluded to go to Whitby; my faith confirmed at their Monthly Meeting. John and Martha Yearley liberated for the Continent; meeting at Aisleby in the evening, a day of favour.

20th.—Calls in the morning, capital public meeting in the evening; sore tossings about going forward to Scarborough.

Whitby. 24th, First-day.—Interesting meeting in the morning, at which many attended, and a very large public one in the evening.

Meetings were held at many of the little fishing villages in the neighbourhood of Whitby, and several in that town; to which, in her view, a more than common interest attached, from the fact of the many relations on her mother's side who lived there.*

In one of these meetings the principles of Friends were in a striking manner unfolded. It was not unfrequently the case, both here and in America, that where two or three meetings were held in the same place, she was, in the last of the series, engaged to speak on the distinguishing views of the religious Society of which she was a member—fully believing, as she did,

* Her mother, Jane Gurney, was the daughter of William Chapman, of Whitby; a man so highly respected for his integrity, that he used to go among his neighbours by the name of "honest William Chapman."

that these views were but the practical carrying out of the doctrines and precepts of our Lord and his apostles.

12th of 5th mo.—An interesting meeting, the funeral of G. P.'s child. The evanescent nature of the joys and sorrows of time expatiated upon from the text, "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider." We set off for London; a quiet ride, in which I enjoyed reading the Scriptures, and had some aspirations after preservation and right acting towards all.

14th.—Resting, but with a heavy heart.

21st.—Meeting at Peel; one for the nobility in the afternoon, at Westminster; and another for the Jews in the evening; altogether a day to be thankful for.

9th of 6th mo.—The wedding of my dear nephew Joseph Gurney Barclay with Mary Walker Leatham. Thankful, I trust, for the favours of this day, and for the part I was enabled to act in it. Few days have left a more unclouded recollection.

11th.—Arrived at the Grove at noon; a peaceful feeling in being there.

12th.—At Guilding-croft meeting in the morning. Goat-lane in the evening; a day of peace.

During the next few weeks, she had much religious labour in Norfolk and Suffolk, interspersed with several days of happy domestic and social interest. Towards the close of the Seventh Month she went into Yorkshire, and attended the General Meetings at Ackworth and Ayton.

1st of 8th mo.—Craved on waking, that my thoughts, words and actions, might be acceptable this day, that patient endurance of privations and labour might be mine. Visited five families, and had a comfortable public meeting at Stainton-dale, in the evening; but very sensible through the

day of bodily and mental influences. Enjoyed the reading of the Bible, to me the most palatable food I got in the day.

2nd.—Five family visits in the morning ; mind low enough, but endeavouring to bear my allotment with patience. A very good meeting in a barn cheered me.

3rd.—At meeting silent ; visited afterwards a family, poor and afflicted ; a lesson to be more of a contented and grateful spirit : perhaps it was worth some suffering to give them a little comfort.

8th.—Had two interesting family visits ; then I called on R. M. Beverley, and felt satisfied with doing so. Dined at Hannah Stephenson's. A sweet visit to the Nortons in their neighbouring lodging ; then to tea at F. Grey's ; a precious visit we had, and a good meeting at a village near. A return to Scarboro' ended a day of great peace.

9th.—Rose early, and had a nice visit to a young woman. After a deep plunge in spirit to begin with, had a most refreshing meeting in the Baptist Meeting-house at Kilham ; and went on to Driffeld.

10th.—Returned in the morning to visit some of our Kilham friends. How many serious people there are more prepared, perhaps, to instruct me, than I them !

14th.—Greatly refreshed with the rest of yesterday. Meeting with the Friends of Bridlington in the morning ; house very old, attenders very few. I believe I was helped to say the right thing, and I felt peaceful afterwards. Had a large meeting in the Wesleyan Chapel, in the evening ; close and sound Christian doctrine was preached, the people were attentive, and some spoke to me kindly afterwards. I felt easy, but not abounding, after it.

15th.—A meeting at Smeeton, in a barn ; a comfortable one.

16th.—Went on to Scarboro', to the Monthly Meeting, which proved a time of real refreshment both to myself and my friends.

19th.—Visited families in the morning, in the evening a meeting nine miles off ; came home peaceful at the end of this laborious day. The sense of Friends being in a comfortable state in this meeting, cheering. Dear M. Hustler very kind to me.

20th.—A visit or two in the morning; rode into the country in the afternoon, and had an interesting family visit to R. R., and on returning in peace went to the Inn, where I had the great comfort of meeting my dear husband and daughters, and John Hodgkin and his little girls.

21st.—An interesting First-day. Had my dear husband by me at both meetings; a relieving one with Friends in the morning, and a very large one with the public in the evening; a day to be thankful for; full of domestic enjoyment, in the favour of Him without whose sunshine no comforts are to be truly enjoyed; but in it, husband, children, and comfortable accommodations are delights.

25th.—Rose, ardently desiring that the day might be spent in a Christian spirit. Excellent meeting in the evening at Scarboro'.

26th.—Went to Thornton and had a favoured meeting in the evening at Pickering; my dear husband by me in the pulpit.

Whitby, 28th.—This was a day of very close trial to me; two meetings of Friends to which the public were invited, and good solid meetings they were. Fatigued in body and low in mind.

31st.—Attended a little meeting at Pickering; in the evening at Teddington, a comfortable day.

1st of 9th mo.—Stayed at our comfortable home in the morning, and in the evening an excellent meeting at Brompton, and an interesting visit afterwards to Sir John and Lady K., and many that were with them; who received us courteously and kindly.

4th.—A very good large meeting at Kirby-Moorside, in the Methodist Meeting-house; a day altogether to be very thankful for, in the midst of great bodily weakness.

9th.—Attended the funeral of a worthy old man, eighty-four years of age; a heavenly sense of his blessedness, and a good meeting. Got into the carriage and dined on the road; great peace flowed in my heart. Arrived at home a little past seven o'clock, to the delight of all; so in mercy felt I came home in right time.

10th.—This evening with my own family—a true luxury to be quiet, and with them—but an exhausted frame produced some depression; on all the glory there is a defence.

16th.—An excellent meeting in the Bethel Meeting-house, Scarboro'—a gleam of light for a poor weary traveller.

19th.—Rose early and came to the Monthly Meeting at Castleton, in great peace of mind. Rode home afterwards with dear Jane; a shower of celestial rain was poured upon my soul. Heartily received at home, and with my dear husband at the select meeting—a heavenly time never to be forgotten,—something like being on the verge of heaven; such it will probably be to some present.

20th.—A sweet comfortable evening with my dear family.

23rd.—Went to Thornton-in-the-Clay. A small Friends' meeting with some neighbours, rather reviving to my faith, which had been low enough.

24th.—A meeting in the evening at Helmsley. In the morning, an interesting visit, with my brother William, to Lady F. and her family.

27th.—Went to York to the Quarterly Meeting; peaceful in going, and met with a hearty welcome at the Select Meeting.

29th.—The concluding meeting ended to my mind in peace; got home very comfortable.

30th.—Blessed with an evening at home and to ourselves.

1st of 10th mo.—Rode with my dear husband round by Blackwell and Cockerton; a beautiful morning: a peaceful yet saddened heart.

2nd.—With Maria Tuke and James Backhouse attended a large meeting at Huby; rode on to Thirsk; meeting in a barn at Felskirk; rode six or eight miles further, to a very interesting meeting at Silton, and returned to Thirsk.

3rd.—Returned to Darlington by the mail train. A sweet meeting [Quarterly Meeting of ministers and elders.] After the list of our members was read, I spoke a short time on the blessedness of death. I was very peaceful.

4th.—Quarterly Meeting, relieving to my mind; I spoke in supplication at the end of the first meeting.

5th.—Several relations and friends with us; a sweet evening indeed! much pleasant conversation. At the end, a heavenly opportunity, our souls flowed together; my dear husband with us, as well as usual.

7th.—Breakfasted early. Henry Tuke and Edward Backhouse Jun., went off to appoint a meeting at Stokesley. Left home after an early dinner, with Mary Hustler and dear Ann. A large meeting at Stokesley, my mind oppressed; but about ten o'clock a sweet feeling of calm came over me. I went to bed and slept soundly, and was awaked by a rap at the door. Edward brought a letter, from which I at first thought dear Edmund was gone; but after a time I found it was my beloved husband. The agony I have since suffered and the proving of my faith, in being then absent from him, and so little with him of late, may make me go softly in the bitterness of my soul many days, if not all the days of my life.

The closing struggle was so short that had she been at home her presence would probably have been of little avail; yet, in the anguish of her heart, she looked back upon her absence at the solemn moment with an exaggerated feeling of regret.

The decease of Jonathan Backhouse took place about ten o'clock on the night of the 7th of the Tenth Month. The evening had been passed with the usual tranquillity; but he had scarcely retired to bed when another paralytic seizure occurred, so suddenly affecting the vital organs, that, notwithstanding active measures were promptly resorted to, life rapidly ebbed, and all was over in less than half an hour.

The following are extracts from H. C. Backhouse's memoranda, penned after her return home:—

This morning, as our family circle were collected in the drawing-room, I said that no one present could possibly estimate the depth of my sufferings during the last few months, in leaving my beloved husband, but I had been comforted in the thought that if I had been instrumental in bringing *one* immortal soul (the price of which in this world we could never value) nearer to its God, I believed it would

now be the joy of a redeemed spirit in heaven. In giving me up as he had done, I believed it had been an acceptable sacrifice to his God. * * * * I have been in to see the body this afternoon,—past life rose vividly in remembrance. * * * * Well, if in a few more short fleeting years we may meet before the throne, a family in heaven (which I have an unshaken belief we shall), all tears will be wiped from our eyes, and there will be no more corroding care, nor any business but that of love.

12th.—May the truth, in all its beauty and simplicity, prevail over us to-morrow [the day of the interment], under the heavenly canopy of love. And under the sense of being so much nearer heaven, may the language be applicable: “Better is the end of a thing than the beginning, and the day of our death than the day of our birth.”

On another occasion, being assembled with her children and two or three near connexions, she prayed most touchingly and impressively for them, and for herself, “the most solitary one,” the “worm of the dust,” whom the Lord had been pleased to bless with the precious gift of such a husband ; who had, together with her, passed through many cares, perplexities and sorrows ; but who had also been permitted to share with her some seasons rich in temporal blessings, and some moments of celestial joy. She petitioned that, during the days of her solitude, which could not now be many, the Lord would be her refuge and strength,—would enable her, with increasing calmness, to discern his will, and with increasing faithfulness to do it ; and that, at last, she also might be permitted to join in the endless song of praise.

Having now seen the close of Jonathan Backhouse’s useful and honourable course, a glance at some of the features of his character will not be out of place.

His was emphatically a loving spirit, and he had a lively sympathy with human weal and woe. With him the exercise of generosity was not merely a duty, it was truly a delight. Regardless of consequences, he would throw himself into the gap to rescue those whom he saw in trouble, sparing neither time nor expense to alleviate distress or to confer pleasure. Difficulties, instead of deterring him, increased the zest with which he pursued the object before him. This ardent temperament, in reference to everything which he undertook, occasionally led him, as some might think, beyond the bounds of discretion, and exposed him to needless sacrifices, and even to the censure of others.

His capacity for social enjoyment was large, and, whether as host or as guest, the pleasure which he both received and imparted will be long vividly remembered by those who had the privilege of his society. The observance of the apostolic injunction to "be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another," was to him rendered easy, both by nature and by grace; his diffidence and forgetfulness of self, contributing to it, as well as that charity and humility which, in the Christian disciple, are fruits of the Spirit.

He was, from early life, a lover of good men, and warmly attached to the religious society of which he was a member. His private memoranda indicate the work of grace upon his soul, and shew that the call was from time to time renewed to set his affections on things above; and, notwithstanding the various, and at times absorbing, interests and duties of a temporal nature in which he was engaged, they furnish unequivocal evidence that he was exercised to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

As he approached middle life, he was made increasingly willing to dedicate himself to the service of his Lord, and when his beloved wife was called to enter, as a diligent labourer into the harvest-field, he encouraged her to the work, and for many years he not only shared her labours, but his substance, his time, and his patience also, were largely taxed,—and most willingly was the tax paid—to aid her in the performance of all that her hand found to do. It was most frequently as her companion that he went forth in the work of the ministry ; yet he had manifestly a distinct service, and it was evident that, even between those thus closely connected by nature and grace, there were differences of administration, though they moved under the same spirit, at the command of the same Lord.

In addition to the extensive and multifarious religious services in which he was engaged in England, Scotland and Ireland, and on the Continent of America, Jonathan Backhouse found time to be an active and generous patron of the Bible and School Societies, as well as a labourer in the cause of the negro race, whether bond or free ; and few have taken a more lively interest than he did in the protection of the Aborigines of various countries from the wrongs and cruelties inflicted on them by civilized man.

With such varied objects for the good of others, in addition to extensive concerns in business, and attention to public affairs, including the formation of the first railway company,* in which, in concert with his relative Edward Pease and other gentlemen, he took a prominent and efficient part, his was indeed a full and laborious life. How precious, in the contemplation of

* The Stockton and Darlington Railway.

such a labourer, is the undoubting assurance that, after all his toils, he has now, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, entered into that holy and undefiled and eternal rest which is prepared for the people of God !

CHAPTER XVI.

REMOVAL TO NORWICH—SERVICES IN MANCHESTER—ATTENDS LONDON
AND DUBLIN YEARLY MEETINGS—WALES—INDISPOSITION—
RETURN TO DARLINGTON—VISIT TO FAMILIES IN BRISTOL—TO
THE PRISONER “TAWELL.”—DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER.

TO MARIA FOX.

29th of 10th mo., 1842.

MY DEAR MARIA,

Thy affectionate note was very welcome to me; I felt so sure of its honesty. The great loss I have sustained has given me a deep and awful plunge, and placed me in another stage of existence. There has been a long preparation for it, and yet the event took place in a very unlooked-for moment. I do not feel inclined now to mention circumstances, some of which were almost overwhelming to me at the time. When I look on this earth, there appears a few more years of labour and of suffering, intermingled with many of those joys which a heart, often broken to pieces, is capable of receiving both from within and from without. Never were the joys of another state of being brought so closely before me, and there have been moments of substantial peace, in which, I can have no doubt, I have tasted of the happiness of the redeemed—hours in some of our meetings and in our social circle, just before the awful event, which were as “the gate of heaven.” I can dwell on these things at favoured moments, and feel the joy and peace of

believing in those great truths, of which the resurrection from the dead seems as a corner stone. * * * *

Shortly after the death of her husband, H. C. Backhouse went with her family to Norwich, and made the Grove [formerly the residence of her parents], her home during the ensuing year.

Grove, 16th of 11th mo.—Came home to many kind letters; and then a walk about the place with dear Ann, looking after it, and seeing many things out of repair. Many, many mercies to be thankful for, in this last stage of my pilgrimage. May I in it, get nearer and nearer to my God!

25th.—My own mind seems losing much of the stayedness and sweetness it had on first arriving here; the cares of the world so much beset it, the storehouse of my mind so full of trifles. How I should like to have a mind full of rich good thoughts; but the executive of life is always bearing upon them!

11th of 12th mo.—O Lord! take compassion on me, for I am a widow and desolate; and if thy wisdom and strength be not given to me, what is to become of thy poor fearful creature? Give me wisdom this day to direct my steps aright.

TO MARIA FOX.

Grove, 13th of 12th mo., 1842.

MY BELOVED OLD FRIEND AND COUSIN,

I turn from weeping over a very interesting account of the illness and death of my dear sister Elizabeth Barclay, (written by my dear brother for me when I was in America), to write to thee. Oh, the sufferings that have been passed through from generation to generation! We hear of them in part, but the fulness of them is only known by Him who tasted death for every man, and who, in all our afflictions, is afflicted. And yet to contemplate the glory that shall follow, where the heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord, has not unfrequently been my high privilege of late, (the nature of

that glory surely, not the degree,) so that it is at times sweet to weep for the dead that die in the Lord; they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. * * * *

A pause in life seems now to be given me; and under the restraining calming influence of heavenly love, and natural affection too, I have enjoyed many hours with the remnant of my family, in a place where so many tears have been shed, and so many favours from heaven received.
* * * * *

Whilst in Liverpool, attending the interment of her friend Abigail Dockray, her mind was brought into exercise for religious service in Manchester; but she had no minute for it, and family claims seemed to require her presence at home. She accordingly returned to Norwich, but here she found no rest for her devoted spirit. Under the kind escort of her valued friend William Forster, she went down to Manchester, and attended the First-day meetings there; but it became evident that she must enter more fully upon her Master's work in that place, and accordingly, after much conflict of mind, she proceeded to Darlington,—of which Monthly Meeting she was still a member,—and obtained a certificate for visiting families in Manchester, as well as for service in the West of England. In the course of this engagement she went to Norwich, to be present at the marriage of her beloved daughter Ann with John Hodgkin, Jun., of Tottenham, of which event she writes :—

Fifth-day, 16th of 2nd mo.—The wedding at the Guilding-Croft; a day, I trust, to be remembered with gratitude. Order, spiritual and temporal, seemed to be well kept; but it is a great change to me; another seal that the fashion of this world passes away.

TO EMMA PEASE.

Grove, 16th of 2nd mo., 1843.

MY BELOVED SISTER,

Another stage in my eventful life well and happily passed over. The order of the day, natural and spiritual, has been solid and satisfactory, in full accordance I have thought with the views and feelings of those whose mortal remains were not far from us, as well as of those still more brought to our remembrance. * * * *

You were married in the same place, which I have no regrets that we have chosen for the solemnization of this. So life passes on; I feel this event as the receding of this world from under my feet, as I did the last as the opening towards another; however, wherever peace reigns, there is a substance of an enduring nature delightful to lay hold of.

With dear love to you all,

Thy truly affectionate Sister,

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

Shortly afterwards, she resumed her religious labours in Manchester, and very seasonable they were to that large and interesting, but stricken meeting.

It was, however, a time of considerable suffering to herself; for, although she found many kind friends in the places which she visited, yet perhaps at no former period of her public ministry had she been so completely deprived of companionship and help in the work; a succour on which she had possibly become too dependant.

3rd of 3rd mo.—Had a nice sitting with the Fletchers, and saw some of their young men; to a boy of fourteen I said a few words, and, very weary, thought I had done my business very poorly; but to my encouragement saw the tears run down the poor boy's cheek. Rode to meeting a few miles off, doubting that I had any capacity for the work. At length

I ventured to rise, and abundance of matter flowed that might in some degree have been prepared in the furnace of my own tried soul. On coming home to Anne Marsden, "I am sure," she said, "the Lord hath sent thee;" so I feel comforted.

10th.—I feel this a truly heart-searching dispensation,—a breaking of my dependences; but I trust a little progress is making in resignation. * * * *

Oh! I have been low indeed, but this evening a little comforted by, I trust, some good patient work; but it is truly humbling to be going about in this way.

22nd.—In a very weak state. Lydia Nield's company has been a great support and comfort to me.

Except the attendance of her own Quarterly Meeting, her work amongst Friends and others in this place, and in several other parts of Lancashire, was continued with little intermission, till the approach of the Yearly Meeting in Dublin.

1st of 4th mo.—The joint conference, in which Rachel Priestman and John Pease were liberated to go to America, a very interesting time. In the afternoon heard the testimony concerning my beloved husband; it was deeply affecting to me, bringing into close review the years we had spent together, their sorrows, and their mistakes. Still, with all the difficulties and trials, outward and inward, which we had had to pass through, I believe our way was making towards our heavenly inheritance; and in a foretaste thereof many were the precious hours we passed together, both in and out of meetings, in true unity of spirit, and in the bond of peace. He has now entered upon it; his toils are over. I inexpressibly miss him; still the hope rises triumphant over all the weaknesses of flesh and spirit, that, through the mercy of Him of whose love we have often partaken, we shall

finally be brought together before His throne, and unite in the song of Moses, the servant of God, and in the song of the Lamb; knowing the end of our faith, the salvation of our souls.

28th.—Crossed with a peaceful mind to Dublin, under some sense of the presence of Him, whose favour I do believe, after all my sore conflicts, is granted me.

Dublin, 6th of 5th mo.—To-day will, I expect, end this Yearly Meeting: I believe it has been well that I have been here. I have been most kindly received by my friends, and peace has attended my labours as generally as is usual with me,—more so I think.

After the Yearly Meeting in London, she writes :—

The first week of the Yearly Meeting, especially the attendance of the Select Meetings, was a time to my mind of peculiar favour; the darkness was past, and the clear light of the Sun of Righteousness gladdened my inmost soul. In the second week of the Yearly Meeting we had many comfortable times. The next First-day was one of great favour: at Plaistow, in the morning, I very much relieved my mind, and in the evening at Devonshire House, a few Jews came in; and my heart expanded towards them. The next day attended the Morning Meeting, and went afterwards to Colchester—was at the Select meeting there—a favoured time it was.

After visiting the Quarterly Meetings of Bristol and Somerset, and of Cornwall, H. C. Backhouse attended the General Meeting for Hereford, Worcester, and Wales, held at Brecon. At this place was held the first of a series of meetings, which occupied several weeks, extending through different parts of the counties of Brecon, Glamorgan, Carmarthen, and Pembroke. The

time was one of great excitement among the peasantry, in connexion with the "Rebekah riots," an insurrectionary movement directed against the number of turnpike gates and the heavy tolls levied on a population very unable to bear them. In the manufacturing districts, also, it was a period marked by Chartist agitation, and the spread to some extent, of infidel opinions. Yet was the way remarkably made for the gospel labours and plain practical exhortations of this devoted servant, and that among various classes of the community.

The workmen employed in the large iron works flocked to the meetings appointed at Merthyr Tydvil, Tredegar, Ebbw Vale, and Aberdare, and the intermediate and adjacent villages ; and in many instances successive meetings were held in the same place, with a growing interest among the inhabitants. In the course of this service, her friend Joseph Tregelles Price, of Neath Abbey, was her most efficient helper. On finally quitting Merthyr and its neighbourhood, H. C. Backhouse left there a number of Friends' books, for the use more particularly of those who had been awakened to enquiry respecting the principles and doctrines of our Society, and among whom she had so earnestly and so faithfully laboured.

Whilst in Glamorganshire, she was obliged for a time partially to suspend her labours, in consequence of illness induced by much exhaustion, both of mind and body. During this interval, she was most tenderly and hospitably cared for, at the house of her kind friend Rebecca Gibbins. Yet, whilst indisposition oppressed her frame, she would often appoint and hold meetings, when according to all appearance she was wholly unfit for the exertion.

In the latter part of her visit to Wales, she was

joined by her valued friend Junia Price, and they were favoured to labour together, with true sisterly harmony, and much unity of feeling. At Carmarthen a new and somewhat peculiar service lay before them. Junia Price believed that it was required of her to propose to have a meeting with the magistrates, and the ministers of the Church of England, and other Christian denominations,—a service in which her companion was fully prepared to co-operate.

On enquiry it appeared that the usual meeting of the magistrates was to take place on that day, and that very important matters were coming before them, in consequence of a formidable gathering of the “Rebekah” rioters, in the immediate neighbourhood. Application was made to the magistrates assembled in the Court House, who kindly consented to receive the proposed visit; and it is believed that the service was both well-timed and acceptable. Junia Price, in her address, dwelt upon the importance of carrying out consistently the peaceable principles of the gospel, and upon the unlawfulness of taking away human life; and H. C. Backhouse earnestly exhorted her hearers to lay aside the doctrine of expediency, and to adhere faithfully to the precepts of the gospel, endeavouring to fulfil the whole law of Christ, in the public not less than in the private duties of life. She expressed her belief that the principles of Christianity were increasingly prevalent, and more and more regarded by the inhabitants of this country—from the Queen upon her throne to the lowest of her subjects,—as the grand remedy for social and moral evil; bringing forcibly into view the effect which would be produced upon the mass of the community, both in repressing crime and in promoting the cause of religion and virtue, if the nobles, the magistrates, and the ministers of religion, were with

consistency of life and conduct to take the lead in the work of reformation.

2nd of 9th mo.—Rode to Milford Haven; the Inn in a bustle, from the arrival of the rescued crew and passengers of a steamboat that had just gone down at the mouth of the harbour.

4th.—Visited the few families of Friends with Junia Price, and then made calls on the widow La Touche and her daughters, and on some others, who had been saved from a watery grave. They were grateful for our visit, which was of a most interesting character.

7th.—Called on the President of the College at Lampeter: and, on the road to Llandilo, on Job Thomas's* widow, aged 94—a very interesting visit—saw her son, and a nice grandchild who takes care of her. Truly the savour of his spirit seemed to remain among them—the blessing to the third and fourth generation of those that feared the name of the Lord.

The visit to South Wales being completed, H. C. Backhouse and Junia Price went into Staffordshire. There they held several meetings, chiefly in the Potteries, and also visited the families of Friends at Stoke:—Edward Pease accompanying them in this engagement.

2nd of 10th mo.—Reached Darlington just in time for the Select Quarterly Meeting. Pleasant to be with my friends in a sense of “the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.”

In the course of the journey just described, she addressed the following letter to her friend E. O.

* See a tract, with some account of his triumphant close; Friends' Series.

Tregelles, when about to embark on a religious visit to the West Indies :—

22nd of 9th mo., 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I must send thee a salutation of love before thou leavest our shores. I know something of the very mingled sensations that are the portion of those who leave everything they hold dearest on earth, to follow their Lord in the obedience of faith ; the sweetness of the enjoyment of His presence, even when we are undergoing trials heart-rending to nature.

I believe thou wilt be favoured with the sense of its being full time to go, that peace will go with thee, and that, in taking leave of thy beloved wife and children, and sisters, thou wilt be able to commend them to the care and keeping of the Shepherd of Israel, and feel as if thou couldst now do no more for them. I do crave thy preservation and prosperity. Thou wilt probably be much enlarged in thy gift, and preach with more authority than thou hast ever known before ; thy heart too will in all probability be greatly expanded in love, and find at times that this love is as an ocean to swim in. I know also thou wilt have thy deep baptisms, thy heart enlarged to suffer as well as to enjoy. O, mayst thou be preserved both in heights and depths ! “ Keep thy heart with all diligence.” Be not allured by pleasant things or pleasant people ; seek only to fulfil thy calling and return unspotted from the world. Then indeed, I believe it will be in a peace that passeth understanding, again to resume thy place among thy family and friends, and with renewed vigour to fulfil and enjoy all the relationships of life.

I feel deeply interested for thee, and, in a degree of maternal solicitude which my age may now warrant, the foregoing observations are suggested. I should like my love to thy dear wife, whose kindness to us was very cordial and cheering. I can quite enter into her feelings in parting with thee, and believe that she too will experience that peace and consolation which will bring to her mind the promise to Israel, “ I will

keep thee as the apple of mine eye." My love also to thy dear children, and thy sisters. * * * *

Thy affectionate friend,

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

During her stay at Darlington, though in poor health, she paid visits to the workpeople of the "Black Boy Colliery," and to the schools which her husband had established, and attended to various other duties as they were presented to her mind ; but she was evidently unequal to a large amount of exertion, and on her arrival at Norwich she placed herself under the care of a physician, who ascertained that she had serious symptoms of organic disease. On this she remarks :—

I surely think my state of health very serious. May I repose solely on the wisdom and mercy of Him who gave me a being, and who can prolong or cut it short at his pleasure ! I feel the uncertainty of all things future.

Yet while she took this grave view of her own case, her conviction was strong that she must, in the obedience of faith, pursue what she apprehended was called for at her hands. The close of this year, and the commencement of the next, she spent with her son and daughter Hodgkin, at Tottenham, where, after all the conflicts and afflictions through which she had passed, she was able to realize the healthy spring of natural joy in the birth of her first grandchild ; an event which threw a glow of thankfulness over her mental horizon, of which her memoranda contain several indications.

27th of 12th mo.—I was present at the birth of the child—called after my dear husband. The day afterwards was

spent in some anxiety; but towards evening we could feel something of rejoicing at an event which I have long anticipated with pleasure.

6th of 1st mo., 1844.—I attended the funeral of dear William Allen—it was a day of the deepest refreshment; as we gathered round his coffin a heavenly calm was spread over us.

13th.—The evening was spent pleasantly in a little of my Father's peace.

15th.—Prostrated before my Lord, to know the way I should take; which in mercy opened clearly before me. I took a sweet farewell of my children and the family, and, with my dear Edmund, and my servant Fanny, I went to Ipswich. * * * I had a most peaceful ride, not the shadow of a doubt about being in my right place; and a pleasant welcome and evening we had.

From a belief that the time was come for leaving Norwich as a residence, (the particular object for which she had gone there being accomplished,) she now returned to her dwelling at Darlington, which continued to be her home for the remainder of her life.

6th of 2nd mo., 1844.—A pleasant ride with dear Jane, Edmund, and J. Hodgkin, to Stockton Monthly Meeting—a meeting indeed to be thankful for. I felt throughout the whole of it peaceful and quiet, and on laying my concern for Bristol, &c., before my friends, met with a support, unity, and sympathy from them which dispersed all my doubts and fears. Truly it was a time to be remembered with gratitude of heart to the Father of mercies!

19th of 3rd mo.—Took leave of my dear children at Tottenham, and came with George Stacey to Bristol. As I entered Daniel and Sarah Wheeler's house, I felt my separation from all my friends and the prospect of so much labour, but I was in mercy clear of all doubts.

22nd.—Laid before Friends, after the week-day meeting, my concern to visit families, which was comfortably united with; but the judgment was unanimous that I should go

alone. I felt my strippedness as compared with former times, but I both saw and felt it might now be best.

Very diligently was she engaged in going from house to house among the members of that large meeting, attending also meetings for worship as they came in course.

28th.—A highly favoured day. Some truly harmonious ministry. A nice call on Samuel Capper's son, probably not far from his end, and a peaceful return home. In mercy it was given me to hold an excellent meeting in the Methodist Meeting-house. Truly it was a day of favour to be gratefully remembered.

Sidcot, 1st of 5th mo.—Discouraged yesterday from having a public meeting here this evening, and with Friends tomorrow, by the inconvenience to them; this was yesterday's trial; and I at last yielded to visits being appointed for Fifth-day in Bristol, at the persuasion of others, not sufficiently with my own mind; which has brought a burden upon me. Oh! the reasonings of the creature; what confusion they lead into! Had in mercy a pretty good night, but regrets assail me. Lord! pity and forgive, and give me more patience to do all thy will.

2nd.—The whole of this day confirming my belief that I ought to have stayed at Sidcot; and on really looking over my work, found nothing would have been more reasonable than to have done so. So it is; faith always leads into the things most reasonable, but which the ignorance of the understanding conceals for a time from the mind.

6th.—May the Preserver of men grant us clear-sightedness! I trust He will.

After the Yearly Meeting she proceeded with her religious engagement in the West of England, accompa-

nied by her friend, Eliza H. Hunt. Writing in the Ninth Month, respecting this period, she says :—

Now I think I can hardly follow in detail a very interesting three months of my life, in which I felt most closely united, I believe, in true gospel fellowship to my very sweet and interesting companion, E. H. Hunt. We were at the Quarterly Meetings of Bristol and Somersetshire, at Bridgewater ; of Devon and of Cornwall : had deeply interesting rides and conversations, and readings of the Bible ; they were months, I believe, of much instruction, often of great enjoyment, but also of considerable suffering. All the meetings in Somersetshire, Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, were visited, and most of the families, and several public meetings held.

In the foregoing extract we have a sketch, from her own pen, of the earlier stages of a friendship, which, in its close intimacy, was permitted through the good providence of her God, to cheer the later years of her life, and to shed over them some fresh rays, both of social and spiritual joy.

In the Sixth Month, her brother-in-law, William Backhouse, (who had a certificate from his Monthly Meeting, for religious service in Norway, and was about to embark for that country, accompanied by one of his nephews ;) attended his meeting apparently in usual health, when on rising—as was supposed, to address the assembly—he suddenly fell down and expired. It is a remarkable fact that the vessel in which their berths were taken, was lost and all on board perished. In relation to this event, she writes in her journal :—

The day of the funeral was a deeply interesting one, in the service of which I had much part to take. There seemed but one heart in the matter. Esteem for the deceased was

very manifest by the state of the town—all shops shut, and the meeting-house filled.

10th of 10th mo.—Dear Jane married [to Robert Barclay Fox, of Falmouth]. Fervent were my desires that the day might be passed under the shadow of that wing, under which there is power, truth, simplicity and love—and so I think it was.

11th of 11th mo.—The dear Hodgkins left us. Ann came sweetly to my bed, early in the morning. I endeavoured to ascertain the state of her mind regarding her own health. She said that she thought she had nothing to do but to abide in the present moment; she rather thought she might be better, but that she should not be surprised at being at any time worse: her spirit did seem sweet indeed, and it was most endearing to be so near her. I accompanied them and their dear precious child to the station, and saw them off with a heart full of tenderness and love, and I trust gratitude for such treasures, precarious as I felt the tenure on which I must hold them. * * * I have since had with my son, and also when left to myself, hours of great rest and peace—feeling this allotment to be in the Divine appointment. I have been reminded of days and hours before I married, when the Bridegroom of souls was so sweetly taking me to Himself; and now when life is so far past, I feel that He is drawing near, I trust, to be my comforter to the end of my pilgrimage. Under this feeling I have revived in health, and been engaged about schools; again reminding me of the employment of my youth, and of the turning round of the wheel. All honour and glory and praise be to Him, who hath washed us from our sins, in his own blood, and made us Kings and Priests unto our God, as we may most humbly and reverently trust!

In the Eleventh Month of this year, H. C. Backhouse was liberated by her Monthly Meeting for religious service at Kendal, and in the neighbourhood, on which

journey she had the counsel and fatherly help of her friend and relative Edward Pease.

In reference to a meeting held there in the course of this engagement, she says :—

I was favoured with a large relieving public meeting in the evening. A tide of heavenly love and peace did after it flow in my heart, to its great comfort, encouragement, and refreshment.

She afterwards attended the Quarterly Meetings at York and Kendal. After reaching the latter place she remarks—

I felt on arriving, and in the select meeting, as if I was under Divine approval,—a little of the peace of my God being given unto me. So ended the first day of the year 1845. May the Lord, whom I desire to serve, create in me a clean heart, so that I may readily learn his good and acceptable and perfect will, and be able to use such language as this : “ I delight to do thy will, O God.”

TO THOMAS WISTAR.

Darlington, 16th of 1st mo., 1845.

MY MUCH LOVED AND HONOURED FRIEND,

I have heard this day of the decease of the beloved and precious partner of thy life. I heard also that thou wast wonderfully supported and calm ; that I could believe, because I could, I thought, feel that the arms of everlasting love and mercy were round about you both,—the one in heaven and the other on earth—and would be so till, in the perfect judgment of your Lord, the time shall come for you to worship before Him together in glory. I delighted in your union on earth ; I feel it only increased by the one being in heaven, the other awaiting that day when

the fulness of it shall be sealed for ever. I think I can almost feel myself among you. I remember to have seen my own dear Father smile when collected with his family after one of their closest trials,—a smile which gave a sense of knowing a joy beyond the confines of the grave, and which the grave could not touch. Such smiles, I believe, thy family have beheld on thy countenance in the midst of tears. I love to think of your family circle, dear Elizabeth especially, who will partake most fully both in the sorrows and also I believe in the consolations that abound under the present affliction. “Numbered with the just of all generations.” Surely this is the prevailing thought, but the loss of such an one on earth is great. It came home to me as that of a near relation.

I do feel it a mercy that her life was so long preserved, and the descent altogether so gradual. She will long live in the remembrance of those who had the privilege of her friendship and acquaintance, and the very recollection of her virtues is a stimulus to well-doing. Yet with all the consolations that Christian feeling and knowledge can give, united with the tenderest attentions of thy beloved family, I know thou art deeply to be felt for in thy solitude. May He, in whose presence is fulness of joy, lift up the light of his countenance upon thee and bless thee; and conduct thee so gently towards thy eternal rest, that thou mayst continually adopt the language so frequently made use of by the Psalmist, “*His mercy endureth for ever.*”

With my very affectionate remembrance to thy family circle—children and grandchildren—to dear Elizabeth especially,

I am thy truly attached friend,

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

In the course of this month she obtained a minute to attend the Quarterly Meeting for Warwick, Leicester and Rutland; and to hold meetings in Cornwall.

28th of 1st mo., 1845.—I was cheered in the evening, by attending the select meeting at Coventry, where, as a con-

firmation of my faith, I spoke beforehand on a subject that afterwards came before the meeting.

29th.—Attended the Quarterly Meeting to my own comfort, and I believe to that of many others. I felt at liberty to proceed afterwards to Bristol.

In Cornwall, she held a few public meetings, and was also at some of the meetings held in course for worship and discipline, and visited a few families. At the close of this engagement she believed it right to endeavour to see the prisoner "Tawell," then awaiting his trial on the charge of murder, for which he was afterwards executed. She accordingly went up (attended by her son John Hodgkin), to Aylesbury, where the Assizes were being held. On reaching the town, they found that the verdict of guilty had just been pronounced. The visit which ensued, is described in the following letter:—

TO E. H. HUNT.

Polam, 16th of 3rd mo., 1845.

* * * * The leave of a visiting magistrate was necessary, and the nearest was three miles off. To him a letter was sent, and the answer came late at night;—that we had his best wishes and approbation; and that he would call at nine o'clock, the next morning.

During our Scripture reading in the morning, the magistrate to whom we had written was announced; his manner was kind and intelligent, and the tears flowed down his cheeks whilst he conversed with us on the affecting occasion on which we were met. He proceeded to the gaol to make way for us: my soul I trust was humbled and tendered before the Lord. The gaoler came to us, saying, that Tawell was in bed, and in such a state, that he hardly knew if he were sensible. The gaoler wished him to get up and take breakfast before we saw him, but asked my son to go in first and speak to him. J. H. presently returned, and

wished me to follow him. It was an awful moment. I entered the cell, in which there was just room for the bed and a chair ; no light but from the door. The sound of his groaning I cannot describe. I went up to him, and laying my hand on his, I said, " John Tawell," in an accent which I believe touched him, and he began to sob : after some little time, in a low voice he said, " Pray for me ;" which I was soon, I believe, enabled to do, standing by the bed. I felt my own mind relieved by it, and an awful pause ensued. He was evidently calmed. I was very plain in what I said, entreating him to endure the furnace, and craving that there might be no superficial work ; but that he might be brought to look upon the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. After a considerable pause my son followed with very close and good advice. He asked if it was a question of days or hours : I told him I did not know, and besought him not to think about that, but to attend to his own business. * * * *

After attending the Yearly Meetings of Dublin and London, H. C. Backhouse devoted a portion of the Summer and Autumn to religious labour, in two or three successive journeys in the Western Counties, more especially Cornwall, to complete the work which she had before left unfinished ; and in a considerable part of this engagement she was again accompanied by her beloved friend E. H. Hunt, whilst other parts of the service were performed alone, and often under deep conflict of mind. Of a public meeting at Marazion, held whilst they were together, she writes :—

In it we had the comfort of harmonious ministry, with, I believe, a portion of the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.

Of another meeting she remarks :—

The meeting at Newlyn the most spiritual and refresh-

ing I think we have had; the blessings of the poor were given to me after it.

Still, notwithstanding the manifest acceptance of her service by the churches which she visited, and, we may reverently add, the owning of it by her Lord, this narrative would be unfaithful if it did not exhibit her as at times unprofitably discouraged in the apprehension that she had failed in the full performance of all that had been required of her. And when this apprehension was once present to her mind, there was no bodily fatigue and exposure, no amount of "back-work," (as she used often expressively to term it), which she would not willingly encounter, rather than leave her labour of love incomplete.

In one of the intervals of her Western engagement she attended her own Quarterly Meeting at Newcastle, of which she writes in her journal :—

7th of 10th mo.—The Quarterly Meeting—a solid meeting for worship: after it John Pease returned his certificate for visiting America, a good and interesting time. I said a few words, welcoming him home, and expressive of satisfaction that the glory was given to Him to whom it was due.

Towards the close of this engagement she went for a few days to Tottenham, to pay a short visit to her beloved daughter Hodgkin, whose health was sufficiently interrupted to excite her maternal anxiety, though no immediate danger was apprehended by herself or her medical attendants. The subsequent event rendered this little interval peculiarly precious in the retrospect. In referring to it afterwards, she writes :—

While sitting by my dear Ann in the evening, in her

room, I said if I could be permitted to enjoy such peace as I then did, and stay with her, it was all I could desire. Dear lamb ! It was my last time of intelligent communication with her on earth. It seemed the foretaste of heaven, and is now among my sweetest recollections.

H. C. Backhouse then returned to the West, in company with her valued friend Susanna Corder, to attend a few meetings which yet remained unvisited. Whilst at Bristol she was summoned to Tottenham, in consequence of her daughter's increased illness, which speedily terminated in death.

Almost all words seem inadequate at such a time—so I felt it ; but the solemn stillness did proclaim, “ Weep not for me.” After a time we went to bed, but not without my beholding the remains, and the sweet expression of her solid, sensible, and affectionate countenance—a glow of heaven upon it. Some little sleep I got, but my body and my soul were bruised, and too sore for much.*

** We here subjoin a few memoranda and extracts of letters of Ann Hodgkin, descriptive of some of her religious experience :—*

I have no remembrance of any deep religious feeling till about the age of seven : when I began to feel what I know not how to describe but as a sense of need ; it was so strong as to induce me to ask my governess, after retiring to rest, to “ teach me to pray.” She put off my request, I hardly know how ; but the following evening, under the same strong feeling, I repeated it ; and her reply was, in effect, that *she* could not teach me, that I must apply to my Heavenly Father. Then did my heart turn towards Him with the fervent petition, “ Lord, teach me to pray.” With equal, I think increasing, earnestness, the same prayer was offered, after laying my head on the pillow on the two following evenings ; when I was graciously answered, and the prayer put into my heart that I might be forgiven my sins for the sake of Jesus Christ, cleansed through the operation of the Holy

Darlington, 16th of 1st mo. 1846.—My son Hodgkin came in the evening, and was much affected. Dear Ann ! the nearer I can keep her image before me, and the wisdom and sweetness

Spirit. I now forget the precise words ; but I do not forget the power that accompanied them, nor the distinctness of the sense that it was for the sake of Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us, and through the operation of the Holy Spirit, that we are justified and sanctified. Almost with the prayer the answer seemed to come, filling my heart with gratitude and love. Then, in perfect trustfulness, I seemed able to rest on the bosom of Jesus, so that I can only look back upon this season as one of perfect peace.

Whether at that period there was any apparent change in my conduct I am unable to say, so slight is my recollection of the thoughts and actions of those days : but well I remember their evenings—with what peaceful feelings I laid my head upon my pillow, and how the spirit of supplication was again and again vouchsafed. The evening following the one of sweetest visitation (before noted) was in an especial manner a time of renewed favour ; and an enlarged capacity was given to supplicate, not only for myself, but for my father, mother, sister and brothers, and (I think, but am not clear about it) for the whole human family, for whom desires were about this time raised in my infant heart, that *all* might come and taste the exceeding goodness of our Lord and Saviour.

Another occasion has left a strong impression upon my mind, whether it was after or before this time I cannot tell, when my heart overflowed with gratitude and praise in the remembrance of those lines—

“ Whene’er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see ;
What shall I render to my God,
For all his gifts to me ?”

1842.—As I hinted at the clouds that hung over me, I must tell thee that I am again permitted to enjoy a sweet portion of peace. Oh ! how sweet is “ the least glance of the Father’s eye :” a token that we are not forsaken, that a Saviour is nigh !

The conviction deepens that peace and joy are not the fruits of Nature’s barren soil ; that, apart from Christ, all we can know, even amidst the choicest things of earth, is vanity and toil. Thus is the call to follow Him, to give up all to Him, again and again extended. Pray for me that I may be willing and obedient, that nothing may hinder my being wholly His.

1843.—I feel this rather peculiarly a time in which I am called upon to see that I am ready for the midnight cry, “ Behold the bridegroom

of her spirit, the more grateful to me. I was glad to have him with us, and felt more peaceful this evening, than has often been the case of late.

cometh, go ye out to meet Him ;" to ask of Him who giveth freely the white robe, the wedding garment. Oh ! for a heart thoroughly cleansed, only delighting in the will of its Lord ! loving Him above all !

11th mo. 1843.—Quite free from pain through almost all the night, during a part of which I lay awake, enjoying more than is often the case with me, the sense of the love of my Heavenly Father. It is not for us to *say* we lack anything, is it, dearest ? or that we do so, if only we may be preserved unto the day of Christ, and may see our dear children walking in the truth.

3rd mo. 1844.—Whilst enjoying the degree of restoration permitted, I desire not to lose sight of what the last few weeks have brought peculiarly home to me—that life, that *my* life, hangs upon a thread, and with it, may there still be granted me a sustaining sense of the love of my Saviour !

3rd mo. 1845.—The meeting was one in which I renewedly felt the value of silent worship ; and, whatever the experience of others, how impossible (is it too much to say ?) it was for *me* to grow without it.

8th mo.—There is nothing like the path of faith for eventual comfort, though it often costs thee much, I well know ; and my heart desires that a gracious God may uphold thee in thy exercises, and me in my weakness, and that, whatever He may see meet to dispense to us here, we may know Him to be our everlasting portion.

The following were among her expressions the day before her decease :—

" I hope you will not be too much tried if my life should be taken at this time. Thou knowest I am not one of those given to much expression, but I have a feeling of these things, perhaps not a sufficient sense of their deep importance. I think, however, we have reason to believe that He in whom we have trusted will care for us, and for our dear children. * * * * I don't wish to be presumptuous, but I think it will be a comfort to you to know that I have a humble hope that my sins are forgiven me, for Jesus' sake ; and for this His unmerited mercy and grace I now desire to render thanksgiving and praise to my God and Saviour. * * * * Through the mercy of God, the sting of death is taken away ; and I do believe He will gently lead me along the dark valley of the shadow of death ! We must give up ourselves wholly to our dear Redeemer, who loved us and gave himself for us." She often repeated very emphatically, " The reward is sure ;" and once, in a powerful voice, said, " O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ! where is thy victory ?"

17th.—After a sadly wakeful night, a quiet day in the house; but oh, how little is done, and how little is mind exercised! and yet we exist, and even in this state He may dwell in us, who is the fulness of blessing and joy (1 John iv. 12). What a void and wilderness when He withdraws his presence! Who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

CHAPTER XVII.

VISITS MEETINGS IN HAMPSHIRE AND DORSETSHIRE—INCREASED
INDISPOSITION—CONCERN FOR AUSTRALIA—LETTERS—EVENING
OF LIFE—THE CLOSE.

Soon after the Yearly Meeting, H. C. Backhouse went into Hampshire and Dorsetshire, to complete the service which she felt to be still remaining unperformed, under her certificate for the Western counties.

8th of 6th mo.—The morning spent at Alton. One family with whom I dined yesterday particularly took hold of my mind; but, unwilling to enter on a family visit, I came away burdened on their account.

Gosport, 9th.—We met the two Friends of the place, an elderly man and woman, with a Friend of Southampton, at twelve o'clock. I thought I felt more life in sitting with these individuals than I often experience. I said a little, and was comforted; a little helped for what was before me for the evening, which I felt very formidable. Met in the Independent Meeting-house, a large room:—I sat alone at the reading desk. Some persons spoke kindly to me after the meeting, desiring I might be blessed. I trust there was a feeling of good over us, and that gospel truths were proclaimed under right authority.

13th.—Encouraged by my son Hodgkin—now my companion, we left Basingstoke early; paid a visit at the Andover Road station, to a Friend, which my son thought worth coming for; and in the heat and dust went to Andover, thence to Amesbury, and Stonehenge, to which we went up. Reached Shaftesbury, went to the Inn, and were kindly

called upon by John Rutter; appointed a public meeting for the next evening. It had been the point, I think, most on my mind in coming to Shaftesbury.

15th.—Reached Marnhull just in time for meeting, which was held with a few Friends, and was, I trust, a solid one. I preached on being covetous of spiritual riches,—that contentment in a low estate was an acceptable sacrifice, or something of the kind; a sermon at least for myself. Ventured to appoint a meeting for the evening, though in the midst of hay-time. I wished for a stronger call, but taking the very gentle one, was easy under it: some apparently nice serious people came in, and I believe the meeting was rightly held: the day was very hot. Almost before us were the graves of those worthies, whose memory was much with me this day,—William and Rebecca Byrd,—and I thought the leaven of their spirits was yet to be felt among their neighbours. We were kindly entertained by Hannah Hatcher, one with whose spirit it was good to unite.

17th.—Took the train to the nearest point to Alton, and drove to Abraham Crowley's, [the family to which her mind had been attracted when there before]. We were very kindly received, and soon sat down with them. I trust it was a required visit, and it was a relief to my mind. We left Alton, and reached Tottenham the same evening, with some hope that it was better to return, and that a continuation of service in visiting families was not required.

19th.—My dear little grandson R. Fox and myself went home, and got there comfortably; but the arrival at home was dull to me, though externally very pleasant.

29th.—Seized with a shivering fit, followed by sickness. My sister and John Fothergill were sent for; the former remained with me some time. I dozed most of the day, and did not feel very ill; but such an attack brought the thought of the end before me seriously. I could do no more than commit myself into the hands of Him who gave me being.

30th.—I do feel this condition of body an awful one, and crave that it may have no more dominion over my actions than it ought to have. Die I must, and in that awful moment may "dying power be given with dying hour." To know that this is possible, is a comfort.

I have been with dear Barclay and Jane to our Monthly Meeting at Stockton, where I have given up my certificate, and comfort rested on doing so. I could not tell of the peace I enjoyed, as I have on some former occasions; rather that I trusted the labour had not been in vain, to the humbling of my soul, and the declaration of the goodness of our God. I came home in quietude and peace: indeed I feel it cause for gratitude, that the way has been made so plain, and that I have such dear companions now allotted me. It was sweet to deliver up my darling boy to his parents.

This was her last religious engagement of so extensive a nature as to call for the sanction of the church. To some it may seem strange that there should not at the close of the work have been, in the heart of so faithful a labourer, more evident tokens of the fulfilment of the promise,—“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;” yet truly her humble and simple acknowledgment is in perfect harmony with the precept of her Lord,—“Ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say we are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do.”

In the foregoing brief record of the arduous labours in the work of the ministry, which occupied so large a portion of the life of this devoted servant of the Lord, we have seen practically exemplified the important truth that the Christian is not his own, and that he is therefore called upon to glorify God in his body and in his spirit, in such way as He whose they both are, may see meet to require. To the eye of reason it may appear strange that one who was a wife, a mother, and a mistress, should have been so much withdrawn from a participation in the

important duties inseparable from her position ; but she was emphatically called to walk by faith, not by sight, and the requirement to hold even the claims of kindred in subordination to the service of the Lord which so marked the tribe of Levi under the law, is under the Gospel extended to all who would be the faithful and self-denying followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.—Matt. x. 37, 38.

7th of 8th mo.—Breakfasted upstairs, went down to read with the servants. Truly I ought to be thankful for the enjoyment I have had in the company of my children and grandchildren ; but my poor mind seems as weak as the body, and cannot bear much exertion. Fanny [her faithful servant], very kind, and a great comfort to me.

About this time unfavourable symptoms increased so much as to cause her friends real uneasiness ; but she was seldom prevented from the attendance of meetings for worship as they came in course, and earnestly desirous did she continue to be that the work might keep pace with the day. She spent a few weeks during this summer on the sea-coast, with her son Hodgkin's children, and on being again at home she was helped by the visit of some of her dear relatives and friends. She particularly notices a farewell visit from her friend Benjamin Seeböhm, accompanied by his wife, previously to his leaving England ; in reference to which she says :—

The weight and savour of his spirit were very sweet and instructive. After breakfast he expressed a few words to the servants, and afterwards as we were sitting together, to me ; saying he had thought of me whilst dwelling on the text, " I have graven thee on the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me." He did not say many other words,

but these brought an encouragement to me which I did not expect. May his work, [alluding to the visit to America on which he was about to enter,] be blessed to the turning of those to whom he is sent into the right way of the Lord, and to the confirming of those who are already there !

27th.—Dear E. H. Hunt's visit has been very sweet and pleasant. We were quiet and truly happy together, and I trust we may have encouraged each other in that which is good.

6th of 1st mo., 1847.—Whilst writing in my sitting-room, my sisters K. Backhouse and E. Pease came in, and carefully broke to me the affecting intelligence that dear Joseph John Gurney had drawn his last breath. It was astounding news: we had heard of his being ill, but had no idea of danger. They had been alarmed on First-day, and on Second-day night he gently breathed his last.

8th.—Arrived at Earlham. I saw the remains; they were beautiful, and a smile of entire peace and repose rested upon them. Peace seemed to reign in the house.

TO E. W. WISTAR.

Polam Hill, 24th of 3rd mo., 1847.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

The note that I have lately received from thee was truly welcome. It is pleasant to be remembered in the second degree of sympathy, which is more apt to be overlooked than the first. We have indeed met with a loss that can never be repaired; but his time was no doubt fully come, and could we have retained him it would have been no profit to ourselves and no good to him. Such has often been my persuasion concerning those who are taken away, bitter as the pang has been to part with them; such is the course of human life, and in the submission to it we have to bow to a will that is higher than ours, and to trust ourselves to it for the perfecting of that which concerneth us. His death brings the end of all things here very near before some of us. Our companion in life,—may he be so in another world! Truly the memory of the just is blessed;

and his memory will remain, brightening I should think as years pass on, and as the slanders to which he has been subjected die their natural death.

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

28th.—Went to Newington Meeting to attend C. Majolier's wedding. I was sensible, to a degree that I have long been ignorant of, of the arising of life, and bore a short testimony to it, which was responded to by John Finch Marsh: altogether the meeting was agreeable and truly refreshing to me.

Darlington, 19th of 4th mo.—Dear Barclay, Jane and the children left me. Before we parted I ventured to commend them and ourselves to Him whom we have desired to serve, and who has so blessed us together at this time. Oh! may He keep us where no evil can come near us, even in the hollow of his hand!

One of her favourite occupations at this time was that of giving her grandson J. B. Hodgkin his morning lesson. She greatly enjoyed having him under her own roof for many weeks together.

John Hodgkin's dear children have been with me. My health but indifferent—poor nights and languid days—sometimes solicitous about the well-being of the soul—little light or peace, and yet no great uneasiness, and preserved from much exercise of mind.

TO E. P. GURNEY.

Polam Hill, 11th of 7th mo., 1847.

MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND,

Thy last letter was a real treat to me * * * *
I do love those scriptural views of the resurrection; indeed, they seem to me to be so intimately blended with our belief, that I do not know how they can be separated. With the

weight of the flesh pressing heavily, we cannot be sorry that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom ; but that they should be the seed of that body that is raised we cannot but rejoice in—indeed, how otherwise personal identity should be retained we cannot conceive ; and that it is so, we cannot have the shadow of a doubt. “ God is not the God of the dead but of the living.” How these texts do come home when we lose those who have been very dear to us, so that we can view them as departed for a season, and anticipate a blessed reunion, a perfect oneness in the perfection of glory and of love ! These ideas are not visionary ; they are borne out by Scripture, and the more I lose, the more I seem to dwell upon them as certainties, with delight, even when pressed down by the thick veil of the flesh, which it is almost impossible to penetrate. Yet that these things shall be, if we faint not, I have no manner of doubt, little as I can now realize them.

H. C. BACKHOUSE.

17th of 8th mo.—A pleasant ride with Abigail Thorpe and Ann Eliza Dale to Barnard Castle. Saw the castle before tea ; which we really enjoyed. Nothing like the present moment ! I felt something [of religious concern] towards the man who showed it to us—a curious inhabitant of the old ruin—but did not yield to it. Afterwards I found that A. E. Dale had had the same feeling, and had spoken to him a few words at the gate. I proposed to go and see him on our return, but this return never came. At Cotherstone I found that an account had been received of the death of my brother, John Backhouse ; it was appalling, though we had long looked for a sudden termination of his life. Stunned and stupified I sat through the meeting, which was a solemn one, and afterwards I went to Shull, where I saw my dear sister, [Katharine Backhouse], and Eliza, and felt it sweet to be with them, and to minister a little to them ; and also to see the remains, which bore the marks of a peaceful and redeemed spirit having taken its departure.

22nd.—[The day of the interment.] Thankful, I believe, we all were for a day so favoured, uniting our hearts in peace and love.

The deceased was one of the few with whom she held intimate communion. His chastened and refined spirit was often a comfort and help to her in outward affliction and in spiritual conflicts.

2nd of 2nd mo., 1848.—Fanny came in to say that William Backhouse wished to speak to me, and that there had been a very poor account of Anna C. Backhouse. On going down stairs I found she was gone. I went at once to my dear sister and Eliza, and found them much overcome: a letter from John brought the information, and with it some consoling particulars.

The event here so briefly glanced at was the death of the only daughter of Joseph John Gurney, who having gone with her husband and two infant children to the South of Europe, in consequence of her delicate health, had died on board a steamer off Palermo, in which they had taken refuge from an insurrection which had broken out. Notwithstanding the alarm and hurry of their flight from the city, and the trial of meeting death under such circumstances, there was ample evidence that, through the Saviour's love, her end was peace.

11th.—This day brought the affecting intelligence of my niece Mary W. Barclay's death. This last stroke has been astounding; after much conflict of mind, she became tranquil, and expressed the most undoubting assurance of the mercy of God her Saviour, to the great comfort of those about her.

24th.—Have been to meeting—stupid, and sleepy, and cold. What is to become of me? A few words from my sister, on Him “who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” and a sure refuge in the day of trouble. She spoke the language of present experience I doubt not.

5th of 4th mo.—With my cousin Edward Pease, met Mary Nicholson and Daniel P. Hack [then on a religious engage-

ment,] to consult about their proceedings, and was, I believe, of some use. * * * I was rather surprised at the comfort that flowed into my heart from giving this help to a disciple.

17th.—An interesting morning at the Black Boy Schools, examining the children, and distributing the prizes. I felt comfortable in the employment, and went through it with more spirit than usual.

24th of 5th mo.—Yearly Meeting began. The dulness of my state spiritually was felt by me. Very little was the amount of my vocal service, though I sought diligently to do my duty: often the meeting seemed full enough of preaching. Altogether, it was not a bright Yearly Meeting, but the right thing had the ascendancy; and, in conclusion, we had to acknowledge that we were not a forsaken people,—a High-priest having the Urim and Thummim being yet amongst us.

On the 22nd of Ninth month H. C. Backhouse attended the marriage, at Falmouth, of her son Edmund with Juliet Mary Fox. "A time," she says, "to be remembered with thankfulness."

This event was an especial cause of joy and happiness to her; and she had the additional comfort of retaining her son and daughter under her own roof, and being lovingly cared for by them through the remainder of her life.

Falmouth, 24th.—This morning quite a happy meeting,—I was silent. In the afternoon I supplicated for this part of the heritage, and took leave of them with a mind greatly relieved.

26th.—A beautiful ride to Plymouth. My mind remarkably at peace.

30th.—Glad to arrive at home, feeling I had been mercifully dealt with; having escaped doubts and hesitations, and enjoyed abundance of blessing every way. "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits."

5th of 12th mo.—Monthly Meeting a comfortable one, but I had no share in the vocal service. Well, may this silence raise the question, How is it with me? Am I grown insensible to good, or shall I ever feel as I have done? "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me." Let me be sure the fault is not mine, and then I can take this release from much exercise as a favour, hoping that one day without the exercise of so precious a gift as that of the ministry of the word, I shall enjoy the lifting up of the light of His countenance, in beholding of which there is perfect peace and joy; but now it is much hidden from me.

9th.—I am expecting before this day concludes to welcome my beloved E. P. Gurney, and her sister and niece.

Evening—Which I did with all my heart, and they seemed to come with theirs.

TO MARY JAMES LECKEY.

9th of 12th mo., 1848.

Thou art welcome to the history of me and mine, so far as I can give it; for myself I suppose it may be said, I am poor, but quiet and peaceful; as to religious engagements, I have had so little to do with them of late, that they appear as a tale that is told. I hope it may not arise from lukewarmness or insensibility. My health is tolerable; but weariness is often my portion, and I am obliged to take care that I am not over-fatigued. The truth is, I am advancing in years, and cannot expect the health and vigour of youth, and my habits are getting accommodated to it. There is certainly, in such a state, much to remind us of our latter end, for which may we indeed be prepared! but we must increasingly feel that we cannot prepare ourselves, and that our entrance through the pearl gates is through pure unmerited mercy. All our experience goes to deepen this great truth, both for ourselves and for others.

We now approach an event in the life of this devoted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ which strikingly marks her unflinching acceptance of the

terms of discipleship ; showing that neither children, nor outward ease and comfort, nor the rest which seemed so needful for her, nor even life itself, was put in competition, with the love of Him whose she was, and whom with a willing mind she desired to serve. Truly she counted not her life dear unto herself, that she might finish her course with joy, and the ministry which she had received of the Lord Jesus ; to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

We also recognize in this passage of her life a fresh evidence of the tender regard and compassion of her God ; even the God of Abraham, whom she so often exhorted others to serve with the faith of Abraham. Having as we believe, proved her faith by calling her to a sacrifice and service of a peculiarly formidable character, He condescended, as we trust, to accept the surrender of the whole will, and to release her, by the clear and united judgment of the church, from the work which had been presented to the eye of faith, as required at her hands.

20th of 3rd mo.—The first meeting was very serious. At the end I knelt supplicating in few words that the Lord's will, not ours, might be done. I requested that Friends might be stopped, and I laid before them a concern that had been for some time on my mind, but which had of late weightily impressed it ; to pay a visit, in the love of the gospel, to Friends in Van Diemen's Land and parts of Australia. I made no comment, and sat down. There was a profound silence for some time ; then A. E. Dale knelt, and, in a very striking manner petitioned that, as it was with Abraham, the sacrifice might be accepted, and a ram provided in its stead. My sister Katharine, after some silence, rose, and said she had been reflecting on Christ as the leader of his people individually, and as head of his Church. Had it not been for the renewal of her faith this day, her heart would have fainted ; but, while thinking of

this subject, she had remembered a passage in the life of the patriarch David : when he told the prophet that it was his intention to build a house for the Lord his God, the prophet immediately answered, "Do all that is in thy heart, for the Lord thy God is with thee;" but after he was gone, the king received a message from the Lord forbidding him to do it; but that it was well that it was in his heart. So she believed it was well it had been in the heart of her dear sister, but she trusted that the will would be accepted for the deed,—that now in the evening of her day she might be excused, but that it might prepare the way for some other labourer to enter the same field. Several others spoke to the like purport. This was evidently the mind of the meeting. I then thought I might conclude it by saying that I now felt satisfied and could rejoicingly accept the judgment of my friends. Thus ended this momentous affair. I saw that several had been in tears. I was quite unmoved myself, having been preserved from any emotion, from the beginning to the end.

My health is altogether I think rather improved, but my nights are often very sleepless; as to spirituals I am so dull I fear some fault on my part, but a sort of quiet peacefulness makes me hope I am not forsaken. Dear Jane's children being with me is a great treat, and I have leisure to enjoy them. I talk but little, and leave to those of another generation many of the activities of life. Truly I am surrounded with benefits and mercies !

In the Fifth Month she attended the Yearly Meeting for the last time.

4th of 6th mo.—Went to White Hart Court to the meeting of the Prison Discipline Society, where I was much interested. Surely dear E. Fry's labours have not been in vain ! A portion of her sweet spirit seemed to rest upon us.

3rd of 9th mo.—I have had a pleasant comfortable visit to my dear friend E. P. Gurney; I believe it has been well-timed; it has renewed that feeling of near affection which will continue, I trust, so long as we live. She had evidently grown in the school of Christ, and her chief dependence was

on Him alone. I enjoyed seeing her fill a place of extensive usefulness, both among Friends and in her own family.

In the same month a short time was spent in Cornwall.

22nd.—A day of rest; sweet to be with my children; preparation for departure on Second-day.

23rd.—Favoured with a good meeting at Falmouth, in which I was enabled to approach the throne with, I trust, some fervent petitions. I added a few words in testimony; which concluded the meeting.

29th.—Arrived at home, and was most sweetly welcomed by my dear son and daughter. I was weary, but rejoiced to be so comfortably at home again. Well might I return thanks for the preservation afforded during my absence, and for my happy return.

30th.—An interesting meeting: almost all of those in the gallery had been absent from home some time; the ministry flowed sweetly; I knelt down at the conclusion; kept at home in the evening; the savour of the meeting truly precious.

The remainder of her journal contains entries which indicate her diligence in the attendance of meetings, often under feebleness and exhaustion; and also some notices of more private labour, and a record of her thankfulness for family mercies, and especially for the filling of her cup of blessing in the birth of a grandson—the first child of her only son.

The work was now nearly done, and she felt it to be so; yet she could look calmly forward to the end which, without any very definite views, she knew could not be far distant.

13th of 10th mo., 1849.

I am not much recovered; I sleep badly at night, which has long been my chief ailment, and which

makes me feel languid during the day, but with care I get on pretty well, though the weariness of the flesh is often reminding me of my latter end, which I think I can contemplate with lessened natural fear, but without any bright visions of future glory; but I may leave all in His hands who has hitherto dealt bountifully with me; who, in the dying hour, gives dying grace, and whose strength is made perfect when we are the weakest. So we may rest in Him, the Lord Jesus Christ, as our only hope of glory.

Her last illness was, in its earlier stages, attended with severe pain, which she endured with great patience. The attack however, was of short duration, and she was generally exempt from much suffering, and able to listen with interest to the reading of the Scriptures, as well as some biographical works. On the 3rd of the Fourth Month she wrote to her beloved friend E. H. Hunt—

I am mercifully cared for, both internally and externally; my mind is preserved in much quietude, and as to nurses, I have my heart's content; having dear Jane, and E. P. Gurney, and Eliza Barclay, and my most faithful Fanny. I often think of the pleasure it would be to see thee, a pleasure which is, I trust, in reserve, at no distant period.

She would occasionally refer to the seriousness of her illness, and to its probable termination; but these remarks were generally made with her wonted cheerfulness, and in a manner that indicated the condition of a mind at peace with God. Hers was not a gloomy chamber, far otherwise; there the Lord of Life shed his enlivening influence, and thence frequently arose the incense of prayer and praise.

On First-day evening, the 5th of Fifth Month, she underwent for a time extreme suffering, succeeded by partial paralysis.. Consciousness, however, continued to the close, and she responded with a look of deep significance to the words of the Psalmist, repeated for her comfort : "When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

About noon on the 6th she quietly expired.

The valley passed, her pilgrimage ended, her toils and conflicts over, and all crowns cast at the feet of her Lord, she is added, we believe beyond all manner of doubt, to the countless multitude, who ascribe "blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

FINIS.



